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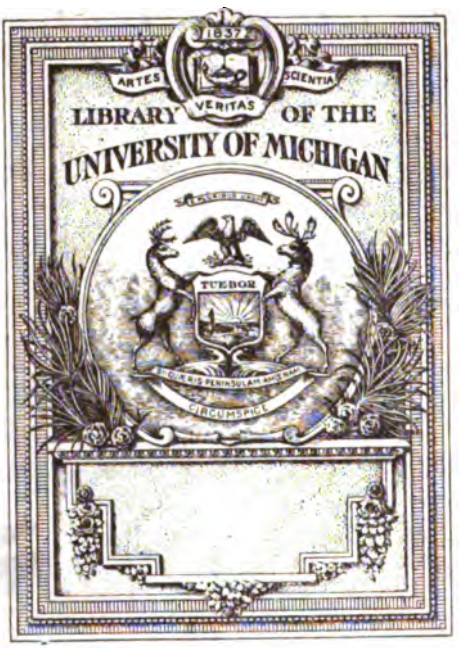
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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

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THE

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For Members of the English Church.

JULY, 1880.

THE BASILICA.

BY THE REV. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

PART XII.

CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM.

To write about the extra-Scriptural cycle of the catacomb pictures is to enter on the subject of Christian symbolism in general. The nearest approach to fixed rule about the use of imagery which can be made for modern times, is to allow Scriptural subjects only; and that term may be very widely and variously interpreted, and seems to have been so from the first. It seems to have been held from the first that the mention of any name of man or angel in Holy Scripture made him at least admissible into iconography; perhaps only as a historical personage in some scene of action, as Pilate or Herod; perhaps as deserving of commemoration in his own person, like the Apostles and Evangelists. This distinction of Christian symbolism (or imagery, or iconography) into historical and commemorative is of some importance, and seems to have been felt from the earliest times. It was certainly early understood that historical delineation of events is as harmless as pictorial description in words; since both alike are intended for instruction, and do not appeal to the feelings primarily or chiefly. But it was probably not long after pictures of non-apostolic saints first appeared on church walls, that thinking men began to see danger in them, whether of exciting undue emotion, wide of the scope of Christian worship, or, indeed and in consequence, of misdirecting popular devotion altogether. Saintly persons in a historical picture are engaged in its action, and part of its composition; they are acting as saints, doing something to God's glory; to which the picture is, at least in theory, directed. The whole labour of the artist is not expended on one chief figure—humanity is in its right place of subordination to God's glory and purpose. It is certainly possible to feel strongly, and be roused to genuine devotion before such pictures as

Tintoret's Paradise or Crucifixion; and these works, with some others of more recent date, mark something like a central consummation of Christian historical art. But the devotion they excite or express is for God in Christ alone; or, at the most, they express the Blessing above women which belongs to the Mother of Christ.

The effect of beautiful or attractive portrait-images is, and always was and will be, markedly different. Still it must be observed that figures of Apostles occur on the earliest fourth century sarcophagi, generally as in attendance upon our Lord; and further, it is true that the dead themselves are so represented as portraits, both in sculpture as Probus and Proba, or on walls and ceilings. For the majority perhaps of the male and female Oranti, or praying figures in the catacombs, may be memorial figures of the dead, with more or less of attempted likeness. See Bottari, *Tav.* clx. and clxi., for medallion portraits of considerable merit. Both are apparently of young military men, and there is a conjecture that they are two of a number of soldiers martyred in the reign of Numerianus, with Claudius, their tribune. One has a fine Gothic countenance, which Bosio's artist was not likely to have invented. Chief examples of portraits in mosaic are the remarkable ones of Justinian and Theodora at St. Vitale, in Ravenna, and at the convent of Mount Sinai. The strongly-marked countenances in many Eastern and early Gothic works can hardly be ideal; and most of us may remember Fra Angelico's constant habit of representing his Dominican brethren in their habit as they lived.

But as to commemorative portraits in churches, it was soon found that all aids to devotion are subject to the frailty of the user, who is, in the nature of things, likely to think more of the aid than the devotion. Those who have realised something in thought, of faith in the Communion of Saints, ought to be able to pray with the saints without looking at features they never knew, and which are not, in fact, asserted to be like saints long since out of the body. These pictures cannot be considered, as Professor Max Müller's ingenious Brahmin put it, as portraits of deceased friends. We never saw them in the flesh. We know what it is to see the likeness of the brother we have seen, and who, as we trust, is with God and among the saints; it may be that we pray with him and them before the throne of God, and to Him who sitteth thereon. True portraits of the loved and lost might raise genuine emotion in prayer; though of course families cannot have their Lares and Penates in church. But as to fancy-pictures of the greatest saints, they seem to us to be indefensible on the ground of their ministering to past human affection, nor yet as an aid to present devotion. Anthropomorphism is natural, but in this case it is against the Second Commandment. Praying before a face or form must practically come to praying to it. The dark-eyed Virgin meets the gaze of the worshipper; in theory she is in all her portraits as omnipresent, she will hear as omnipotent; surely she will hear, she is hearing, the prayer of faith

and need and terror. She looks as if she heard: did not her eyes change, in the gaze which is strained on them, not without tears? It must be so—it was so—she moved, or winked, or something; and there is your miracle, and all its train of dubious glories and mockeries.

English clergy up to the Oxford movement are now described as either Methodists, holding wrong tenets sincerely, or worldly pluralists who believed nothing and preached against enthusiasm, which is now held to be the one thing needful. Our age is a fast one, and expects that quality in all clergy. They are to strive for pace instead of peace, and show well in front of every movement; if possible, neither themselves to see, nor suggest to others, which way it ought to move, and where it ought to stop. It is therefore an unpopular thing to have to assert that common sense or judgment is a judicial faculty and the gift of God, intended to be used and to guide us in spiritual things, just as enthusiasm, or partial abandonment of ordinary rules of mental judgment, is the gift of God on certain rare occasions. It is more awkward still to require deliberate judgment, moderation, or decency itself, in congregational acts of devotion, or to assert that the excitement which passes for devotion must be had at any price. It was probably found that Greek or Italian assemblies in the sixth and seventh centuries were raised to a higher pitch of emotion by praying before saints whom they could see; and that carried the whole question with their clergy. This is one of the commonest forms of seeking after a sign; and after a due amount of devotion the sign takes the place of the thing signified; and the image, having long excited passionate feeling, is supposed to have shown life or miraculous power. Then God or the saint is in it, and it can help the worshipper.

The saving distinction between symbolism and idolatry seems to consist in this, that the true symbol is not *like* that which it calls to the mind, and does not represent it to the eye. It is properly a visible sign of the Invisible—pointing towards Him, teaching truth concerning Him, proclaiming itself not to be He. It was on this principle, or so it seems, that the Cherub forms were used in Hebrew worship. The people were protected from temptation to worship them by their being represented in pairs, and as ministers attendant on the special Presence of God. It is supposed indeed that the form of the Cherubs of Glory on the Ark was known only to the priests alone, the people being allowed to see another conventional form on the doors of the Temple. But Cherubs were known as ministering spirits, and were not worshipped. Nor does it seem ever to have entered the mind of any Primitive Christian to worship the Vine, or Fish, or Good Shepherd. Even the last is not represented as standing to receive the worship of His people—that is for the portrait-image. The Shepherd is engaged in care for His charge, laying them on His shoulders or bearing them in His arms. The figure is only a graphic repetition of the Lord's own parable about Himself, as King and Shepherd of mankind. It is

symbolic of His office, not of His Person. The image had been used before and in other lands, being Homeric and universal—probably from the earliest days of Aryan herdsmen.

The difference between the portrait-image and the figures in a historical picture has already been noted; it was long felt and understood, and appears in the important answer of Charlemagne's bishops to the Second Council of Nice, called the *Libri Carolini*. Our own Anglican view seems to stand on it; but it has never been much regarded in Southern Europe or by the mass of mankind. Simple or thoughtless people only think that an image is an image; they do not see much difference between a symbol which reminds of God, and a figure which, as they are told, represents and is like Him. The distinction between historical pictures of saints doing something, and portrait images of saints standing for adoration, was never sustained; nobody saw it or cared for it. Compromises were founded on it for a time; but then, as always happens, the more numerous, dull, and powerful party interpreted all compromise its own way. The secret force of image-worship, and infidelity as well, has always been expressed in the unavailing excuse of Aaron—that the people were set on mischief, and that he was unable to control them, but determined to appear at least to lead them. That is always the history of Iconduliism.

I think it is best to give a list of Christian symbols here, generally of such as are derived from other sources than Holy Scripture. When (as in the very first instance) they are derived from it, or when they are used in the Bible as ordinary forms of expression, the exception may be excused.

A and Ω (the Omega is always given in the minuscular or 'small' form in early Church art). These symbolic letters are generally attached to the monogram of Christ, or suspended from the arms of the cross, whether decussated or upright. (De Rossi, Inscription No. 776; Bottari, *Tav.* xliv.) They are found on cups, rings, sigils, coins, and *passim*, from the death of Constantine. After the Council of Nice they had a peculiar bearing, and were taken as proper assertion of the Divinity of Our Lord, from Revelation xxii. 13, but they seem to have been used before. (Boldetti, from Callixtine Catacomb, *Tav.* iii. 4, p. 194, and Aringhi, i. 605.)

Agape. I take this as a symbolic representation. Meetings certainly took place from Apostolic times, which may be described as suppers preceding the actually Eucharistic Breaking of Bread. It is at least probable that the order of the Last Supper would be followed on such occasions; and that the breaking and pouring forth, the actual Celebration, would come at the end. It seems from S. Ignatius's Epistle to the Smyrnæan Church that the presence of the Bishop, or chief of a congregation or assemblage of the Church, was held necessary, the Agape being a prelude to the Eucharist. The words

are *Non licet sine episcopo, neque baptizare, neque agapen celebrare* (ποιεῖν) (c. viii). There was probably a dangerous resemblance between the Christian and Hebrew, or even heathen funeral feasts, which may have been one of the causes which led to the discontinuance of the former. They were too like each other.* There is no disputing the resemblances between the Agape represented in Domitilla's Catacomb, those in S. Callixtus, in SS. Marcellinus and Peter, and the certainly heathen picture of the Banquet of the Seven Priests in the Gnostic Catacomb. It would seem that in many earlier Christian representations, besides the Eucharistic Celebration, the last repast of the Lord with the six Disciples at the Lake of Gennesaret, is in the mind of the designer (S. John xxi. 2). Bread and fish are constantly placed on the table. In fact, until the sixth century and the Ravenna mosaic of Melchisedec in the act of consecrating the elements, Christian pictures point rather to the Agape or commemorative love-feast, than to the memorial sacrifice of bread and wine. Perhaps the former was allowed without the presence of a Bishop, for whom the sacrificial act would be reserved. This would imply a separation of the Agape from the Eucharist. But that separation did unquestionably take place, when the former was discontinued on account of the disorders which took place at them.† These are matter of recurrent complaint from Apostolic times downwards.‡ At all events, the general presence of bread and fish in these pictures, instead of bread§ and wine, point to a distinction between the Eucharist and the Agape which cannot but be maintained.

The difficulty of regulating the Agapæ really seems to have turned on their connection with family and domestic worship and priesthood. They may have been held as nuptial, baptismal, or votive as well as funereal (*connubiales, dedicatoriæ, natalitiæ, funereales*), although Raoul Rochette's Belgian editors observe that the natalitiæ of a martyr are not the day of his birth into the world, but of his death into eternal life. (*Tableaux des C.* p. 216.) Nevertheless the proper connection with Christian ritual was as funereal commemorations. They could not be held as private or family feasts: their relation to the Gospel was either as suppers subsequent to solemn Communion, or possibly in commemoration of the last repast with the Disciples at the Sea of Galilee. The subject cannot be rightly understood without

* See Raoul Rochette on the Catacomb Pictures, and Professor Mommsen's Essay, *Contemporary Review*, May, 1871.

† See *Primitive Church Art*, p. 221; Raoul Rochette: *Mem. de l'Institute de Belles Lettres*, T. xiii. p. 715.

‡ Cor. xi. 20, Augustine de Moribus Ecclesiæ, xxxiv.; S. Ambrose de Eliæ J. cxxvii.; S. Paulinus of Nola, Poema ix. de Natal. et Felic. P. xxvi. or xxxv. Both S. Ambrose and S. Augustine speak of drunkenness as not uncommon on these occasions.

§ Always the *panis decussatus*, or cross-bread, in baskets. See last ch. of S. John's Gospel. It has lingered to our own day.

comparing the account of that event in the last chapter of S. John, and also the Lord's discourse in chapter vi. of that Gospel.*

Two Agapes are represented in the Catacomb of SS. Marcellinus and Peter (known otherwise as that Inter duas Lauros on the Via Labicana). Raoul Rochette selects them, with those from the Callixtine, as the most ancient with which he is acquainted, and has no doubt whatever of their relation to pictures in Herculaneum and Pompeii. The student should compare Bottari, t. ii. *Tav.* cviii. and cxxvii. with Pittare d'Ercolaneo, t. i. *Tav.* xiv., *R. Museo Borbonico*, t. i. *Tav.* xxiii., Zahn, *Ornament. aus Pompeii*, fol. 90. The only difference is that the horn or rhyton drunk from at the small end is used in the Gentile work, whereas the Christian copy (*Tav.* cviii.) substitutes a round bowl. Pompeiian representations of domestic repasts are easily found in Smith's *Dictionaries* and elsewhere, and the reader may understand that except for inferior painting, and the decent dress of their characters, Christian pictures of the same subject greatly resemble them. In both of the Via Labicana Agapes, men and women are present together: in both, the provisions and wine are not placed on the table, but appear to have been handed by servants, and in one the requests of two of the guests are strangely painted above their heads. '*Irene da cal(i)da(m).*' '*Agape, misce mi*' (Juv. *Sat.* v. 63). The names, as Rochette observes, are probably significant.

One of the three singular paintings engraved in Bottari, vol. iii. p. 208, represents a repast; and as the *panis decussatus* is on the table,† it must be supposed to be a Christian Agape. Yet the guests are evidently meant to be reclining at table, not sitting; and some are crowned with Horatian wreaths of flowers. The names SEBIE and VINCENTIU are written above two of them. This picture would of itself be a perfect link between the classical and Christian work. But it is accompanied by two others of apparently a Gnostic character, which are undoubtedly of great antiquity, but differ so greatly from Christian subjects of the same apparent date that they must be entirely separated from them. One is the celebrated *Inductio Vibies:* Vivia, a maiden or matron, is presented by a Mercury (with wand and petasus) to two figures on a throne of squared blocks, one bearded and with a nimbus, the other female. Mercurius Minutius is written above the Mercury. Still more singular is the second, where a youthful figure—it is hard to say whether male or female—is being rapt away in the arms of Death or Hades, in a chariot with four horses abreast, led, or preceded by, Mercury with his caduceus; and with the addition of the Dolium or empty cask, known as an ancient symbol of death, and the departure of the spirit from the body. These are part of the Gnostic Catacomb, and may be works of the imagination of some eclectic or half-converted person—perhaps of the stamp of Alexander

* See Mr. Sadler's Essay in the *Church and the Age*, First Series.
† See also *Tav.* clxiii. for an Agape sculptured on a sarcophagus.

Severus, but further instructed in the faith. They seem to amount to an effort to invest mythological symbolism with Christian meaning, and doubtless such attempts at reconciliation may have occupied many minds who embraced the New Truth, yet could not divest themselves of the habits of ancient fancy.

At all events these pictures are an important step of transition, both in thought and treatment, between Greek and Christian.

It is different with the now celebrated and curiosity-provoking Mithraic Catacomb. This has its Agape of seven priests of Mithras, the Sun-God. Its painting, like that of the other pictures in this catacomb, is so coarse and indifferent that it must be considered either late work after the time of Constantine, or the very rudest of an earlier date. It is not the least archaic or Byzantine, it is only a very incompetent attempt at classical figuring, as inferior to the Callixtine paintings as they are to fine Pompeian work. The catacomb itself is considered ancient, that is to say, first or second century, by Mr. Wharton Marriott and others. If it be so, it may possibly have been re-painted in the time of Julian, who, as is well known, considered himself the chosen worshipper of the Sun-God, and steadily endeavoured to set up or restore a Mithraic worship. It also suggests that subtle imitation of parts and details of Christianity which that emperor adopted by way of taking hints from his enemy.*

The subject of the Agape is delicate, because it brings the central rite of Christianity in contact with ethnic or human observance, quite apart from the faith. But the fact that all early pictures of this kind represent the repast only, and in no case anything really like an act of Celebration, enables us from our picture-data to do what we think may be done in a more general way, and separate the Agape from the Celebration; at least so far as to say that funeral and other feasts may have been celebrated in the catacombs elsewhere with prayer and solemnity, yet without the Eucharist. The numerous cubicula for families were no doubt, as Mr. Wharton Marriott points out, intended for domestic meetings of this kind; and it is gratuitous to suppose that the Eucharist was always celebrated at them. Indeed it would be most painful to think so; for it would be to suppose that the unquestionable irregularities which took place, and which caused the discontinuance of the Agape, were all committed at or after Holy Communion, and the sin of the Corinthians in days of comparative ignorance repeated at Rome through the first five centuries. References may be made for these disorders to SS. Augustine,† Ambrose,‡ and Paulinus of

* See M. de Broglie's *History*, and 'Review' by Dr. Lake, *Cont. Review*. If it be of his date, the catacomb is a most interesting record: not like the others of the victory of the Cross of suffering, but of the last struggles of Paganism during its final gleam of triumph.

† Aug. *De Moribus Ecclesiæ*, ch. xxxiv. 'Novi multos esse qui luxuriosissime super mortuos bibunt, et epulas cadaveribus exhibentes super sepultos se ipsos sepeliant, et voracitates ebrietatesque suas deputent religioni."

‡ Ambrose *De Elia et Jejunio*, ch. xxvii.

Nola.* It is certain that the love-feast reminded untaught converts too closely of the ancient hearth-worship, and of past banquets to the Lares of their families. It is one sign of the vast power and vitality of the faith that it could withdraw the whole population of Italy from Etrurian habits of ancestral worship, and bid them commemorate the death of One only. There came a great transition, by which the attention of the Church was drawn to His death and its representations, while His life and love for all men was forgotten; so that He came to be to ordinary thought a crucified image below, and a merciless Judge above; not a Mediator, but one to be interceded with. This is marked by, or at least contemporaneous with, the true Byzantine or Ascetiq form of Christian art; when the last inspirations of Greek naturalism had perished, and the Church began to renew art in darkness and distress, with inspiration of her own, and with such relics of technical methods as were left her.

The anchor is a common sepulchral emblem, conveying the idea of rest in hope. De Rossi (*De Monumentis* and Ἰχθύς p. 18) thinks that it may be sometimes used as a symbol of the names Elpis or Elpidius, &c., &c. The mystic fish is often added. Its form is constantly associated with that of the cross (See De Rossi, vol. i. pl. 18, 20). It is very ancient, being one of S. Clement of Alexandria's commended symbols (*Pædag.* iii. 106). Angels are seldom represented, as the Abbé Martigny admits, before the fourth century. The genii and winged boys of S. Prætextatus's catacomb and the tombs of the Ardeatine Way (Aringhi, II. p. 29, 167; Bottari II., *Tav.* lxxiv. xciii., &c.) cannot be thought to have stood for angelic beings in the mind of their painters or first spectators (See index in *Primitive Church Art*).

Birds, not distinguished by their species, as dove, peacock, or eagle, &c., are often found in early frescoes. With the palm-branch, they may be taken as symbols of the released soul (Aringhi, II. p. 324): a passage of some beauty: he takes the lightness and beauty of the bird as symbolic of the aspiration of faithful spirits: as Bede says, 'Volucres sunt qui *sursum cor* habent et cælestia concupiscant.' Caged birds are sometimes found in paintings (Boldetti, *Tav.* vi. p. 154), and may stand for the soul imprisoned in the flesh. The symbolism of the cross by a bird's outspread wings is S. Jerome's;† and Herzog also refers it to Tertullian.

Bread is represented in the Agapes, and in the Miracle of the Loaves on Sarcophagi (See *suprà*, and for the Miracle, Bottari *Tavo.* lxiii. and lxxxix). For the fish bearing bread and wine, see De Rossi, I. *Tav.* viii. The bread is generally *panis decussatus*, a crossed bread.

Calf.—Not in catacombs; but see *Primitive Church Art*, p. 315.

* *Poema* xxvi. ac xxxv., where he explains that one of his reasons for illuminating his Church with historical paintings is to produce reverence and quiet, and shorten the drunken revels of the untaught.

† *Comment. in Marcum.*

Camel.—Among the animals which surround the mystic Orpheus (See Bottari. *Tav.* lxiii. and lxxi.).

Car or Chariot.—Herzog (*Real-Encyclopädie für protestantische Theologie, &c. s. v.* Sinnbilder), mentions a sculpture in S. Callixtus of a chariot without driver, with pole turned backwards, and whip left at rest on it: a symbol of the accomplished course. Two quadrigæ in second cubiculum of S. Priscilla, catacomb on the Salarian Way. (Bottari clx.). In S. Prætextatus (Perrot, *Catacombes*, vol. i. pl. lxxii.), occurs the representation mentioned above, of the Chariot of Death, who is taking a departed woman in beside him.

Casks or Dolia (Boldetti, pp. 164, 368; Bottari, *Tav.* lxxxiv.).—Seven men with a Dolium, and two others. Perhaps the empty cask, or body at rest when the soul is departed; perhaps a play on the word *dolere;* Martigny (in *Dictionnaire des Antiquités Chrétiennes*) quotes an inscription, S. V. IVLIO FILIO PATER DOLIENS, which seems a conclusive example. The expression of great feelings often wanders into small play on words, like Hotspur, Cold Spur.

Dolphin.—I do not see that this can mean anything; but there are certainly dolphins on the tomb of Baleria Valeria Latobia (Bottari, *Tav.* xx.), and they are said to indicate conjugal love; the Abbé Martigny alone knows why.

Dove or Doves.—The single dove, in representations of the Lord's Baptism, as in S. Pontianus's Catacomb at Rome, at Ravenna, and *passion* stands for the presence of God the Holy Spirit. Otherwise, the twelve doves occur frequently in mosaic, and they are found in pairs on inscriptions, as representing the faithful (See *Primitive Church Art*, p. 327; Bottari, i. p. 118; Gori's *Thesaurus Diptychorum*, vol. iii. p. 160).

Dragon.—Not in catacombs. (For sculpture, see Serpent, and Bottari, pl. xix.)

Eagle can only be spoken of as a Christian symbol when it appears to represent the fourth Evangelist. It was to the last a heathen object of worship on Roman standards, not an emblem only.

Eggs were found (of marble), says Boldetti (p. 519), in the tombs of S. Theodora, S. Balbina, and others. S. Augustine has a strange simile of the Egg of our Hope, &c., &c., in *Serm.* cv. 8.; Migne, vol. xxxviii. p. 623. The use of eggs at Easter seems to signify our hope of the resurrection.

Symbolisms and personifications of the Church (setting aside that of lambs or sheep attendant on the Good Shepherd) are very numerous. The Shepherd sometimes has goats with Him as well as sheep, and frequently the sheep issue in two bands from separate buildings or folds, one called Hierusalem, the other Bethleem, representing the Hebrew and Gentile sides of the Church. Sometimes, as in the baptism of S. Pontianus's Catacomb, the Lord stands by the mystic 'Jordanes,' and then the stag represents the Gentile Church, with the lamb. Doves, as well as lambs, are taken to represent the faithful;

and the female Orantes in the catacombs no doubt often stand for the Church (Bottari, *Tav.* xxxviii.). Susanna and the Elders, in a few yet existing examples (See Smith's or Martigny's *Dictionaries*), seem to stand for the Church under persecution; and the woman with the issue of blood, so frequently represented, has been thought to be the same. (Bottari, *Tavv.* xix. xxi., &c., &c.; S. Ambrose, lib. ii. in Luc. viii.)

For pure symbolism, the Ark of Noah and the Ship of Souls are earlier or later forms of the same idea. The ship 'covered with the waves,' is represented in Martigny (*Église*), and Smith (p. 388, vol. i.), from a Callixtine fresco. It is a yet more interesting figure when, instead of a ship being painted as like the Church, an actual Church is built with reference to the form of a ship. This is certainly the case with the Duomo of Torcello; and a passage in the Apostolical Constitutions (lib. ii. 57), quoted and referred to in Basilica No. 2, is to the same effect. 'Let the building be turned lengthways to the east . . . it is like a ship—and let the bishop's throne be set in the midst; and on each side of him let the presbytery be seated; and let the deacons stand beside, for they are like to sailors and petty officers' (τοίχαρχος, boatswain, who gave orders to the 'wall' or rank of oars). Our Lord holds the steering-oar in a galley of six oars on a side, on a jasper figured by Cardinal Borgia in the frontispiece, and at p. 213 of his book on the Cross of Velitriæ.

Cock.—Frequently on tombs, either with S. Peter, (Bottari, *Tav.* lxxxiv.,) or placed on a pillar, (xxiii., xxxiv., &c.,) when it seems to point to the resurrection; our Lord being supposed, by the Early Church, to have sprung from the tomb at the early cock-crowing. Prudentius's hymn, 'Ad Galli Cantum,' adopts cock-crowing as a figure of the general call to judgment—*Nostri figura est Judicis* (See 45 sqq., and again at line 65)—

> 'Inde est, quod omnes credimus,
> Illo quietis tempore,
> Quo gallus exultans canit,
> Christum redisse ab inferis.'

Corn appears chiefly in representations of the Fall of Man (Bottari, vol i. *Tav.* xv.). Reapers in S. Pontianus, Bottari i. *Tav.* xlviii. In Callixtine, vol. ii. *Tav.* lv.

Death is signified by birds, denoting the flight of the soul away to rest, by the ship with furled sails; the unyoked chariot, &c. There are no terrors of death in primitive art. With the skulls and worms in the Last Judgment of Torcello, the hells of the Utrecht Psalter, and other early MSS., a whole pictorial course of ascetic commination begins; adopted by Giotto in the crowned skeleton at Assisi, and by Orgagna in the *Triumph of Death* at Pisa. It reappears with Holbein in Transalpine Protestantism.

The Evangelic symbols do not belong to the catacomb paintings of

early date. Mrs. Jameson says, in *Sacred and Legendary Art*, that the connection of the visions of Ezekiel and S. John, as to the tetramorph or fourfold aspect of the cherubic forms attendant on the presence of God, was noticed as early as the second century. It is possible; but it is not recorded on Christian monuments before the fifth century. Nor was it till long after the Four Creatures, or *Zῶα*, had been taken as representing the four Evangelists, that a special application was made of each symbol to each writer. This may be referred to S. Jerome on Ezek. i.; S. Matthew as the Man, as beginning with the Lord's human genealogy; S. Mark, the Lion, as testifying the Lord's royal dignity, or as containing the dreadful condemnation of unbelievers at the end of his Gospel, or for any other reason; S. Luke, the Ox, as he dwells on the priesthood and sacrifice of Christ, if he does so more than the other Evangelists; S. John, the Eagle, as contemplating the Lord's divine nature. At all events, the *earliest* representation of the four *Gospels* is the four Books or Rolls, or the four Rivers of the Rock on which the form of Christ stands from the fourth century. But the tetramorphic symbols are used universally, east and west, throughout the Christian world, and in all vehicles and methods. They are very frequent on seventh century crosses; but the most interesting representation of them is of the sixth. It is the quaint but grand tetramorph of the Laurentian, or Rabula, or Florentine Evangeliary; repeated by Assemani, by D'Agincourt, in Smith's *Dictionary*, *s. v.* Angel, in *Primitive Church Art*, and elsewhere. There are grand examples in the spandrils of the dome of Galla Placidia's Chapel, at Ravenna; in S. Apollinare in Classe, and S. Vitale; in the Evangeliaries of Drogon and Louis le Debonnaire, first half of ninth century, and *passim* in Church painting, furniture, and books; not, however, on the glass vessels figured by Buonarotti and Father Garrucci.

Firmament.—The male figure raising a veil above his head, who is often placed beneath the Lord's feet on the sarcophagi, is taken to represent Uranus or the Firmament. (See Bottari, *Tavo.* xv. xxx.). The idea seems to be that of (Ps. xviii. 9, and civ. 2) darkness under His feet, and the Heavens as a curtain.

The *Fir* or *Pine*, says Bottari, passes with the cypress and myrtle for an emblem of Death (vol. ii. p. 632–3), 'quia semel excisa nunquam, reviviscit et repullulascit.' So Crœsus threatened the people of Lampsæus to 'cut them down like a pine-tree' (Hdt. vi. 37). The fact is the use of ideas drawn from the vegetable creation is just like the use of the fruit, flowers, or trees themselves, universal and irregular, ethnic as well as Christian. No Church service now can be complete without floral display in our own days, and let us be thankful if our busy idleness takes no worse direction than the labour of arranging them. The Fir accompanies the Good Shepherd (Aringhi, ii. 203) in the Cemetery of S. Priscilla (and at pp. 75 and 25).

The *Fish*.—One of the earliest or really primitive emblems; used like the Dove or the Lamb in more than one sense. As an anagram, IXΘΥΣ means Our Lord, Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱός Σωτήρ. As one of His parabolic emblems, the Believer or fish of the Church's Net; like a lamb of the fold or a dove about His Temple. The 'classical passage' on this seems to be Tertullian's words near the beginning of *De Baptismo*. 'Nos pisciculi secundum ἰχθύν nostrum in aquâ nascimur.' S. Clement of Alexandria, in *Pœdag.* iii. 106 (the other *locus classicus* about permitted emblems), commends the use of the symbol on seals and rings, with the Dove, Ship, Anchor, and Lyre. It is common on lamps and in funereal inscriptions, and the tesseræ or tokens of baptismal privileges which the newly-baptised received were often in this form. The supposed prophetic connection between Tobias's fish, this emblem, the fish of the last repast of the Sea of Galilee, and through them with the Eucharist; S. Augustine's observations in Tract cxxii. on John xvi., and Bede's on the same passage—'Piscis assus, Christus passus'—must all go for what they are worth to different readers. I hope my personal distaste for religious conceits does not unduly prejudice me against them, but I am sure that the habit of allegorical interpretation has often deprived both individual interpreters and whole Churches of true sense and straightforward meaning. The Lord and Apostles are often represented as fishermen in ancient art, S. Clement allowing that emblem as well as the fish itself. The net is much rarer than the line. In the Callixtine Catacomb (De Rossi, IXΘΥΣ, tab. ii. p. 4), the fisherman is drawing forth a large fish from the waters, which flow from the Rock in Horeb. So S. Zenone, at Verona, about 700 years after, on the bronze doors; this is highly important, as connecting the earlier Lombard ornamentation with the most ancient and scriptural subjects of primitive church-work. A figure in Smith's *Dictionary*, *s. v.* Fish, taken from Martigny, who got it from an article by Costadoni, represents a man wearing the skin of a fish and carrying a sporta or basket. Signor Polidori claims it as the Divine or Apostolic Fish or Fisherman; but it is, I fear, a Dagon, corresponding to those in Layard from Khorsabad and Nimroud (Smith's *Biblical Dictionary*, *s. v.* 'Dagon').

The *Four Rivers* occur very frequently under the figure of Our Lord, whether He is represented in the Human Form or as a Lamb. They represent the Rivers of Eden and the Four Gospels in their first meaning. Then S. Ambrose (*De Paradiso*, v. 3) takes them for the four cardinal virtues; and Jesse, Bishop of Amiens in the eighth century, for the four first Councils of the Church. They frequently unite in the mystic Jordan, from which the lamb and stag are drinking. This symbol occurs in fresco, very frequently on sarcophagi, and on gems, cups, and in mosaics. See Ciampini, *Vetera Monumenta*, ii., tab. xxxvii., xlvi., xlix., lii., &c., &c. The Fountain, or Well, or Fons Pietatis generally presents itself in this form.

The *Hand* (in the act of benediction, or issuing from a cloud) is the most ancient symbol of special manifestation of the presence of God the Father. Martigny quotes S. Augustine, *Epist.* cxlviii. 4, 'Quum audimus Manum, operationem intelligere debemus.' His Hand means His working. This is an instance of the difference between analogy and similitude, the neglect of which leads to so much error and dispute. Bodily parts and human feelings, as hand, eye, ear, anger, repentance, &c., may be attributed to the Incorporeal and Infinite Being without improper anthropomorphism, if we speak by analogy, and under caution and protest. The Hand appears in most representations of Abraham's sacrifice, and events in the life of Moses (Bottari, i. *Tav.* xxvii. and lxxxix.); to Abraham alone (Bottari, ii. *Tav.* lix. and xxxiii.), from the Callixtine Catacomb. In mosaic at S. Apollinaris in Classe at Ravenna and at S. Vitale in the Sacrifice of Isaac. (Ciampini, *Vet. Mon.*, *Tav.* ii. pp. 81, 82; also *Tav.* xxiv. and *Tav.* xvii. D.) The Hand occurs in the Sacramentary of Drogon, son of Charlemagne and Bishop of Metz, above the Canon of the Mass.

The *Hare* is often placed in the hand of the boy who represents Spring among the four seasons. The *Horse* appears in the representations of Pharaoh and the Red Sea, in translations of Elijah, and with the Magi. Both horse and hare may have the idea of swiftness in the Christian race associated with them. The *Houses* of Jerusalem and Bethlehem have been mentioned. There are woodcuts in Aringhi which seem to allude to the House of the Grave, or to the buried body as the 'Deserted House' of the soul (vol. i. p. 522; vol. ii. p. 658).

The Jordan is often personified as a River God, in translations of Elias (Bottari, i. *Tav.* xxvii) and in the Baptisms of Our Lord, as in the Baptisteries at Ravenna, on the Borghese sarcophagus at the Louvre, and in the early MS. of S. Mark's Library at Venice, &c. Its violent windings are much dwelt on, and two sources given—one called Jor (Arabic Ghor?), and the other Dan—meaning the cavern-spring at Cæsarea Philippi. Much has been said of the *Lamb* elsewhere. I have only to remark that about the first half of the sixth century He is placed at the intersection of Crosses, as Victim slain for man, before the Human Figure was substituted by the Quinisext Council. The mosaic of the Lamb 'as it were slain' (in Ciampini, *De Sacris Ædificiis*, tab. xiii.), with the chalice receiving His Blood, is probably of this century. The ministering and miracle-working Lamb on the tomb of Junius Bassus is described in our chapter on sculpture.

Letters are sometimes found on the skirts of apostolic robes in Mosaics, H, Λ, N, and Z at Ravenna. I have no notion why, and never heard any reasonable account of it. The Lion generally appears with Daniel or as an evangelical symbol with S. Mark. He is seldom coupled with the Dragon, or treated as a symbol of evil. (See, however, Gori's *Thesaurus Diptychorum*, vol. ii.) He is taken to signify

watchfulness, or vigour, or authority in the faith, or anything else the writer or expositor happens to fancy.

The *Lyre* is on S. Clement's list. It stands for the human body, to be kept in harmony with the duties of the Faith. The Lyre of Orpheus (Aringhi, ii. 562) is likened to the Cross of Christ, as drawing all men to Him.

Milk and *Milkpails* are represented in the Callixtine, in connection with the Eucharist, in the third cubiculum. De Rossi's *Roma Subterranea*, vol. i., has a coloured lithograph of this picture.

The Monogram of Our Lord is so closely connected with the Cross that it will be best to treat it in a chapter or appendix on that subject.

The *Nimbus*, though it is not certainly a symbol at all by origin, is distinctly heathen; and as it is unhappily connected in various ways with both idolatry and icondulism, it requires notice, and had better be dealt with here. The Athenians, who invented everything, devised, *inter alia*, certain metal coverings for their multitudinous statues, to protect them from the visits, and tokens of the visits, of small birds. These were called μηνίσκοι. (See Scholiast, Aristoph., *Aves*, 1114.) They came in process of time to be affixed to the heads of statues of Roman emperors. Trajan bears one in the bas-relief of the Arch of Constantine, and Antoninus Pius, and Constantine himself, on coins; also Justinian and Theodora in S. Vitale at Ravenna. It was made an ornamental appendage to imperial statues, and generally adopted by the Eastern emperors, and so became a token of sainthood in the Mosaics. Something has been said of how iconodulism and the worship of created saints originated in the services performed before statues of emperors; and the use of the nimbus, springing up so late as it did, would seem to be derived from these rites. The secular or imperial nimbus even passed on to some figures of the Merovingian kings which once existed at S. Germain de Prés. (See Mabillon, *Annal. Benedict.* ann. 577.) The constant use of the nimbus seems to begin with the fifth century mosaics. The Phœnix has it on a cup in the Vatican (Northcote's *R. Subterranea*, p. 316).

The *Olive Branch* is borne by Noah's dove, and used on many tombs, perhaps as a sign of victory, or even of martyrdom. No attention seems to have been paid directly to S. Paul's allegory on the tree (Rom. xi. 17 sqq.); nor yet to Zechariah's vision of the two olives and candlestick, which I never saw noticed in Christian art, or anywhere else (Zech. iv.). Trees in Bottari, lxi., cxviii., cxxv., and elsewhere seem to have been intended for the olive. Read Professor Ruskin on the Byzantine Olive, *Stones of Venice*, iii., plate iv. p. 179.

Oranti are male or female figures in the Eastern attitude of prayer, standing with outstretched arms. They may be taken as representing the Church of believers; more frequently they seem to be portraits, or memorial pictures, of the dead. The celebrated one in the Catacomb

of SS. Saturinus and Thrason, grand in form and conception though ill-drawn (see Bottari, *Tav.* clxxx.), is represented in its present state, in Parker's Photographs, 469 and 1470. Female Oranti are often drawn as richly adorned with jewels, &c. (Parker, 467, 475–6, 1751–2, 1775, 1777, &c.) It seems to have been meant only as symbolising their glory in Heaven, perhaps with a thought of the wedding garment. Compare Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, vol iii. p. 49, for similar treatment of the Blessed Virgin by Francia and Perugino.

The *Palm-branch* occurs everywhere in sepulchral inscriptions, often with the dove or phœnix. The latter, on the Peter and Paul Cross (Northcote's *Roma Subterranea*, p. 316), and under the Lateran Cross. The tree is common on sarcophagi and in mosaics. See Bottari, *Tav.* xix. xxii., lxxviii. In xxii. it is beautifully used as a pillar to divide compartments. Phœnix being Greek for palm, there may be some suggested play on words. The Phœnix is certainly represented in mosaics, placed on the palm-tree or branch and bearing the nimbus; as in those of S. Cecilia at Rome, and in SS. Cosmas and Damianus. It is connected with Baptism, as a type of death and resurrection.

Peacocks are favourite subjects in Gentile work, for the sake of their colours and graceful form, like ducks and other birds. They are found in the Jewish catacombs, and in nearly all the others. In S. Callixtus peacocks are very beautifully arranged as ornament for a round vault. Christian decorators took it as a symbol of the resurrection, from the annual loss and renewal of its beautiful feathers. Aringhi, ii., book vi., c. 36, p. 612. In SS. Marcellinus and Peter, Bottari, ii. *tav.* xcvii., and in St. Agnes, ii. clxxiv. With Orpheus in *tav.* lxiii.

The *Rock*, as representing our Lord, appears in pictures of Moses (Bottari, *tav.* xlix). It is part of the scenery of baptisms and raisings of Lazarus, &c., but I do not remember any instance of its appearance by itself as a type of Christ. The Four Seasons are an adopted heathen image, adding to natural thoughts of growth and change, the Christian hope of the resurrection (Tertullian, *De Resurrect.* xii.). 'Totus his ordo revolubilis rerum testatio est resurrectionis mortuorum.' Accordingly, as Martigny says, the figure of the Good Shepherd constantly accompanies the seasons. Youths or boys or genii in such forms are the usual personifications. The Seasons of the Domitilla Catacomb are photographed in their present condition in Mr. Parker's collection, and figured in woodcut in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, *s.v.* Fresco, p. 693. They must have been roughly restored, but the recently discovered frescoes of S. Prætextatus' Catacomb are more beautiful, and almost to a certainty in their primitive condition (Parker's vol. on *Catacombs*, pl. i. Via Appia). The Seasons are represented on the small ends of the Sarcophagus of Junius Bassus (Bottari, vol. i. *tav.* i.).

The *Serpent*, in Christian symbolism, as in the imagery of other religions, represents good and evil. As the brazen serpent, standing for

Our Lord in the act of sacrifice for man, it may possibly be intended by the gem which Gori has figured in the *Thesaurus Diptychorum* (vol. iii. p. 160). It is of a serpent twined about the Cross, and contemplated by two doves. It is more likely to be meant as a symbol of Our Lord (Numbers xxi. 9; S. John iii. 14) than for the tempter, as some suppose. It is very rare in early Christian art. For the actual image made by Moses, Aringhi and other Roman Catholic authorities seem to have forgotten that it was destroyed by Hezekiah (2 Kings xviii. 4). In the reigns of former kings, we do not know from what distance of time, Israel had gone through the regular pagan's progress in its honour; they had reverenced it, burnt incense before it, and made it an object of worship; whether they were or were not aware of later distinctions between dulia and latreia. It was destroyed; but the fact of its having been a prescribed and permitted image for so long under the ancient dispensation was confusing to Tertullian, when he wrote in *De Idolatria* against all graphic representation, by images, pictures, or any likeness whatever. It reappeared in Europe, and on this wise: 'The passion for relics has prevailed even against the history of the Bible,' says Mr. Plumptre (Smith's *Dict. of the Bible*, iii. p. 1216). 'The Church of S. Ambrose, at Milan, has boasted for five centuries of possessing the brazen serpent which Moses set up in the wilderness. The earlier history of the relic (so called) is matter for conjecture' (it does not add much to our knowledge to call it a Gnostic emblem). 'But our knowledge of it begins in the year 971 A.D., when an envoy was sent by the Milanese to the court of the Emperor John Zimisces at Constantinople. He was taken through the imperial cabinet of treasures, and invited to make his choice; and he chose this, which the Greeks assured him was made of the same metal as the original serpent (Sigonia's *Hist. Regni Italici*, bk. vii.). On his return it was placed in the Church of S. Ambrose, and popularly identified with that which it professed to represent. It is at least a possible hypothesis that the Western Church has thus been led to venerate what was originally the object of worship of some Ophite sect.'

The Church of S. Ambrose is thus possessed of nearly the worst and the best authenticated relics in the world; as the recent opening of the tomb of S. Ambrose produced what must have been the genuine bones of the saint, except on a hypothesis of direct deception which is entirely out of the question; and more than that, two skeletons, with severed necks, were discovered below, answering to the original martyrs, Gervasius and Protasius, or whatever their real names were, to whom the original Basilica was dedicated by S. Ambrose, June 19th, 387.*

There is a more authentic brazen serpent, half buried, in the Hippodrome at Constantinople, with, if possible, wilder vicissitudes of

* See personal testimony of the late Father Ambrose, S. John of the Oratory, note p. 433, of Cardinal Newman's *Historical Sketches*. Pickering, 1872.

history. I must refer direct to Canon Rawlinson's *Herodotus*,* where it seems thoroughly established that it is the original Delphic offering of the Greeks after Platæa. The Phocians plundered the golden part in the Sacred War; but the erasure of the name of Pausanias is still traceable on the bronze, and the rest of the inscription has been deciphered. The three heads are gone; and all that remains is the triple-twisted column, in somewhat conical shape, sixteen feet in height. It was examined to the base when the Western powers occupied Constantinople; and its original inscription recovered, by means of chemical solvents. I saw it in 1859, or at least a small part of it, as it had been covered up again. As to its mutilation, there is a tradition unapproachably well told by De Quincey, in *Miscellanies*, ('Modern Superstitions,' p. 345, 1854, Hogg, Edinburgh), which I must transcribe. It was written before the base and its inscription had been examined, when the pillar passed for an Ophite or Gnostic talisman; and if Spon and Wheeler saw the three heads entire in 1675 (which is uncertain), so much the worse for the Opium-Eater, who is generally most accurate in both scholarship and history.

'This great consecrated talisman, venerated equally by Christian, by Pagan, and by Mohammedan, was struck on the head by Mohammed II., on that same day, May 29th, 1453, in which he mastered this glorious city, the bulwark of Eastern Christendom, and the immediate rival of his own European throne at Adrianople. The hour was a sad one for Christianity; just 720 years before, the western horn of Islam had been rebutted in France, not by Frenchmen, but chiefly by Germans, under Charles Martel. Now, it seemed as if another horn, even more vigorous, was preparing to assault Christendom from the eastern quarter. At this epoch, in the very hour of triumph, when the last of the Cæsars had glorified his station, and sealed his testimony by martyrdom, the fanatical Sultaun, riding to the stirrups in blood, and bearing that iron mace which had been his sole weapon, as well as cognizance, through the battle, advanced to the column, round which the triple serpent soared spirally upwards. He smote the brazen talisman; he shattered one head; he left it mutilated as the record of this great revolution; but crush it, destroy it, he did not. As a symbol prefiguring the fortunes of Mohammedanism, his people noticed, that in the critical hour of Fate, which stamped the Sultaun's acts with efficacy through ages, he had been prompted by his secret genius to scotch the snake, and not crush it. Afterwards the fatal hour was gone by; and this imperfect augury has since concurred traditionally with the Mohammedan prophecies about the Adrianople gate of Constantinople, to depress the ultimate hopes of Islam in the midst of all her insolence.'

Strange irony of events and revenges of time, late brought about, that a Toork, a savage of the Eastern steppe, should at length shatter the Hellenic trophy, from the spoils of the ancient Mede! How East

* Vol. iv. p. 365 and illustrations; Note A in Appendix, p. 390; and illustration at p. 395.

meets West age after age! The tale of Marathon follows the tale of Troy; and Issus and Arbela, Ascalon and Hattên, all take their turn. Charles the Hammer, Richard the Lion-heart, Barbarossa, Bayazied, Mourad, Mohammad, 'many draw swords and die.' Then Lepanto stays the Eastern onset, but her noblest victors must perish with the Armada, crusading against England. Then Vienna; and where is the kingdom of Sobieski? Napoleon has to miss his Eastern destiny at Acre, England being there, having herself wasted life and valour there with Cœur de Lion; and now she is couched and watching at the gates of Syria, within sight of the Cilician mountains, that look on Issus, as Issus' self 'looks on the sea.' Her long arms are folded round India, protecting it from the northern swarms of desolators; and in time she may tear Asia Minor from Islam and the rule of destruction. All I have to say is, that an extra twopence of income-tax is not an overpowering consideration under the circumstances, in the eye of the historian, the soldier, the political economist, or the Christian Missionary.

To return to our list of symbols, it is pretty well accomplished, as the Ship, the Stag, &c., have been already noticed. The Three Children have been considered as a Scriptural emblem; the references in Bottari are *Tavola* clxix. (where an attendant is bringing logs, and perishing in the flames), *Tav.* clxxxi. (in a Phrygian dress like the Magi), clxxxvi. 6 (in a regularly-built smelting furnace, with striped pallia). Also cxcv., cxliii. and *passim*. Original state of picture in Parker's *Photographs*, S. Priscilla, plate iii., 1877. The Triangle is an infrequent symbol, more commonly used after the fourth century, like the A Ω with which it is often combined; as in Aringhi, *R. S.* i. p. 605. De Rossi has collected six or seven examples, two from Lyons, one from Africa (see Martigny's *Dictionary*). This emblem is constantly combined with the monogram of our Lord, as may be supposed likely; and has, of course, special relation to the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. The various representations of the Appearance of the Three to Abraham have been considered as illustrations of it (see Ciampini, *V. M.* tab. li., 1, from Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome, and Parker's photographs of the actual state of that picture, and the more beautiful one in S. Vitale at Ravenna). In all Baptismal pictures (as in the Form of Baptism) the Holy Trinity is represented by the Hand, the Cross, or Portrait-figure of the Saviour, and the Dove. S. Paulinus of Nola thus describes all these paintings:—

> 'Pleno coruscat Trinitas mysterio,
> Stat Christus amni: vox Patris cælo tonat,
> Et per columbam Spiritus Sanctus fluit.'

There is a curious fragment of bas-relief in De Rossi (*R. S.* vol. i. *Tav.* xxx. p. 5), representing Ulysses escaping from the Sirens with his crew, emblematic of Temptation; and as so much has been already said of the Vine, this may close our account of Christian symbolism in the Catacombs, and for that period of time over which they continued to be used as places of Christian worship.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXVI.

THE EFFECTS OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

1572—1573.

THERE have been other massacres. Paris and Lyons have both seen their streets flowing with blood, and have sent down their fair rivers contingents of corpses to the sea; but there never has been one equal in atrocity to that of 1572, or which has so befouled the kingdom of France and the Church of Rome.

For if the actual execution rose out of the revenge of Guise, and the bloodthirsty jealousy of Anjou, finding ready instruments in the terror-stricken ferocity of a brutal mob, backed by savage soldiery, the Church of Rome so treated the deed as verily to

> 'Stain her pure ethereal pall
> With many a martyr's blood.'

There is no question that Gregory XIII. was a pious and conscientious man, and probably he was misled by the earliest tidings. He had been exceedingly afraid that Catherine and her son were falling under Huguenot influence, and would be led by the old Valois hatred to take up arms against Philip II., who was regarded as the only trustworthy champion of the Church. Thus it was a great relief to find that they were on the side of Rome, and the letters, sent to him from Charles IX., and presented by the Cardinal of Lorraine, alleged the story of a great conspiracy of the Admiral and his friends, which had been discovered in time to let the Guisards loose on them, and thus had resulted in their utter destruction without the loss of a single Catholic! The history was thus presented as that of a signal deliverance; the bells were rung, the cannon of the Castle of S. Angelo fired salutes, the Pope and Cardinals went in procession to hear a *Te Deum* chanted by the Cardinal of Lorraine. If they ever felt any misgivings, they had already committed themselves to approval of the deed; and no Roman Pope ever owns himself to have been deceived, though Gregory is said to have privately remarked that he pitied the innocent among the victims. So a medal was struck in honour of this same deliverance, the golden rose was sent to Charles IX., and the Vatican was decorated with three frescoes, representing the King planning the stroke, the death of the Admiral, and the slaughter in the streets. That men, really pious, should have learnt to look on these slaughtered fellow-creatures as mere vermin to be exterminated, is one of the most horrible things in the history of humanity; above

all, when it was their own system that had raised the stumbling-blocks which had created the schism.

Philip II. laughed for joy—some say for the first time in his life—at the tidings. It was a triumph to what he thought his religion, and likewise a riddance of a great number of his national enemies, and the great auxiliaries of his revolted subjects in the Low Countries, upsetting the league with England that he dreaded. When the French Ambassador would have told him the tale of the accidental conflict, he treated it as an injustice to the French king, and an insult to himself, to suppose that he did not know better. He told his Ambassador to compliment Charles on his honourable, Christian, and valiant resolution, and to declare the news one of the greatest pleasures he had ever known.

The Duke of Alva was, however, shocked at the treachery to so many brave soldiers, and thought the act impolitic; and Michieli, the Venetian Ambassador, wrote that all men condemned it, and that no one would have been capable of it but a Florentine of the house of Medici, with Italian instruments.

The Emperor Maximilian was horror-struck, and declared that his unhappy son-in-law had so stained his honour that he would not easily wash out the blot.

When the tidings began to reach England, the horror and dismay were great. La Mothe Fénélon, in his private capacity as an honourable gentleman, declared that he was ashamed of the very name of Frenchman, but as Ambassador he had to make the best of the story; and bitterly must he have felt his position.

For three days Elizabeth refused to give him an audience at Woodstock Palace, where she then was. When at length she admitted him, it was not to her gay, unguarded gossip, but the whole Court was assembled in her presence-chamber in dead silence, and the Queen, as well as all her councillors and ladies, was in the deepest mourning. When he entered, Elizabeth, with a grave, stern face, came forward to meet him ceremoniously, and leading him to a window, demanded of him whether the strange story she had heard of the prince she had loved, honoured, and confided in, could be true. Never, perhaps, did Elizabeth figure more nobly as queen or as woman than when she thus expressed her righteous wrath as a sovereign; and sorely must Fénélon have grieved to have to reply that he had come to lament the sad accident that had occurred, describing the supposed discovery of the plots of high and horrible treason which had compelled the King to cut off so many persons, with as much pain as it would have cost him to sever his own arm.

Elizabeth eagerly inquired into the same high and horrible treasons, and demanded why the authors of them had not been brought to trial and justice. However, she let herself be persuaded that the 'accident' was a true plea, as it was in poor Charles's own case, and even

accepted a letter from Alençon, who was really guiltless; but for many days Fénélon was in marked disgrace; no one at Court except the Queen would speak to him, and Frenchmen were execrated wherever they showed themselves.

Edwin Sandys, Bishop of London, between wrath and terror, wrote to Burleigh to recommend that the Queen of Scots should be instantly beheaded, and all the chief Papists imprisoned in the Tower; no Papist be allowed access to the Queen, nor to have any authority. The Queen and Burleigh knew very well that they could not put Mary to death for what her cousin and brother-in-law had done, but they did consider far more seriously of sending her back to Scotland for her subjects to deal with. They had protected her hitherto from them; they would protect her no longer.

Le Croc, the French Ambassador in Scotland, was as ill off as Fénélon in England. John Knox, an old man, and near his end, gave him a terrible message: 'Go tell your master that God's vengeance shall never depart from his house; that his name shall remain an execration to posterity; and that none of his children shall enjoy the kingdom, except he repents.'

The many families who had sons in the Scottish guard were in great anxiety lest they should either have perished or have assisted in the massacre. Kirkaldy of Grange had had a narrow escape, and some seem to have conformed to the Roman Church, but had to do penance for it when they came back to Scotland. In fact, the feelings of all the Reformed everywhere had been so stirred that every Roman Catholic in a Protestant country was in a far more dangerous situation than hitherto, and could not fail to be looked on as a beast of prey. The worst of it was that when falsehood as well as murder had been, not only employed, but approved, all trust and confidence were at an end, and the most truly pious, loyal, and merciful Catholic might, for aught any one knew, be a wolf in sheep's clothing, or forced to become so at the bidding of superiors whom he durst not resist.

For Mary, a Papist, the ally of Spain, the daughter-in-law of France, to succeed to the throne, was the greatest misfortune the English could conceive; and in this first excitement Elizabeth consented to send off her diplomatist, Henry Killigrew, to Scotland, ostensibly to reconcile the Hamiltons to the King's men, but in reality on a secret mission to the Regent, Lord Mar, to arrange for the yielding up of Queen Mary. No one knew of the purpose of his going but Elizabeth, Burleigh, and Leicester, before whom he took a solemn oath of secrecy.

Mar and Morton alone were informed of the proposal, and a council was held between the three at Morton's Castle of Dalkeith, where he lay sick. He sat up in bed and declared the Queen's death would be a sovereign salve for all their sores, but neither thought the surrender

and execution could be carried out unless Queen Elizabeth would send a sufficient escort to prevent a rescue, 'in case the people should not like of it.' 2,000 or 3,000 men they demanded, who were afterwards to reduce Edinburgh Castle and give it to them, and all arrears of pay were to be made up to the Scottish army. In plain English, they expected to be paid for executing their own Queen.

Elizabeth held back, Burleigh thought the terms too high, and in the midst, Mar died suddenly, on October 28th, 1572. Morton became Regent, and would readily have carried on the negotiation, but by this time Elizabeth had recovered from the first shock of the massacre, and would not give up her kinswoman, who never heard of the peril she had escaped. Burleigh greatly regretted what he viewed as the weakness of his royal mistress.

Killigrew succeeded in his other mission. The Hamiltons had lost all vigour with the Archbishop, and the whole party, Anjou, Huntley, Seaton, Flemyng, and the rest, were so horrified by the massacre, that they could no longer uphold the desperate party connected with Henry of Guise. Thus the S. Bartholomew destroyed the last hope of Romanism in Scotland. Only Maitland of Lethington, and Kirkaldy of Grange, in Edinburgh Castle, and a few Highlanders out of reach remained Queen's men.

The tidings of the S. Bartholomew came to the Netherlands fraught with joy to the Spanish party, who held illuminations in their cities, and thanksgivings in their churches; while to the Gueux the news was almost despair, since the French Calvinists were their staunch allies, and it was to the King whom they had looked for aid.

Louis of Nassau, within Mons, heard of the catastrophe from the besiegers without, and he soon after fell ill of a violent fever. His brother, the Prince, was advancing to relieve him, receiving the adherence of many Flemish towns on the way, when these terrible tidings arrived, destroying the hopes with which he had set forth. Nevertheless he advanced to Peronne, and at the same time the Dukes of Alva and Medina Celi joined the besiegers before Mons. An envoy was sent from France to explain to the Duke that the many French Huguenots now in Mons were to be cut to pieces, as their King did not mean to be embarrassed by having them sent back to him. The two armies of Alva and Orange lay opposite to one another. William, whose horse were the superior, was eager for battle, as the only chance for Mons; and the Archbishop of Cologne, with pistols at his saddle, besought Alva to fight, but the Duke was far too politic. On the 11th of September, he detached his son, Fadrique, and Julian Romero with 600 arquebusiers to make a night attack on the Prince's camp. With shirts over their armour, the arquebusiers stole in, cut down the sentinels, and began slaughtering from one o'clock till three. Every one round William's tent was fast asleep, and he would have been taken or slain but for a little spaniel which always slept on his

bed, and which began barking furiously, and scratching his master's face with his paws. William had barely time to spring on a horse, which he kept saddled outside, before the enemy burst into the tent, and killed all his attendants. He never afterwards slept without a dog of the same kind in his room. Presently a tent caught fire, and the glare showed the surprised army how few their enemies really were; but before they could rally, Romero had called his arquebusiers together, and drawn off, leaving 600 slain in the camp, and having only lost sixty.

Orange was forced to retreat towards Peronne, his mixed army of Germans and Dutch refusing to wait any longer, or even to give time for bringing off Count Louis if he could be taken out of the city. The Prince could only send him tidings, and advise him to make the best terms he could, and then marched away towards the Rhine. The troops, furious at their disappointment, and at having no pay, rose, clamouring for the life of Orange, who was rescued with difficulty by their officers, and, while they disbanded themselves, he made his way almost alone to Holland, declaring that if he could not save that one province, it should be his sepulchre.

Mons could of course only surrender, and the terms were honourable, all the garrison being allowed to depart in safety, even the French, though La Noue with the iron arm was among them. Count Louis was treated by the Spaniards with great politeness; when still weak and half recovered he passed through the army in his carriage, in a long wrapping gown, escorted by a Spanish guard. He went with La Noue to Picardy, where the Duke of Longueville, an old friend of *Bras de fer*, was governor, and undertook to protect them. Such citizens as had joined him left the place with his army, if they were prudent. Those who stayed underwent the full horrors of Spanish cruelty. Not only such as had fought were beheaded, or hung, but people were put to death for having heard a sermon, or tasted meat on a fast day. It was not a sack, but a slow investigation, and for a whole year there were daily executions.

Mechlin, which had received the Prince of Orange, fared even worse, for it was given up to plunder. Spaniards were let loose on it for one day, Walloons on the next, Germans on the third, to slay and destroy. Churches and convents were just as much rifled as private houses. Nothing was too sacred for the savagery of these ferocious troops. The city was viewed as rebellious, and therefore Catholic must suffer as much as heretic, and the bloodshed, sacrilege and horrors of all kind might compensate to the soldiery for being withheld at Mons, while the slower arm was doing equal execution. Thus was the revolt stamped out in the Belgian provinces, and therewith the Reformation.

The Swiss were treated by the French court to the regular apology, which they admitted because they could not go to war, but they were sheltering a great many fugitives. Coligny's Jacqueline, having lost

her hero, fled to Switzerland to give birth to his little daughter. His eldest daughter Louise, widow to Teligny, and the rest of his family were there except the eldest son, who was in a French prison. Alsace and the Palatinate likewise received many Huguenots, and in France, the fortified cities of Sancerre, Rochelle, Montauban, Nismes, and numerous smaller ones were places of refuge.

At Paris there were strong efforts to believe in the fiction of a conspiracy. Coligny's papers were examined, and nothing more treasonable was found than a note saying that the large appanages of younger sons impoverished the crown. Catherine showed it to her son Alençon, twitting him with the grief he had manifested for the Admiral.

Nevertheless, Coligny was sentenced by the obsequious Parliament of Paris, literally imitating the proverbial Lydford law of Dartmoor, to kill a man first and then try him. Search was made for his body, which had for several days been dragged about the streets by the gutter children; it was dragged on a hurdle to the Place de La Grève, and there gibbeted, and afterwards hung on the great gallows of Montfaucon, but thence it was taken down by the intervention of Coligny's cousin, Montmorency, and buried at Chatillon.

The King was in the same state of semi-frenzy. He met with compliments at all hands. Sermons, horrible to tell, upheld his justice, the Pope rewarded him, poets likened his mother to Pallas Athene, and the slain Huguenots to the suitors of Penelope, who was compared to the crown of France. He did helplessly as he was bidden by his tyrants, and tried to cheat his own misery by horrid jests, such as triumphing in the way 'our Margot caught them all,' shocking Walsingham by his flippancy. Indeed, he seems to have hoped that the whole race were extirpated, and that he should hear no more of them, as reports of the massacres in the provinces came in, and seemed to tell of utter destruction. With this trust, he continued to storm at the King of Navarre and Prince of Condé, till they, disheartened by the tidings of bloodshed that poured in, consented to abjure the reformed religion, in which they had been bred, though baptized in the old form.

So, too, Charles was pitiless in the case of Cavagne, a counsellor of Toulouse and Briquemaut, an old warrior past seventy. This last had escaped the massacre, by stripping himself as though already plundered, and lying down as if dead among a heap of corpses till he could escape to Walsingham's house, where he was disguised as a groom. He was dressing a horse when he was recognised and arrested. Both were offered their lives if they would confess the supposed conspiracy, or even not deny it, and when they refused, they were put to the torture; then, when all this proved vain, they were made to sign blank papers, which were afterwards filled up with accounts of the conspiracy, to be shown to the German princes. Still, they were condemned. The young Queen did her utmost for them. On the morning of the 27th

of October, which was fixed for their execution, she gave birth to a little daughter, and when her husband came to her she implored him in return for her gift, to grant her these two lives, but he would or could not; and when at sunset he was taken to see them hanged, he shocked people by having a torch held close to the faces, that he might see the features writhed by the death agony. Navarre and Condé were forced to come with him, and all then went to a great supper in the Hotel de Ville.

Walsingham, who gives these particulars, says 'the king is grown so bloody that they who advised him do repent the same.' Indeed, they were beginning to feel that though the Reformed might be crushed, they were by no means made an end of, and that there were quite enough of them to continue the civil war.

The fortified cities where they had the ascendant refused to admit the royal troops, viewing them as so many butchers. Marshal Biron, who was so nearly a Huguenot that he would not have been safe on the 25th of August, had he not been governor of the arsenal of Paris, and able to secure himself there, was sent down to take the command of La Rochelle. The inhabitants would have admitted him, but for the threats of the officers in his army, which made them expect a massacre on its entrance, so that they closed their gates against him.

The court found that to carry on the work of extermination was beyond their power. The moderate Catholics could have permitted no more, and it was time to conciliate. La Noue had come back from Mons, and had been received by his old friend the Duke of Longueville, the governor of Picardy. The Duke advised Charles to send him as governor to Rochelle, and was thereupon requested to bring him to meet the King at the house of Albert de Gondi.

Longueville told La Noue that he would find the King quite altered from the gentle prince he remembered. He had been stern, fierce, and violent ever since the massacre, and swore wilder oaths than ever. However, he was very gracious to La Noue, gave him the lands of Teligny, whose sister was his wife, and explained that his mission was to be to bring the Rochellois back to their obedience. These lords joined with him a Florentine named Guadagni, to watch his conduct. In November he arrived at a village near La Rochelle, where deputies from the city came out to meet him; but when they came, they showed themselves surprised.

'We came,' they said, 'to confer with M. de la Noue, but we do not see him.'

'What!' said the General, 'have you so soon forgotten one who has received so many wounds, and lost an arm while fighting for you?'

'Yes, there was once a M. de la Noue on our side, who bravely defended our cause; but he never gave us false hopes, nor invited us to conferences to betray us.'

La Noue was angry.

'I only ask of you to report to the senate that I have to speak to them,' he said.

He was allowed to come into the city to confer in person with the town council, and he laid before them the favourable conditions offered by the King. They were not accepted. 'We will not treat for ourselves separately,' said these brave men. 'Our cause is the cause of God, and of all the churches of France. We will accept nothing that does not apply to all the brethren alike. As to yourself, we give you your choice between three proposals. You may live in our city as a private burgher, when we will give you a dwelling. If you will command us, all the nobility and people will gladly own you for their chief, and fight with confidence under your orders. If neither proposal suits you, we will provide a ship for you to go to England, where you will find many of your friends.'

Guadagni agreed with La Noue that the second proposal had better be accepted, since La Noue's heartfelt loyalty and good faith was trusted. He, therefore, became captain of La Rochelle, under the authority of the mayor, Jaques Henri, and used his power to strengthen the fortification. La Rochelle was already one of the strongest places in France. Standing at the head of a bay, forming a huge harbour from the storms of the Bay of Biscay, it had an inner harbour for its own fleet, protected by a chain between two forts. There was a wall of great thickness round the city, flanked with numerous towers, and there were creeks and inlets from the sea which led the tide into the moat, whence floodgates prevented it from escaping, 15 brass cannon, 60 fieldpieces, 100 smaller ones, and 160,000 pounds of powder were prepared for the use of 2,000 soldiers and 3,000 burghers, all hot and enthusiastic in the cause, deeply feeling the brutalities of the massacre, and further excited by the preachings of at least fifty pastors who had found a refuge within the walls.

Marshal Biron remained outside, and though overtures for peace were made on either side, he destroyed all the adjacent windmills. In the month of February, the Duke of Anjou arrived at the camp, bringing as a sort of prisoners his cousins of Navarre and Condé, so lately the hope of La Rochelle, and accompanied by Guise and all the deadliest foes of the Reformed. Tavannes had set forth with them, declaring that he would reduce Rochelle within a month, clear the way to Montauban, 'And then,' said he, 'let the heretics look to their consciences; they shall recant or perish to a man.'

However, he fell ill at Chartres and died there. One account says he was full of horror and remorse, another that when asked why he did not refer to the slaughter of the 24th of August among his sins, he replied that he considered it as a meritorious action, a set-off against all the rest.

The Duke d'Aumale was killed by a cannon-shot immediately after

the siege was commenced, and these two deaths were improved to the utmost by the Huguenot ministers, whose preachings were almost as sanguinary as those of their enemies. They were determined against any accommodation, as indeed there was no trust to be placed in the royal word, but La Noue felt himself pledged to do his best for peace. So he was preached at, compared to all the traitors and half-hearted men in the Bible, and accused of treacherous correspondence, and want of trust in God.

'I do trust in Him,' said La Noue, 'but I do not expect Him to work miracles which He has not promised.'

On this a minister named La Place struck the General. La Noue quietly sent him home to his wife, with a message that he ought not to go abroad without a keeper. But even while such sermons went on, La Noue could do little good; Montgomeri, whose violence he always disliked, was coming with a fleet; he had done his utmost for the King, and he decided on leaving the place with a safe conduct from the Duke of Anjou.

The siege went on, and Cosseins, the head of the treacherous guard sent to Coligny, was killed, to the great satisfaction of the Huguenots; Montgomeri's fleet of fifty-three sail arrived, manned by adventurers from Holland, France, and England.

Fénélon complained to Elizabeth, who was again on friendly terms with his court; Michel de Castelnau had been sent to ask her to be sponsor to the infant princess, who was to bear her name. She was much gratified, no doubt partly by this recognition of her as no heretic. She called it an especial mark of the King's friendship that she should be asked to be his gossip, and sent warm thanks to all the kindred of *la petite Madame*. She sent the Earl of Worcester, a Roman Catholic, to represent her, but he and all her rich christening gifts were very nearly captured at sea by the Huguenot cruisers, and thus it was with all her heart that she answered that the English contingent to Montgomeri's fleet were a pack of outlawed ruffians, whom she should be thankful to see hung. She refused all public aid to the besieged, and sent her fleet to clear the Channel of pirates. Montgomeri did no more for the Rochellais then the sending them in a supply of ammunition, and taking up his station at Belle Isle, at the mouth of the Loire, so as to afford them means of escape if matters should come to extremity.

Anjou was very weary of the siege. An illness called Poitou colic, but very like cholera, was making havoc of his troops, and Alençon, Navarre, Condé, and other young men, among whom the chief was Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscount of Turenne, were drawing together in the camp, talking of their hatred of the bloodthirsty councils now prevailing, and making wild plans of escaping to Montgomeri's fleet, whence Alençon would declare himself protector of the Reformed. The assaults were uniformly beaten off with heavy loss,

and the royalists found the reduction of the stronghold of their enemies a tedious matter. Moreover tidings came that the Duke of Anjou had been elected King of Poland, there was need for him elsewhere, and Catherine and Charles made up their minds to hold back their hands, for the present, and grant peace. The Rochellais declared themselves willing, when they found that they were not asked merely to capitulate on terms for themselves alone. They would have held out to the last, though they were already reduced to great straits, and were thankful for an unusual supply of shell-fish which were washed in by the tide in such numbers that they accepted them as a miracle. A peace to include all the Huguenots was a different thing. So on the 10th of July, 1573, the new peace concluded the fourth religious war, which had been begun by the massacre

Freedom of worship was granted in the three cities of Rochelle, Montauban, and Nismes, which were exempted from receiving a royal garrison provided they kept two hostages at court. No one was to be persecuted for his faith, and assemblies for worship by tens together were sanctioned, in fact matters were not very unlike what they had been before that horrible day, except for the loss of the flower of the Huguenots. Sancerre, which had been holding out all this time against La Châtre, and was reduced to such famine that five hundred persons were actually starved to death, was not included in the treaty, and when it yielded at last its constancy was requited with great cruelty. Still for the fourth time a hollow peace prevailed in France.

The young James of Scotland, now six years old, had been the personal ward of the House of Erskine, and he so continued after the death of their head, the Earl of Mar, who had carried him at his coronation. The new Earl was his hereditary guardian, but being about his own age, was his playfellow. One day when the two boys were at play, Mar gained some advantage, and James called out in the broad Scotch he spoke then and through life, 'Johnnie Mar has slaited me.' Johnnie Slaites was ever after his name for his friend, and was the first of the many such titles he bestowed.

The Countess of Mar was considered to be a strict ruler, but the boy loved her well, as indeed he was of an affectionate nature. He already had no lack of masters, Sir Alexander Erskine was his governor, and as tutors he had George Buchanan, a Calvinist, Peter Young, an Anglican, and the Erskines, who, though titular Abbots of Cambuskenneth and Dryburgh, were Catholics. James loved all warmly, except Buchanan, whom he disliked heartily, and Calvinism with him. Indeed Buchanan was a harsh tutor, and beat him on one occasion so severely that Lady Mar came to his rescue, with remonstrances against lifting a hand against the anointed, but the grim tutor laughed at her, and defied her.

The boy was, however, an apt scholar, and when Killigrew saw him in his eighth year, at Stirling Castle, and was bidden to try him with

any chapter of the Bible, he translated one with perfect ease from Latin into French and from French into English; and when walking up and down the garden, hand in hand with Lady Mar, he discoursed of knowledge and ignorance to the extreme delight of the Reverend James Melville, who thought him 'the sweetest sight in Europe.'

Meanwhile the Estates of Scotland had met and elected almost unanimously James Douglas, Earl of Morton, as Regent, not because they loved him, but because they feared him, and felt moreover that he was the only man able to hold the helm in these difficult times. No one loved him, and it could scarcely be said that any one trusted him, for there was in him a terrible compound of craft and violence, and he had been engaged in all the great crimes of his day just so far as suited his own interests; but those interests were those of the dominant party, and they gave themselves to him, though he was a close-handed, avaricious man, without the lavishness that wins popularity, while in his castle of Tantallon stood a terrible machine, a kind of garotte facetiously named the Maiden, and a grip of Morton's Maiden was far too easily incurred.

He was still lying sick at his castle when he was chosen, and the day of his election, the 24th of November, 1572, was the day of John Knox's death. The great Reformer was only sixty-seven years old, but his body had long been failing, though his spirit was as fierce and energetic as ever. He was the last noted man of that first generation who had personally come out of the Church of Rome, and hated it for the blindness in which it had bred them up. His own character and the circumstances of his nation conduced to make that hatred manifest itself in forms of ferocity and treachery unequalled save by the opponents of his cause. He was after his own fashion pious, sincere and devout, but he sanctioned doings much more resembling those of Catherine de Medici herself than any recommended by other Reforming clergy.

One of his last acts was to send his friend the minister, David Leslie, his dying warning to Kirkaldy of Grange, who had returned to Edinburgh Castle, to give up the Queen's cause, predicting that neither the craggy rock, nor Lethington's carnal prudence, should save him from a disgraceful death by the gallows unless he should leave the Queen's party, yet even then, his soul should find mercy. About eleven o'clock at night Knox held up one of his hands, said 'Now it is come,' and in a few moments expired.

The truce between the King's and Queen's party was over, and so many of the latter had passed to the other side, that nothing remained but the Castle of Edinburgh, where Maitland of Lethington and Kirkaldy of Grange still held out. They could have had little hope in so doing, for there was no one to come to their rescue, and it seems as though all they could have aimed at was to escape the humiliation of surrender to their enemies by falling nobly. The strength of their rock was such that they could bid defiance to all Scotland, as long as

they had provisions, and France still thought it worth while to send them aid, by sea, while all Queen Mary's personal income was laid out by her agents to procure means of maintaining them. Indeed they were so much suspected of having intercourse with Alva and expecting Spanish allies that they were commonly called in Scotland the Castillians. They began the war again by firing the castle guns on the 1st January, 1573, and when the Parliament met, a tinsel crown and sceptre had to be carried in procession, because the real ones were shut up in the Castle, and the guns were extremely inconvenient both to the Estates of the realm and the burghers of Edinburgh.

To obtain Queen Elizabeth's help so as to have the supplies cut off by a fleet was the only chance of the Council. Burleigh was exceedingly desirous that it should be done, but the Queen as usual equally hated assisting rebels and spending money. She thought she might be led into a war with France, and she did not want to summon a Parliament. Killigrew had gone back to Scotland, and wrote desperately of the real danger that mercenaries paid by Rome, Spain, and the captive Queen might be admitted by the castle into Scotland in force, seize the little James, and carry him off to have a French education, the very worst thing that could befall England. A vessel full of arms, stores, and provisions had actually been sent to the relief of the Castle under command of Sir James Kirkaldy, brother of the Laird of Grange, but his wife and James Balfour (the arch traitor) persuaded him to put into Blackness Castle, on the Firth of Forth, where a force from the Regent was prepared to capture them as soon as he entered the trap. Killigrew's letter decided Elizabeth, and she consented to assist the Scots in reducing Edinburgh Castle.

Sir William Drury, an old friend of Kirkaldy, was sent with 1,500 Englishmen, to whom only 500 were added by the Scots. High towered the Castle-rock above the city, a fortress within a fortress, but not inclosed on all sides. A great square block called David's Tower was the principal strength of the Castle, and it was really impregnable in the old feudal times, and with such modes of warfare as were then understood in Scotland. The new comers were, however, instructed in engineering. They made gabions, *i.e.* baskets filled with earth, which were put between cannon so as to form a rampart, and placed batteries thus formed wherever there was a height. Six batteries, thus constructed, shot great balls at the massive old buildings, which crumbled away under the shock. David's Tower began to fall, and a mass of masonry stopped up the well. Then the outwork called the Block-house, the approach from the High Street, was taken, and the besieged began to lose all hope. Maitland and Kirkaldy might still have held out as desperate men, but their troops mutinied, and threatened to deliver them up, and Kirkaldy stood forth with a white flag, and obtained from Drury a respite of two days to treat of surrender. The Laird of Pitarron was let down by a rope to carry his proposals, and in the

evening Kirkaldy met Killigrew, Drury and Lord Boyd. He demanded safety for the garrison, leave for Maitland to retire to England, and for himself to remain on his own estates. The Englishmen would have granted these conditions, the Scots would not hear of them. The soldiers might come out singly and unarmed, and might depart unhurt, but their nine leaders, including Kirkaldy and Maitland, must surrender unconditionally. Kirkaldy returned to communicate these hard terms, and found the soldiers in a state of mutiny, threatening to hang Maitland over the walls, and to give the captain up to the enemy. There was no choice, so in early morning they surrendered themselves to the English, not to the Scots, from whom they looked for no mercy. Sir William Drury kept them in his lodgings, and would not give them up. Morton wrote to the Queen insisting on their surrender. Killigrew recommended it, and Elizabeth, after some hesitation, yielded to the general opinion that it was due to the Scots to let them deal with their own countrymen, and commanded Drury to deliver them up, only making an exception in favour of Sir Robert Melville.

Before the moment came for the surrender, Maitland of Lethington was found dead in his bed, having, it was believed, taken poison. George Buchanan had called him the Chameleon, others termed him the Ulysses of Sotland. He had played an unprincipled part, assisting in the ruin of the Queen, and when she was ruined, turning round on the victors in a manner that deprived him of all sympathy.

Kirkaldy was of nobler mould, and though he too had changed sides and held out the Castle against those who had put it in his charge, there were many who thou·ht, in those bewildering times, that his offences were less than those of many who went free, and two hundred gentlemen offered their bond for his leaving the country and resigning all his property to the Regent; but Morton was inexorable, and Sir William and Sir James Kirkaldy were condemned to be hung together at the Market Cross on the 1st of August. Though his friends described him as humble, gentle, and meek, a lamb in the house and a lion in the field, the citizens of Edinburgh could not forget how long he had kept them in terror from his eyrie, and then quoted Knox's deathbed warning as a prophecy. David Lindsay, the minister who had been its bearer, attended Grange before his execution, and besought him that if Knox's augury of mercy to his soul should be verified, he would give some token. This sign was thought to be given when, some 'bonny while' after the ladder had been removed, the body not only turned from the eastward to the westward facing the sunset, but 'when all thought he was away,' he lifted up his bound hands that were before him and laid them down again. Upon which Mr. Lindsay glorified God before all the people.

This was the final ruin of Mary's cause in Scotland. Sir Adam Gordon, her last adherent, fled to France, and no one durst confess himself a Queen's man from that moment.

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART II.—BROTHERS.

'There are none so dependent on the kindness of others as those that are exuberantly kind themselves.'

CHAPTER XIX.

LIFE AND DEATH.

'As we descended, following hope,
There sat the shadow feared of man.'

PERHAPS it was well for the permanence of Cheriton's new-born happiness that he had but a very short glimpse of Ruth. The next morning, the Oakby party started early, that Mr. Lester might arrive in time to attend a magistrate's meeting at Hazelby, while Ruth remained for the later train that was to take her on her separate visit. She would not give him a chance of seeing her alone, and one look, one clasp of the hand, and—'Remember your promise' was all the satisfaction he obtained from her. Yet he could hardly collect his thoughts to answer his father's many questions on their journey home, and trying to shout through the noise of the train made him cough so much that his grandmother scolded him for catching such a bad cold.

'Young men are so foolish,' she said, but she did not look at all uneasy. *Her* grandchildren's illnesses were never serious; and all the Lesters thought any amount of discomfort preferable to 'having a fuss made.' Cherry hardly knew himself how ill he was feeling, as they reached home and the day went on; but he was so weary with bad nights and fatigue that it was a perpetual effort to remember that all his suspense of every sort was over, that the examination was passed, and that Ruth was his. He lay on the sofa trying to rest; but the cough disturbed him, and by dinner-time he was obliged to own himself beaten and to go to bed, saying that a night's rest would quite set him up again.

'Boys have no moderation,' said Mr. Lester, in a tone of annoyance. 'It is well it is all over now. Cheriton might have taken quite as good a place without overworking himself in this way.'

Alvar, not understanding that peculiarly English form of anxiety that shows itself in shortness of temper, thought this remark very unfeeling. Mrs. Lester suggested some simple remedy for the cough; Cherry promised to try it, and was left to his 'night's rest.'

He woke in the early morning from a short, feverish sleep, to such pain and breathlessness and such a sense of serious illness as he had never experienced in his life, and, thoroughly frightened and bewildered, was trying to think how he could call any one, when his door was softly opened, and Alvar came in.

'I heard you cough so much,' he said. 'You cannot sleep. I am afraid you are ill.'

'Very ill,' said Cherry. 'You must send some one for the doctor.'

He was but just able to tell Alvar where to find the young groom who could ride into Hazelby to fetch him; and soon there was terrible alarm through all the prosperous household, as, roused one after another, they came to see what was amiss. Nettie fled, with her hands up to her ears, right out into the dewy garden, away from the house, afraid to hear what the doctor said of Cherry. Mr. Lester gave vent to one outburst of rage with examiners, examination, and Oxford generally, then braced himself to wait in silence for tidings; as he had waited once before when his wife lay in mortal danger—would the verdict be the same now? Mrs. Lester preserved her self-possession, sent for the keeper's wife, who was the best nurse at hand, and though sadly at a loss what remedies to suggest, sat down to watch her grandson, because it was her place to do so.

They were all too thankful for any help in the crisis to wonder that it was Alvar who held Cherry in an easier position, and soothed him with quiet tenderness.

When the doctor at length arrived, he pronounced that Cheriton was suffering from a violent attack of inflammation of the lungs. He was very ill; but his youth and previous good health were in his favour. Overwork and the neglected cold would doubtless account for it.

'Will it be over—in a fortnight?' said Cherry, suddenly.

'We'll hope so—we'll hope so,' said the doctor. 'You have only to do as you are told, you know. Now, have you a good nurse?' turning to Mrs. Lester.

'Yes, we think Mrs. Thornton very trustworthy—she was nursery-maid here before she married.'

'There must be as few people about him as possible. No talking and no excitement.'

'But—Alvar will stay?' said Cherry, wistfully. 'Father, he came in the night—I want him.'

"Hush, hush, my boy—yes, of course he will stay with you if you like,' said Mr. Lester, hastily.

'Of course,' said Alvar, with a curious accent, half proud, half tender, as he laid his hand on Cheriton's.

The foreign brother was the last person whom Mr. Adamson expected to see in such a capacity; but if he was inefficient, both he and his patient would probably soon discover it; he looked the most

self-possessed of the party, and his manner soothed Cheriton. Mrs. Thornton had plenty of practical experience to supply his inevitable ignorance. Cheriton was exceedingly ill; his strength did not hold out against the remedies as well as had been hoped, and he suffered so much as to be hardly ever clearly conscious.

'I was so happy!' he said several times with a sort of wonder, and his father felt that the words gave him another pang.

Mr. Lester was threatened with the most terrible sorrow that could befall him, and no mitigation of the agony was possible to him. He thought that his best-loved son would die, and made up his mind to the worst, feeling hope impossible; but he made a conscientious effort at endurance, an effort sadly unsuccessful.

'Eh! my son,' said his old mother, 'he is a good lad, take that comfort.'

And this reserved hint at the one real consolation was almost the only attempt at comforting each other that any of them made. No one tried to 'make the best of it,' to look at the hopeful side, or to find in any mutual tenderness a little lightening of the burden. They held apart from each other with a curious shyness, and as far as possible pursued their several businesses. Nettie went to her lessons, and refused to hear a word of sympathy from her friends, and when at last she could endure the agony no longer, ran away by herself into the woods and hid herself all day. Why should they kiss her and give her flowers —it did not cure Cherry, or make it less dreadful that another doctor was coming from Edinburgh, because Mr. Adamson thought him so ill. But she did not want to see him, and had no instinct whatever to do anything for him. Speech was no relief to any of them; it was easier to conceal than to indulge their feelings; and Mr. Lester went about silent and stern; Nettie attempted to comfort no one but the dogs; and her grandmother found no relief but in talking of Cherry's 'folly in overworking himself' to Virginia, who came hurriedly at the first report that reached Elderthwaite. She was a rare visitor; it was characteristic of her relations with Alvar that a sort of shyness kept her away. She forgot to be shy, however, when Alvar came to speak to her for a moment, and sprang towards him.

'Oh! dear Alvar, this is terrible. I am so sorry for you. But you think he will be better.'

'Yes, surely,' said Alvar, as if no other view had occurred to him. '*Mi doña*, this is wrong that I should let you seek me; but I cannot leave him—he suffers so much—that cough is frightful.'

'But he likes to have you with him?'

'Yes, I can lift him best, and I do not ask him how he is when he cannot speak,' said Alvar with the simplicity that was so like sarcasm. 'Ah! it is not right to let you go back alone, *mi Reyna*—but I dare not stay.'

'That does not matter; only take care of yourself,' said Virginia, as

Alvar kissed her hand and opened the door for her and promised to let her have news every day.

But she went away tearful for more than Cheriton's danger. Alvar had never told her that it comforted him to see her; he did not care whether she came or not.

'Eh! my lass, what news have you?' said an anxious voice, and looking up, Virginia saw her uncle, looking unusually clerical for a week day, hanging about the path in front of her.

'Alvar thinks he will be better, he is very ill now,' said Virginia; 'they have sent for another doctor.'

'Ah! that's bad! There's never been such another in all the country. Queenie, did I ever tell you how he kept up our credit with the Bishop?'

And Parson Seyton, whose nature was very different from his neighbour's, spent a long hour in telling tales of Cherry's boyhood to his willing listener. 'Eh!' he concluded, 'and I meant to fetch him over to hear our fine singing, and see how spick and span we are nowadays —new surplice and all! Eh! he wrote me a sermon once—when he was a little lad not twelve years old—and I'll swear it might have been preached with the best.'

Although Virginia had said nothing and done little to mend matters at Elderthwaite, there had been a certain revival of the elements of respectability. A drunken old farmer had been succeeded by his son, who had been brought up and had married elsewhere. This young couple came to church, and Virginia had by chance made acquaintance with the bride. Her husband got himself made churchwarden—Elderthwaite was not enlightened enough for parochial contests, and Virginia having shyly intimated that want of means need not stand in the way, the windows were mended, and some yards of cocoa-nut matting appeared in the aisle. There had always been a little forlorn singing; young Mr. and Mrs. Clement were musical, and the Sunday children were collected in the week and taught to sing. The Parson had been presented with the surplice, and as by this time he would have done most things to please his pretty niece, accepted it with some pride. Whether from the effect of these splendours, or from consideration for the fair attentive face that he never failed to see before him, the Parson himself began to conduct the service with a slight regard to decency and order; and being with his Seyton sense of humour fully conscious of the improvement, and, with the simplicity that was like a grain of salt in his character, rather proud of it, had looked forward to Cherry's approbation.

'Eh!' he said, 'I'd like to see him—I'd like to see him.'

'He mustn't see any one,' said Virginia; 'they will hardly let his father go in.'

'Well, it's a pity it's not the Frenchman. Eh! bless my soul, my darling, I forgot.'

'Alvar is almost ready to think so too, uncle,' said Virginia, hardly able to help laughing.

'If I could do anything that he would like—catch him some trout——' suggested the parson.

'Uncle,' said Virginia timidly, 'in church, when any one is sick or in trouble, they pray for them. They will mention Cherry's name at Oakby to-morrow. Could not we——'

'Ay, my lass, it would show a very proper respect,' said the parson; 'and the lad would like it too.'

And of all the many hearty prayers that were sent up on that Sunday for Cheriton Lester's recovery, none were more sincere than rough Parson Seyton's.

The Edinburgh doctor could only tell them what they knew before, that though there was very great danger, the case was not hopeless. A few days must decide it. In the meantime he must not talk—he must not see any one who would cause the slightest agitation; and poor Mr. Lester, whose self-control had suddenly broken down before the interview, was about to be peremptorily banished; but Cherry put out his hand and caught his father's, looking up in his face.

'Send for the boys,' he said.

'Yes, but you know you mustn't see them, my boy—my dear boy.'

'But Cherry will like to know they are here,' said Alvar, in the steady voice that always seemed like a support.

'They shall come. What else—what is it, Cherry?' said Mr. Lester, as his son still gazed at him wistfully.

'Nothing—not *yet*,' whispered Cheriton. 'Oh! I want to say so much, father! I am so glad Alvar came home!'

The words and the sort of smile with which they were spoken completely overpowered Mr. Lester; but the doctor, who was still present, would not permit another word.

'You destroy his only chance,' he said; and after that nothing would have induced Mr. Lester to let Cheriton speak to him. That evening, however, when he was alone with Alvar, Cherry's confused thoughts cleared themselves a little. He had been told to be hopeful, and he did not feel himself to be dying; while with his whole heart he wished for life—the young bright life that was so full of love and joy, of which no outward trouble, no wearing anxiety, and no cold and selfish discontent had rendered him weary. Home and friends, the long lines of moorland that were shining in the sunset light, the hard work in the world behind and before him, the answering love of the woman whom he had chosen, were all beautiful and good to him; he felt no need of rest, no lack of joy.

He prayed for his life, not because he was afraid to die, but because he wished to live; and when, with a sort of awful, solemn curiosity, he tried to realise that death might be his portion, his thoughts, not quite under his own control, turned forcibly to those near to him. If he was

to die, there were things he must say to his father, to Jack, to Alvar, a hundred messages to his friends in the village—they would let him see Mr. Ellesmere then—when it did not matter how much he hurt himself by speaking; but one thing could not wait—

'Alvar, I *must* say something.'

'Yes, I can hear,' said Alvar, seeing the necessity, and leaning towards him.

'When there is no chance, you will tell me?'

'Yes.'

'But I must tell you about—her—a secret.'

'I will keep it. Some one you love?'

'It is Ruth; we are engaged. Does she know—this?'

Alvar's surprise was intense; but he answered quietly—

'I suppose that Virginia will have told her.'

'Let her know; it would be worse later. Write to her—you—when it is hopeless.'

'Yes,' said Alvar.

'My love—my one love! And say she must come and see me once more. She will—*I* would go anywhere.'

'Hush, hush! my brother; I understand you. I am to find out if Virginia has written to her cousin; and if you are worse, I write and ask her if she will come. I will do it.'

'Thanks. I can't thank you. God knows how I love her.'

'Not one more word,' said Alvar, steadily. 'Now you must rest.'

'I shall get better,' said Cherry.

But as the pain grew fiercer, and his strength grew less, this security failed; and then it was well indeed for Cheriton that, be his desires what they might, he believed with all his warm heart that it was a loving Hand that had given him life both here and hereafter.

Time passed on, and Cheriton still lay in great danger and suffering. It was a sorrowful Sunday in Oakby when his name headed the list of sick persons who were prayed for in church. Every one could tell of some boyish prank, some merry saying, some act of kindness that he had done; and now that he was believed to be dying, be the facts what they might, there was a sort of sense that he had been deprived of his rights by his foreign brother.

'It had a deal better a' been yon black-bearded chap. What's he to us?' many a one muttered.

Alas! that the thought would intrude itself into the father's mind, spite of the gratitude he could not but feel!

But Alvar went on with his anxious watching, heeding no one but his brother. That Sunday was a day of great suffering and suspense, and all through the afternoon came lads from the outlying farms, children from the village, messengers from half the neighbourhood to hear the last report. Silence and quiet were still so forcibly insisted on, that even Mr. Lester was advised by the doctor to keep out of his

son's room; but Mr. Ellesmere came up to the house at his request and waited, for all thought that the useless prohibition would soon be taken away; and in the meantime his presence was a support to the father and grandmother, the latter of whom, at least, could bear to hear Cheriton praised.

Towards evening, Alvar, who had scarcely stirred all day, was sent down stairs by Mr. Adamson to get some food, and as he came into the dining-room, where the customary Sunday tea was laid on the table, he was greeted with a start of alarm. The two poor boys, tired, hungry, and frightened, had arrived but a few minutes before, and were standing about silent and awestruck. Jack leant on the mantelpiece, with his lips shut as if they would never unclose again; Bob was staring out of the window; Nettie sat forlorn on one of a long row of chairs. Not one of them made an attempt to comfort or to speak to the others; they were almost as inaccessible in the sullen intensity of their grief as the two dogs, who, poor things! shared it, as they sat staring at Nettie, as dogs will when they do not comprehend the situation.

Alvar, with his olive face and grave dark eyes, looked, after all his fatigue, less changed than Jack, who was deadly pale, and hardly able to control his trembling.

'Ah! Jack,' said Alvar, in his soft, slow tones, 'he will be glad to hear that you are come!'

Jack did not speak at first, and Alvar, as silent as the rest, went up to the table and poured out some claret and took some bread.

'It's quite hopeless, I suppose?' said Jack, suddenly.

'No, do not say so!' said Alvar, half-fiercely. 'It is not so; but oh, we fear it!' he added, in a voice of inexpressible melancholy.

Jack could not utter another word—he was half-choking; but Nettie, unable to restrain herself any longer, began to cry piteously.

'Don't Nettie,' said Bob, savagely.

'Ah!' said Alvar, 'poor child, she is breaking her heart!' and he went over to her, and took her in his arms and kissed her. 'Poor little sister!' he said. 'Ah! how we love him!'

The simple expression of the thought that was aching in the minds of all of them seemed to give a sort of relief. Nettie submitted to be caressed and soothed, and the boys came a little closer, and gave themselves the comfort of looking as wretched as they felt.

'Now I must eat some supper, for I dare not stay,' said Alvar; 'and you—you have been travelling—come and take some.'

The poor boys began to find out how hungry they were, and Bob began to eat heartily; while the force of example made Jack take a few mouthfuls, till the Vicar came into the room.

'Jack,' he said quietly, 'Cherry is so very anxious to see you that Mr. Adamson gives leave for you to go for one moment. Not the twins—they must wait a little. Can you stand it?'

'Yes, sir,' said Jack, though, great strong fellow as he was, his knees trembled.

'Then, Alvar, are you ready? Have you really eaten and rested? You had better take him in.'

Jack stood for a moment beside the bed, without attempting a word, hardly able to see that Cherry smiled at him, till he felt the hot fingers clasp his with more strength than he had looked for, and his hand was put into Alvar's, while Cheriton held them both, and whispered—

'Jack, you *will*——'

'Yes, Cherry, I will,' said Jack, understanding him. 'I will, always.'

'There, that must be enough,' said Alvar. 'Jack is very good—he shall come again.'

'Oh! don't send me quite away,' whispered Jack, as they moved a little. 'Let me stay outside. I could go errands—I'll not stir.'

Alvar nodded, and Jack went out into the deserted gallery, where, of course, he and Bob were not to sleep at present. The old sitting-room was full of things required by the nurses, and Jack sat down on a little window-seat in the passage, which looked out towards the stables. He saw Bob and Nettie arm in arm, trying to distract their minds by visiting their pets, and his grandmother, too, coming slowly and heavily to look at her poultry. He had not seen his father, and dreaded the thought of the meeting. Idly he watched the ordinary movement of the servants, the inquirers coming and going, and he thought of the brother, best loved of all and most loving—oh! if he could but hear Cherry laugh at him again!

Up stairs all was silent, save for poor Cheriton's painful cough and difficult breathing; and presently it seemed to Jack that the cough was less frequent, till, after an interval of stillness, the doctor came out. Jack's heart stood still. Was this the fatal summons?

'Your brother is asleep,' said Mr. Adamson. 'I feel more hopeful. I am obliged to go, but I shall be here early. Every one who is not wanted had better go to bed.'

He went down stairs as he spoke, but Jack remained where he was, thinking he might be at least useful in taking messages or calling people. He had never sat up all night before, and, anxious as he was, the hours were wofully long. Once or twice his grandmother came to the head of the stairs, and Jack signalled that all was quiet. At last, over the stable clock, the dawn came creeping up; there was the solitary note of a bird, then a great twitter and the cawing of the rooks. Jack put his head out of the window, and felt the fresh, sharp air blowing in his face. A cock crowed—would it wake Cherry? Some one touched him on the shoulder; he drew his head in, and Alvar stood by his side.

'He is much better,' he said. 'He has been so long asleep, and now the pain is less, and he can breathe—he is much better.'

Jack was afraid to speak, but he gave Alvar's hand a great squeeze.

'Now, will you go and tell my father this? Ah, how he will rejoice! But do not let him come.'

Jack sped down stairs and to his father's door, which opened at the sound of a footstep.

'Papa, he is better. Alvar says he will get well.'

Half a dozen hasty questions and answers, then Mr. Lester put Jack away from him and shut his door.

They could hardly believe that the relief was more than a respite, but the gleam of hope brightened as the day advanced. Cherry slept again, and woke, able to speak and say that he was better.

'And I must tell you, sir,' said Mr. Adamson, afterwards, 'that it is in a great measure owing to your son's good nursing.'

Mr. Lester turned round to Alvar, who was beside him. 'I owe you a debt nothing can repay. I can never thank you for my boy's life,' he said warmly.

'Ah, do you *thank* me? You insult me!' cried Alvar, suddenly and fiercely. 'Is he more to you than to me—my one friend—my brother —*Cherito mio!*' And, completely overcome, Alvar clasped his hands over his face and dashed out of the room. Jack followed; but his admiration of Alvar's self-control was somewhat shaken by the sort of fury of indignation and emotion that seemed to stifle him, as he poured out a torrent of words, half Spanish, half English, walking about the room and shedding tears of excitement.

'I say,' said Jack, 'they won't let *you* go in to Cherry next, and then what will he do?'

Alvar subsided after a few moments, and said, simply and rather sadly—

'It is that my father does not understand me. But no matter—Cherry is better—all is right now.'

CHAPTER XX.

FACE TO FACE.

'And with such words—a lie—a lie!
She broke my heart and flung it by.'

In the early days of August, after as long a delay as she could find excuse for, Ruth Seyton returned to Elderthwaite, knowing that Rupert was to come next week to Oakby for the grouse shooting, and that Cheriton was ready to claim her promise; for as she came on the very day of her arrival to a garden-party at Mrs. Ellesmere's, she held in her pocket a letter written in defiance of her prohibition, urging her to let him speak to her again, and full of love and longing for her presence. She knew that Rupert was coming, for the quarrel between

them was at an end. Ruth had been very dull and desolate during her quiet visit to some old friends of her mother's, very much shocked at hearing from Virginia of Cherry's illness, and more self-reproachful for having let him linger in the damp shrubberies by her side than for the greater injury she had done him. She wrote on the spur of the moment, and sent Alvar a kind message of sympathy; but every day her promise to Cheriton seemed more unreal, and when at last Rupert came, ashamed of the foolish dispute, and only wanting to laugh at and forget it, she yielded to his first word, and, though a little hurt to find how lightly he could regard a lover's quarrel, was too happy to forgive and be forgiven. But one thing she knew that he would not have forgiven, and that was her reception of Cheriton's offer, and though it had never entered into her theories of life to deceive the real lover, she let it pass unconfessed—nay, let Rupert suppose, though she did not put it in words, that she had discovered 'Cheriton's folly' in time to put it aside.

That she must shortly meet them both, and in each other's presence, was the one thought in her mind, even while she heard from Virginia that Cherry was almost well again, and detected a touch of chagrin in her eager account of Alvar's clever and constant care. 'No, she had not seen him yesterday, but they would all meet to-day.'

Still it was startling, when the two girls came out into the garden of the rectory, to see in the sunshine Cheriton Lester with a mallet in his hand, looking tall and delicate, but with a face of eager greeting turned full on her own.

In another moment he held her hand in a close, tight grasp, as she dropped her eyes and hoped that he was better.

'Quite well now,' said Cheriton, in a tone that Ruth fancied every one must interpret truly.

'That is, when he obeys orders,' said another voice; and Ruth felt her heart stand still, for Rupert came up to Cheriton's side and held out his hand to her.

For the first time in her life she was sorry to see him. She could have screamed with the surprise, and her face betrayed an agitation that made Cheriton's heart leap, as he attributed it to her meeting with him after his dangerous illness.

'I am quite well,' he repeated. 'I am not going to give any more trouble, I hope, now.'

Rupert looked unusually full of spirits. 'Good news,' he whispered to Ruth, with a smile of triumph. She could hardly smile back at him. Alvar now came up and spoke to them. He looked very grave; as Ruth fancied, reproachful. Some one asked Ruth to play croquet, and she declined; then felt as if the game would have been a refuge. But she took what seemed the lesser risk, and walked away with Rupert; and Cheriton tried in vain for the opportunity of a word with her—she eluded him, he hardly knew how. The sense of suspicion

and suspense which had been growing all through the later weeks of his recovery was coming to a point. Ruth seemed like a mocking fairy, like some unreliable vision, as he saw her smiling and gracious —nay, answered occasional remarks from her—but could never meet her eyes, nor obtain from her one real response.

These perpetual, impalpable rebuffs raised such a tumult in Cheriton's mind that he restrained himself with a forcible effort from some desperate measure which should oblige her to listen to him, while all his native reticence and pride could hardly afford him self-control enough to play his part without discovery.

An equal sense of baffled discomfort pressed on Virginia. She had very seldom seen a cloud on Alvar's brow; he never committed such an act of discourtesy as to be out of temper in her presence; but to-day he looked so stern as to prompt her to say timidly, 'Has anything vexed you, Alvar?'

'How could I be vexed when you are here, queen of my heart?' said Alvar, turning to her with a smile. 'See, will you come to get some strawberries—it is hot?'

'I would rather you told me when things trouble you,' said Virginia.

'It is not for you, *mi doña*, to hear of things that are troubling,' said Alvar, still rather abstractedly.

'Are you still anxious about Cherry?' she persisted.

'*Ay de mi*, yes; I am anxious about him,' said Alvar, sharply; then changing, 'But I am ungallant to show you my anxiety. That is not for you.'

'Ah, how you misunderstand what I want!' she cried. 'If I only knew what you feel, if you would talk to me about yourself! But it is like giving an Eastern lady fine dresses and sugar-plums.'

The gentle Virginia was angry and agitated. All through Cheriton's illness she had felt herself kept at a distance by Alvar, known herself unable to comfort him, had suffered pangs that were like enough to jealousy, to intensify themselves by self-reproach. Yet she gloried in Alvar's devotion to his brother, in his skill and tenderness. Alvar did not perceive what she wanted, and, moreover, was of course unable to tell her the present cause of his annoyance, at the existence of which he did not wish her to guess.

'See now,' he said, taking her hands and kissing them, 'how I am discourteous; I am sulky, and I let you see it. Forgive me, forgive me, it shall be so no more. You shed tears; ah, my queen, they reproach me!'

Virginia yielded to his caresses and his kindness, and blamed herself. Some day, perhaps, in a quieter moment, she could show him that she wanted to share his troubles and not be protected from them. In the meantime his presence was almost enough.

Alvar, like some others of his name, was a person of slow per-

ceptions, and was apt to be absorbed in one idea at a time. He did not guess that while he paid Virginia all the courtesy that he thought her due she longed for a far closer union of spirits. He was proud of being Cheriton's chief dependence during the tedious recovery that none of the others could bear to think incomplete, and to find that his tact and consideration made him a welcome companion when Jack's ponderous discussions were too great a fatigue. But he would not endure thanks, and after the outburst with which he had received his father's nobody proffered them. Not one of the others, full of anger with Ruth and of anxiety for Cheriton, could have abstained from fretting him with one word on the subject, as Alvar did all that afternoon and evening. But his mind was free to think of nothing else.

As for Ruth, the moment that should have been full of unalloyed bliss for her, the moment when Rupert told her that concealment was no longer necessary, was distracted by the terror of discovery. Rupert had to tell her that the sale of a farm effected on unusually advantageous terms had made the declaration of his wishes possible to him, and he was now ready to present himself before her guardians and ask their consent to a regular engagement. Ruth was about to go back to her grandmother, and all might now be well. Ruth did not know how to be glad; she could not tell how deeply the Lesters might blame her. Her one hope was in Cheriton's generosity, and to him at least she must tell the whole truth.

'To-morrow I shall come and see you,' he said gravely, as he wished her good-night, and she managed to give him an assenting glance, but he knew that she was treating him ill, and tormented himself with a thousand fancies—that his illness had changed him, that something during their separation had changed her. He said nothing, but the next day started alone for Elderthwaite.

It was a bright morning, with a clear blue sky. Cheriton passed into the wood and through the flickering shadows of the larches. He did not spend the time of his walk in forming any plans as to how he should meet Ruth; he set his mind on the one fact that a meeting was certain. But perhaps the brightness of the morning influenced his mood, for as he came out on to the bit of bare hillside that divided the wood from the Elderthwaite property, a certain happiness of anticipation possessed him—circumstances might account for the discomfort of the preceding day, Ruth's eyes might once more meet his own, her voice once more tell him that she loved him.

The bit of fell was divided from Mr. Seyton's plantation by a low stone wall, mossy and overgrown with clumps of harebells and parsley fern, and half smothered by the tall brackens and brambles that grew on either side of it. Beyond were a few stunted, ill-grown oak-trees, with a wild undergrowth of hazel.

As Cheriton came across the soft, smooth turf of the hill-side he become aware that some one was sitting on the wall beside the wide

gap that led into the plantation, and he quickened his steps with a thrill of hope as he recognised Ruth. She stood up as he approached and waited for him, as he exclaimed eagerly—

'This is too good of you!'

'Oh, no!' said Ruth, and began to cry.

Her eyes were red already, and with her curly hair less deftly arranged than usual, and her little black hat pushed back from her face, she had an air indescribably childish and forlorn.

Every thought of resentment passed from Cheriton's mind, he was by her side in a moment, entreating to be told of her trouble, and in his presence the telling of her story was so dreadful to her that perhaps nothing but the knowledge of Rupert's neighbourhood could have induced her to do it. Ruth hated to be in disgrace, and genuine as were her tears, she was not without a thought of prepossessing him in her favour. But she could not run the risk of Rupert's suddenly coming through the fir-wood.

'Please come this way,' she said, breaking from him and skirting along inside the wall till they were out of sight of the pathway. Then she began, averting her face and plucking at the fern-leaves in the wall.

'I—I don't know how to tell you, but you are so good and kind and generous, so much—*much* better than I am—you won't be hard on me.'

'It doesn't take much goodness to make me feel for your trouble,' said Cheriton, tenderly. 'Tell me, my love, and see if I am hard.'

'Every one *is* hard on a girl who has been as foolish as I have.'

Cheriton began to think that she was going to tell him of some undue encouragement given to some other lover in his absence or before her promise to him, and to believe that here was the explanation of all that had perplexed him.

'I shall never be offended when you tell me that I have no cause for offence,' he said, putting his hand down on hers as she fingered the fern leaves.

'*Indeed*, I would not have deceived you so long, but for your illness,' said Ruth, a little more firmly.

'Deceived me! Dearest, don't use such hard words of yourself. Tell me what all this means. What fancy is this?'

'Will you promise—promise me to be generous and to forgive me. Oh, you may ruin all my life if you will,' said Ruth, passionately.

'*I* ruin *your* life! ah, you little know! When my life was given back to me, I was glad because it belonged to you,' said Cheriton, faltering in his earnestness.

'Then oh! Cherry, Cherry,' cried Ruth, suddenly turning on him and clasping her hands, 'then give me back my foolish promise—forget it altogether—let us be friends as we were when I was a little girl. Oh, Cherry, forgive me—I cannot—cannot do it!'

'What can you mean?' said Cheriton slowly, and with so little evidence of surprise that Ruth took courage to go on.

'Cherry!' she repeated, as if clinging to the name that marked her old relation to him; 'Cherry, a long time ago—last spring, I was engaged to some one else—to your cousin; but it suited him—us—to say nothing of it at first. And oh! I was jealous and foolish, and we quarrelled, and I was in a passion, and thought to show him I didn't care. And you came that day at Milford, and I knew how good you were, and you begged so hard I couldn't resist you—you gave me no time. And then very soon he came back, and I knew I had made a mistake. I would have told you at once, indeed I would, but for your illness. How could I then?'

Cheriton stood looking at her, and while she spoke, his astonished gaze grew stern and piercing, till she shrank from him and turned away. Then he said, with a sort of incredulous amazement, with which rising anger contended—

'Then you *never* meant what you said? When you told me that you loved me, it was false—you did not mean to give yourself to me. You kissed me to deceive me?'

'O Cheriton!' sobbed Ruth, covering her face, 'don't—don't put it like that. I was very—very foolish—very wicked, but it was not all plain in that way. Won't you forgive me? I was so very unhappy! I thought *you* were always kind——'

'Kind!' ejaculated Cheriton. 'There is only one way of putting it! Which is your lover, to which of us are you promised, to Rupert or to me?'

Anger, scorn, and a pain as yet hardly felt, intensified Cheriton's accent. She had expected him to plead for himself, to bemoan his loss, and instead she shrank and quailed before his judgment of her deceit. His last words awoke a spark of defiance, and suddenly, desperately, she faced him and said, clearly,

'To Rupert.'

Cheriton put his hand back and leant against the wall. He was beginning to feel the force of the blow. After a moment he raised his head, and looked at her again, with a face now pale and mournful.

'O Ruth, is it indeed so! Have I nothing to hope—nothing even to *remember?* Did you *never* mean it—never?'

'I was so angry—so miserable that I was mad,' faltered Ruth. 'I thought *he* was false to *me*.'

'So you took me in to make up for it?' said Cheriton roughly, his indignation again gaining ground. 'Well, I should thank you for at last undeceiving me!'

He turned as if to go; but Ruth sobbed out, 'I know it was very wrong, indeed I am sorry for you. I can never, never be happy, if you don't forgive me.'

'What can you mean by forgiving,' said Cheriton bitterly. 'I wish

I had died before I knew this! You have deceived me and made a fool of me, while I thought you—I thought you——'

'Then,' cried Ruth, stung by the change of feeling his words implied, 'you can tell them all about it if you will, and ruin me!'

'What!' exclaimed Cheriton, starting upright. 'Is *that* what you can think possible? Is *that* why you are crying? You may be perfectly *happy!* The promise you had the prudence to exact has been unbroken. No! When I thought that I was dying, I told Alvar that *you* might be spared any shock. Neither he nor I are likely to speak of it further I had better wish you good-morning.'

It was Cheriton whose love had been scorned, whose hopes had all been dashed to the ground in the last half-hour, and who had received a blow that had changed the world for him; but it had come in such a form that the injured self-respect struggled for self-preservation. The first effect on his clear, upright nature was incredulous anger, a sense of resistance, of shame and scorn, that, all contending and half suppressed, made him terrible to Ruth, whose self-deceit had expected quite another reception of her words. She had shrunk from the idea of giving him pain, had dreaded the confession of her own misdeeds; but she had indemnified her conscience to herself for ill-treating Cheriton by a sort of unnatural and unreal admiration of what she called his goodness; which seemed to her to render self-abnegation natural, if not easy, to him.

She, with her passionate feelings, her warm heart, might be forgiven for error; but he, since he was high-principled and religious, would surely make it easier for her, would stand in an ideal relation to her and tell her that 'her happiness was dearer than his own.' 'Good' people were capable of that sort of self-sacrificing devotion. She thought, as many do, that Cheriton's battle was less hard to fight, because he had hitherto had the strength to win it. Poor boy, it had come to the forlorn hope now! He only knew that he must not turn and fly.

As Ruth looked up at him all tear-stained and deprecatory, his mood changed.

'Oh Ruth, Ruth—Ruth!' he cried, as he turned away, 'and I loved you so!'

But he left her without a touch of the hand; without a parting, without a pardon. No other relations could replace for him those she had destroyed. Ruth watched him hurry across the fell and into the fir-wood, and then as she sank down among the ferns and gave way to a final burst of misery, she thought to herself, 'O Rupert, Rupert, what I have endured for your sake!'

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

'Oh, that 'twere I had been false—not she!'

In the meantime the unconscious Rupert was strolling up and down in front of the house waiting for his uncle to come out, and intending to take him into his confidence and ask for his good offices with Ruth's guardians. It was well for her that he had no suspicion of what was passing; for little as she guessed it, he would have greatly resented her treachery towards Cheriton as well as towards himself. But Rupert was in high spirits, and when Mr. Lester joined him, he told his tale with the best grace that he could. His uncle was pleased with the news, and questioned him pretty closely upon all its details, shook his head over the previous difficulties which Rupert admitted, told him that he was quite right to be open with him, congratulated him when he owned to having met with success with the lady herself, and, pleased with being consulted, threw himself heart and soul into the matter.

As they came up towards the back of the house, they met Alvar, who, rather hastily, asked if they had seen Cheriton.

'He went to take a walk. I am afraid he will be tired,' he explained.

'Eh, Alvar, you're too fidgety,' said his father good-humouredly. 'There's Cheriton, looking at the puppies.'

Alvar looked, and beheld a group gathered in the doorway of a great barn, the figures standing out clear in the sunshine against the dark shadow behind. Nettie was standing in the centre with her arms apparently full of whining little puppies; the mother, a handsome retriever, was yelping and whining near. Buffer was barking and dancing in a state of frantic jealousy beside her. Bob and Jack were disputing over the merits of the puppies. Dick Seyton, with a cigar in his mouth, was leaning lazily against the barn door, while Cheriton, looking, to Alvar's anxious eyes, startlingly pale, was standing near.

'But say, Cherry, say,' urged Nettie, 'which of them are to be kept? Don't you think this is the best of all?'

'That,' interrupted Bob, 'that one will never be worth anything. Look, Cherry, this one's head ——'

'Bob, what are you about here at this time in the morning?' said his father. 'I told you I must have some work done this holiday. Be off with you at once.'

'Cherry said yesterday he would come and help me,' growled Bob.

'*I* want him,' said Mr. Lester. 'Got a piece of news for you, Cherry. No secret, Rupert, I suppose?'

'I'll tell Cherry presently,' said Rupert, thinking the audience large and embarrassing.

Cheriton started, and the unseeing look went out of his eyes, and for one moment he looked at Rupert as if he could have knocked him down. Then the reflection of his own look on Alvar's face brought back the instinct of concealment, the self-respect that held its own, while all their voices sounded strange and confused, and he could not tell how often his father had spoken to him or how long ago.

'I think I can guess your news,' he said. 'But I must go in. Come back to the house with me, Rupert.'

He spoke rather slowly, but much in his usual manner. Rupert was aware that the news might not be altogether pleasant to him; but he had the tact to turn away with him at once; while Alvar watched them in utter surprise, the wildest surmises floating through his mind. But what Cherry wanted was to hear whether Rupert would confirm what Ruth had told him; somehow he could not feel sure if it were true.

'How long have you been engaged?' he said; 'that was what you were going to tell me, wasn't it?'

'My uncle is frightfully indiscreet,' said Rupert, with a conscious laugh. 'Nothing has been settled yet with the authorities; but we have understood each other for some time. She—she's one in a thousand, and I don't deserve my luck.'

Rupert was very nervous; he had always thought that Cheriton had a boyish fancy for Ruth, though he was far from imagining its extent, and he was divided between a sense of triumph over him and a most real desire not to let the triumph be apparent or to give him unnecessary pain. Being successful, he could afford to be generous, and talked on fast lest Cherry should say something for which he might afterwards be sorry.

'I suppose we haven't kept our secret so well as we thought,' he said, laughing, 'as you guessed it so quickly. All last spring I was afraid of Alvar's observations.'

'Did Alvar know? He might have—he might—?' Cheriton stopped abruptly, conscious only of passion hitherto unknown. He never marvelled afterwards at tales of sudden wild revenge. In that first hour of bitter wrong he could have killed Rupert, had a weapon been in his hand, have challenged him to a deadly duel, had such a thought been instinctive to his generation. Rupert did not look at him, or the wrath in his eyes must have betrayed him. He longed to revenge himself, to tell Rupert all; even his sense of honour shook and faltered in the storm. 'She promised *me*! She kissed *me*!' The words seemed to sound in his ears, something within held them back from his lips. Another moment, and Alvar touched his arm.

'Come in, Cherito, the wind is cold,' he said. 'Come in with me.'

Rupert, glad to close the interview, little as he guessed how it might

have ended, turned away, saying with a half-laugh, 'I must go and check Uncle Gerald's communications; they are *too* premature.'

Then Cheriton felt himself tremble from head to foot; he knew that Alvar was talking, uttering words of vehement sympathy, but he could not tell what they were.

'You came in time—you came in time to save me!' said Cheriton wildly, as his senses began to recover their balance. He turned away his face for a few moments, then spoke collectedly.

'Thank you. That is all over now! You see I'm not strong yet. You will not see me like this again. The one thing is to prevent any one from guessing, above all my father.'

'But, my brother, how can you—you cannot conceal from all that you suffer?' said Alvar, dismayed.

'Cannot I? I *will*,' said Cheriton, with his mouth set, while his hands still trembled.

'Why? *You* have done no wrong,' said Alvar. 'Are you the first who has been deceived by a faithless woman? She is but a woman, my brother; there are others. You feel now that you could stab your rival to revenge yourself. Ah, that will pass; she's only a woman. Heavens! I tore my hair. I wept. I told all my friends of my despair; it was the sooner over. You will find others.'

'We usually keep our disappointments to ourselves,' said Cheriton coldly. 'I could not forgive any betrayal. Now I'll go in by myself. I'll come down to lunch. As you say, I'm not the first fellow who has been made a fool of.'

'What will he do?' thought Alvar as he reluctantly left him. 'He would forgive his rival sooner than himself. They pretend to feel nothing, my brothers, that gives them much trouble. If I were to tell a falsehood to please them, they would despise me; but Cherito will tell many falsehoods to hide that he grieves.'

Cheriton gathered himself up enough to hide his rage and grief, hardly enough in any way to struggle with them, and the suffering was as uncontrollable and as exhausting as the pain and fever of his late illness. It shut out even more completely the remembrance of anything but his own sensations. And it was all so bitter—he felt the injury so keenly—he had not yet power to feel the loss. He kept up well, however, and during the next two or three days his father saw nothing amiss; while Alvar, though anxious about his health, regarded the misery as a phase that must have its way. But Nettie declared that Cherry was cross, and Jack, who had lately acquired the habit of noticing him, felt that he was not himself. It was difficult to define; but it seemed to him as if his brother never looked, spoke, or acted exactly as might have been expected. Things seemed to pass him by.

The twelfth of August proving hopelessly wet and wild, even Mr. Lester could not think his joining the shooting party allowable, and

Cheriton expressed a proper amount of disappointment; but Jack recollected that when they had all been speculating on the weather the night before, Cherry had hardly turned his head to look at it. He would not let Alvar stay at home with him, and felt glad to be free from observation.

In the meantime matters had not gone much more pleasantly at Elderthwaite. Ruth was in such dread of discovery that even in Rupert's presence she could not be at ease. Her conscience reproached her, and she was by no means sure that Rupert was quite unsuspicious, for he talked a good deal about his cousin, and once said that he thought him much changed by his illness. Neither was she happy with Virginia, towards whom a certain amount of confidence was necessary, as she could not lead her to suppose that all had been freshly settled with Rupert; and Virginia, who was usually reticent and shy, questioned her closely as to Rupert's behaviour and modes of action. Indeed she marvelled at her cousin's ignorance, for Alvar seemed to her to imply displeasure in every look. He came seldom to Elderthwaite, and, when there, scarcely spoke of Cherry. Ruth could only hurry her return to her grandmother, which was to take place in a few days; but an Oakby dinner-party, in honour of the engagement, could not be avoided. Ruth dared not have a head-ache or a cold, and in a tremor most unlike her usual self she prepared to meet her two lovers face to face. If Cheriton had any mercy for her, or any feeling for himself, he would avoid her. How little she had once thought ever to be afraid of Cherry! But he was there, with a flower in his coat, and plenty of conversation, apparently on very good terms with Rupert, and facing the greeting with entire composure. He even eat his dinner; he sat, not opposite Ruth, but low down on the other side of the table, while she had Alvar for her neighbour—a very silent one, as Virginia, on his other side, remarked with a sigh. It would have been natural for her to talk to Rupert, who sat on the other side of her, but she felt Cheriton's eyes on her in all their peculiar intenseness of expression. Ruth was very sensitive, and they seemed to mesmerise her; she grew absolutely pale, and she knew that Rupert saw it. How could Cheriton be so cruel!

Her white face and drooping lip flashed the same thought to Cheriton himself. What a coward he was thus to revenge himself! He turned his head away with a sudden rush of softening feeling. Disappointed love and jealousy had, she told him, driven her mad—what were they making of him? At least it was more manly to let her alone.

'Cheriton, I want a word with you,' said Rupert, turning into the smoking-room when the party was over. 'Of course, you have a right to refuse to answer me, but—I can't but observe your manner. Do you consider yourself in any way aggrieved by my engagement?'

It did not occur to Cheriton that, if Rupert had had full trust in Ruth, he would never have put such a question. He was conscious of

such unusual feelings that he knew not how far he stood self-betrayed in manner. Rupert was his cousin, almost as intimate as a brother, and he could not resent the question quite as if it had come from a stranger. It could have been answered by a short negative, leaving the sting that had prompted it where it had been before. Full of passion and resentment as Cheriton still was, he could not *now* have broken his word and deliberately betrayed the girl who had betrayed him.

He was silent for a minute; still another part was open. At last he looked up at Rupert and said,

'I made her an offer—she has refused me. Don't mind my way—there's an end of it.'

'Cherry, you're a good fellow, a real good fellow—thank you!' said Rupert warmly. 'I'm sorry, with all my heart.'

'Don't think about me,' repeated Cheriton rather stiffly. 'But I'll say good-night.'

He was so obviously putting a great force on himself that Rupert, feeling that he could not be the one to offer sympathy, would not detain him; but as he gave his hand a hearty squeeze, Cherry, with another great effort, said,

'I *do* wish her—happiness,' then turned away and hurried up stairs.

(To be continued.)

WORKHOUSE VISITING.

BY CAROLINE M. HALLETT.

PART II.

MRS. CARDYCE'S NARRATIVE.

'Behind, hopes turned to griefs, and joys to memories,
Are fading out of sight:
Before, pains changed to peace, and griefs to certainties,
Are glowing in God's light.
Hither come backslidings, defeats, distresses,
Vexing this mortal strife:
Thither go progress, victories, successes,
Crowning immortal life.'

R. E. J. A.

CHAPTER I.

October, 18—. Six years have passed away since I wrote the concluding words of my former narrative, and now something impels me to take up my pen again.

Thank God, it is not the terrible effort to me now that it was in the early days of my grief, for He has been very good to me. Though I still wear my black dress, and shall wear it for life, my heart does not mourn now. No, I can say it with truth, the bitter hardness of my grief is all gone.

Thankful I am that I did not take the advice of some of my friends when they told me 'to travel for a year,' 'have a thorough change and forget the past,' &c., &c.

No, I am sure I did wisely in believing the truth of the lines Mr. Trevor quoted to me—

'The herbs we seek to heal our woe
Familiar by our pathway grow,
Our common air is balm.'

For indeed I have found the 'herbs' very near my pathway, in my work among my dear children. I can truly say that has been to me far more than a balm; it has brought me actual and positive happiness.

Not that the happiness came quite at first; for I remember Mr. Trevor saying to me in his wholesome, bracing way, 'Don't stop to think whether you are happy or miserable, but simply try to do the Master's work.' And I did try to do it, in a faltering, poor way, and soon it became so absorbing that literally I had no time to sit down and pity myself, or consider whether I were happy or the reverse. And thus in one of the bye-roads of life, where happiness oftenest lurks, I found it.

I look round my parlour and see one or two signs that my life is not empty now.

And first there are the photographs of my adopted children smiling at me over the mantelpiece. Only six portraits, however, of six little girls, from eight to thirteen years old, for the truth is I do not see very much of the children until they are considered by the workhouse authorities old enough to thread their way alone and unprotected through the streets of Ellsborough. And thus they do not become my familiar friends until they are eight and upwards; but after that age the girls are allowed to come to me once or twice in the week, and always on Sundays; and I believe and hope that they look upon my parlour as something like a home.

There are their chairs, and a whole shelf of their books, and leaning against the wall is a large album of their Sunday pictures.

They admire my room of course, because it stands alone, and therefore unrivalled in their eyes; but I hope they love it too, and find a little sunshine, if only a little, to brighten up the dulness of their lives.

But I am afraid I have shocked the prejudices of Ellsborough more than once.

'Is it true,' my rather prim neighbour, Mrs. Mace, said to me lately, while paying one of her fortnightly morning visits, 'is it true, my dear Mrs. Cardyce, that you have little pauper children in your *drawing-room*?'

'No, not in my drawing-room,' I answered, trying not to smile, 'for I haven't got one now.'

'Not got one!' exclaimed Mrs. Mace, gazing round her in the greatest bewilderment. 'Why, what's this room then?'

'My parlour,' I answered quietly. 'I like the word better, for *parler* is just what I *do* do here with my children and my friends, but I do not "withdraw" myself here from the gayer assemblage in the—where shall we say? Oh, I suppose in the dining-room. Parlour is a good, useful, homely word, though I must grant it is Norman, and not honest Saxon.'

Mrs. Mace looked a little mystified.

'But the name doesn't alter the room,' she said at last. 'Now how *can* you have little common children in here? I don't see the good of it.'

'Yes, but *I* do,' rose to my lips; but I suppressed the retort and only said—'Oh, they don't give me any trouble, and it would worry Hannah to have them in the kitchen.' And then, feeling I was not quite honest, I added—'You know I don't want to keep a room too fine for work, and these children *are* my work.'

'Yes, I know all that, but after all they are paupers, and always will be (Why? I mentally asked); and what's the use of setting them up above their station?'

'Is my station, then, so very grand?' I asked, laughing. 'No,' I

went on, speaking quite seriously, 'I always feel that if this is my work at all I must do it in the best way I can, and use my rooms and whatever God has given me to help the work on. Remember, I am a lonely woman, and have no one but myself to consider. It would be quite right in most people to keep their drawing-room sacred, but it would only be selfish in me.'

'Well, my dear, good-bye, for positively here *are* the little pauper children,' as a scuffling of feet on the doorstep and a ring announced their arrival.

Mrs. Mace probably sustained another shock at seeing me shake hands with the six little girls, who slid with their usual gravity into my parlour and sat down with quiet ease.

Though I called them my work, those little girls are nearer being the great pleasure of my life. To my mind, my room never looks so pleasant and comfortable as when they are gathered round the fire, the light dancing on their shining heads as they bend over book or pictures. For I do not teach them very much, or rather I should say perhaps mine is an irregular sort of teaching—and sometimes, indeed, it is not teaching at all on my part, but *learning*.

I had to learn the lesson that nobody had yet known about these children — to *know* them. Yes, these little human souls are more interesting to me than any book! But it was hard to get at first even one peep at the real selves, the selves that had been so thickly overlaid with discipline and routine that they seemed altogether out of sight. I had to wait long before I met with much response.

And at best I must acknowledge that they are still stolid children, as unlike as possible to the damsels who figure in the conversations of story books, in which the teacher is enviably helped on by the scholars saying the right thing, asking the right question, or showing the exact amount of ignorance that shall evoke the teacher's well-arranged information.

No 'method' of teaching is of much use with my children, and so I trust to the quiet influence of my parlour, where they see me going on with my ordinary employments; and now at last they have learned to work with me and take a real interest in their pursuits.

Our occupations are various. Sometimes we cut out pictures and make scrap-books, sometimes we all work at a gaudy patch work quilt, and sometimes, to make them neat-handed, I let them arrange a drawer, or dust a shelf of china; and so impressed are they with the honour and dignity of the task, and such extraordinary pains are taken, that the clumsy fingers become skilful and gentle when they touch the unknown and delicate things.

Alice Wake, who is the biggest, broadest, and rosiest of the girls, pleased me the most at first next to my *protégée*, Ellen Brushwood. She has a candid, open face, an innocent snub nose, and a large mouth that has learnt to smile a good deal—a broad, open smile, like sunshine.

I remember how surprised I was when first I saw her smile. Her perceptions are rather dull, and she did not readily respond to any small jokes; but once, early in our acquaintance, I happened to lay my hand softly on her head, and almost mechanically continued stroking it, as I went on with what I was saying. Then as I took away my hand I saw the face turned towards me and the smile beaming out. From that time she seemed to have a warm affection for me, and, the ice once broken, she became the most demonstrative of all.

Nancy Dillon always sits next to her, a total contrast to her in looks, and indeed in everything. Pale and thin, tall and angular, yet with an expression in her face that redeems it from ugliness, Nancy is to me the most interesting of all my girls. There is a far-off look in her eyes, and a kind of steadfastness of expression that reminds me, I cannot tell why, of some picture I have seen of a Virgin Martyr.

She is stolid to a certain extent, and dull and machine-like in her movements, yet now and them comes a glimpse of a deeper nature, of a soul under the impassive face, that I sometimes fancy will 'suffer and be strong' when the battle of life comes.

Sometimes a sort of awe seizes me when I look at these girls. They are such waifs in the great world, so utterly and completely alone, without a single tie of kindred, with scarcely a cord of love even, to bind them to a single human being, save one, and that one myself, my faulty, unsatisfactory, easily-daunted self! Ah me, it is an overwhelming thought!

November. Already changes are beginning among my girls, and to explain what they are, I will write an account of two of our Sunday afternoons, beginning with Sunday, October the 25th.

It was a warm, sunshiny autumn day, and I was sitting near the open window when the little procession entered. They gathered round me as usual with quiet eagerness, admiring my flowers—for I always take care to have a Sunday nosegay on the table. Then when they had settled themselves in their usual chairs I asked them whether they had brought me anything to-day.

It had become a rule, though at first only a wish of mine, that each girl should bring me something that she had learnt in the week, a hymn, short psalm, or part of a Bible chapter. I never reproved them if they brought nothing, but had a word of praise for those whose piece was ready. Alice, Nancy, and Ellen always came provided with something to repeat to me.

I used to call what they had learned their treasures, for one day I told them their memory was like a store-cupboard, which they were bound to try and fill when they are young.

'A cupboard?' said one or two, surprised. 'Why, a cupboard doesn't hold anything nice.'

'What does it hold then?' I asked.

'Oh, hats and caps and tin mugs.'

'And slates,' said another.

'Slates are not exactly nice, nor very valuable things,' I answered, smiling. 'The store-cupboard I am thinking of does not hold slates.' Then I remembered the limit of their experience, the experience that was always bounded by the workhouse walls.

'Come with me,' I said, and led them to my store-cupboard up stairs, which was full of nice white linen, most of which I had made with my own hands. Then they understood at once, for a visible example is, I often find, more telling than any verbal description. And so it was that I used to ask them what they had brought to put in their store-cupboard, the treasure house, I said, that you will be so very, very glad to go to when you are grown-up women.'

The way the three girls learnt was characteristic. Alice learnt a great deal easily, which I am afraid she often forgot again; Ellen learnt chiefly to please me, and because I once said to her, 'Ellen, when I am an old woman I shall perhaps forget my own store, and come to you.' Nancy learnt slowly, but I do not think she ever forgot her texts. She grasped them with a firm hold that was like the grasp of her fingers, strong, and not easily loosed.

But I must go back to this particular Sunday. I had a little plan in my head, that I would ask each girl to bring me next time her favourite text written down on paper. I thought the result would give me a little insight into the characters, the book I was always trying to read; and I wanted to know too if any deeper chord in the childish souls had been touched.

I told them what I wanted them to do, and saw them whispering, so I waited to fathom the thought that was in their minds. It was a little disappointing when it came out.

'Ellen says she'd rather you picked her a text.'

(Why do girls invariably speak for one another and not each for herself? I remembered this peculiarity in the Sunday-school of my youth, but it vexed me a little to-day.)

'And what does Alice think herself?' I asked.

'I like saying a long piece off,' she answered.

'But that is not what I mean,' said I. 'I am not thinking now of learning nor saying texts, but I mean the words themselves, the meaning of them. Don't you care for some texts more than for others?'

They still looked astray, but Nancy answered at last—

'Yes, ma'am,' but not in a hopeful tone, and her face looked as stolid as ever. But the next moment a slight flush came into her cheek, and she said in a low voice, 'The one you said to me.'

'Which?' said I, vexed that I could not recall it.

'That day that I was sweeping and there was snow.'

Then at once I recollected the whole little scene. It was one of the

first times I had ever seen Nancy, when she was sweeping away the snow from the flagged path leading to the schoolroom. She was crying, the wind blew on her bare arms, and her thin cheeks were blue with cold. There was something so pathetic in the little lonely figure at work in the great court that a sudden impulse seized me to try and say something to comfort her.

'Nancy,' I said, stooping down and wiping her eyes with my handkerchief, 'do you know what the snow reminds me of?'

'No, ma'am,' answered she.

'It makes me think of the pure whiteness there is in heaven. I think it is a little bit of heaven come down to earth to-day, don't you? Look how dingy my handkerchief looks beside it; we can't make our things as white as God can.' And then I added, 'Here is a verse for you to keep in mind, my child—"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."'

The remembrance all came back to me, and another memory too, farther back still, of a little dark-eyed boy lisping the words, and as I smiled with rather moist eyes Nancy whispered—

'I shall never forget that text.'

Were not the echoes of the words my child had said to linger about me, doing their work and bringing me comfort? Yes, I am sure of it, for my rather vexed, fretted feeling passed off, and I could speak to the children about the wonderful power of Bible words, how variously they helped men and women just in the way they most needed help.

'Some texts,' I went on, 'are like a trumpet-call to battle, and make you long to go and fight; and some are like lovely music that makes you feel so happy and peaceful. Don't you think those words I once read to you in Isaiah are something like that, "And they shall walk in the paths of peace"?

'Once, when I was very sorrowful, I heard those words sung in the cathedral, and they seemed to steal into my heart and stay there like a sweet message of comfort.

'And some are like a door that lets in a little glimpse of beautiful things, and some are like a picture that brings waving trees and birds, and green, lovely country before your eyes. Some of the Psalms are pictures. Don't you think the twenty-third, beginning, "The Lord is my Shepherd," is one of them? The green pastures and still waters, like that beautiful meadow we went into the other day.'

I am not sure they quite followed me, for I was partly speaking out my own thoughts; yet children do not always appreciate teaching that is nicely meted out to the supposed capacity of their mind. Once when I consulted Mr. Trevor about the difficulty of getting to the real selves of my girls, he said—

'But do you let them know *your* real self?'

'Perhaps not,' I answered.

'I notice that teachers very seldom do. They are often dreadfully

machine-like in their teaching. If the children have a home self and a school self, I'm sure the teachers have too. They will persist in being such uninteresting people to their scholars.'

'But some people can't be interesting,' I said, with rather a doleful conviction of my own failings.

'Can't they?' said he, smiling. 'I think the most uninteresting people are those who won't let you see into the real *Ego*. They keep every chink closed, and then are surprised that they are not popular characters. Depend upon it, anybody would be interesting, if we could see *him*, and not the compound of smiles and commonplace utterances that does duty for him.'

I thought over afterwards this suggestive remark of Mr. Trevor's, and began to see how I must try to win the children's confidence. I must be my natural self with them, and not 'governessy' nor stilted. And so I used to read to them bits out of books I liked, and even poetry; and it was an unfailing resource to tell them about my dear old home and my school children, although I believe they never thoroughly realised that the school was not appended to a workhouse, in spite of my assurances to the contrary.

But I must pass on to the next Sunday, the one on which I expected the girls to bring me their favourite texts. I had asked them to write them down neatly on paper, without telling any one, for I intended to paste them into a sort of journal I kept of our doings, in which I put down everything that I thought brought out the individual characters of my girls.

As they entered, I expected to see smiles denoting a little pleased mystery, for anything like a small surprise to me is delightful to them. But I was destined to be surprised in a new way to-day, for no sooner had they sat down than Alice began to cry.

It was so unusual to see the round, rosy face tearful that I was sure some very uncommon event must have happened. In a dismayed tone, I was just beginning 'What is the——' when Ellen Brushwood put a letter into my hand. It was from the matron of the workhouse, and was as follows:—

'MADAM,—I have to inform you that two of our girls are leaving for service—Alice Wake to Mrs. Hands, No. 9, North Street, in Ellsborough; and Nancy Dillon to Mrs. Chanter's, Vere Street, Rokeport. Should you still feel desirous of engaging Ellen Brushwood, the Guardians consider that she also is now old enough to take a situation.

'I remain, Madam, yours truly,
'ANNE GIBSON.'

I glanced from the letter to Ellen's face, and met such an imploring, beseeching gaze that I was sure she knew its contents. My first feeling was one of joy that the lonely little creature could come to me now; my next of dismay and almost fear when I looked at the other two girls.

But I must set Ellen's heart at rest first. 'Yes, Ellen,' I said, 'our dream is all coming true, and you must be a good, obedient little girl,' which speech made her look so very happy and glowing that the plain face became almost pretty. Then I turned to Alice and Nancy, but for the minute words quite failed me.

I had hardly realised how dear they had become, nor how closely their lives were intertwined with mine.

And now! They were going away, in one sense, for ever; for it would never be quite the same happy intercourse again. I am afraid I thought most in that first minute of the blank that would be left in my own life!

But I must be practical and not sentimental, and so I took up the letter again.

The address, North Street, was one familiar to me, for I knew an invalid youth in the street, who had been a clerk in my husband's office, and I sometimes went to visit him. I recollected, too, having seen 'Hands, Shoemaker,' on a door, and this no doubt was Alice's destination.

'Alice,' I said cheerfully, 'you mustn't cry because you are going to be a woman and earn your own living. I know the house you're going to, and I shall come and see you, and *perhaps* you will be allowed to come and see me—who knows?'

Alice still sobbed, partly from real sorrow, partly from excitement at this sudden revolution coming in her even life. And so I turned to Nancy.

Alas! what could I say of comfort to her, my poor pale-faced quiet Nancy! For she was going thirty miles away to Rokeport, a large, thickly-populated seaport town. I had once passed through it, and had gathered an impression of foulness, griminess and misery in the back streets, and of a flaring prosperity in the better ones, of that kind that supports many public-houses; and my heart sank as I thought of the workhouse girl adrift and alone in such a world as this! What could I say or do? Or rather there seemed so much to say, I knew not how to begin.

I must warn her, set before her the temptations of her new life. And yet, how could I make her even understand what the Rokeport world was, before she entered upon it? No one would warn or guide her there, for neither she nor I had a single friend in that great town. It seemed all dark. I sat in a reverie, the children were quiet, and none of the usual cheerful chatter went on. At last Ellen Brushwood broke the silence.

'Please 'm, we've brought our texts, and they're all different, and here's mine, please.'

I had almost forgotten the texts. I took her paper and opened it and read, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.'

'Tell me, Ellen,' said I, 'why you like this text.'

'Because you said once' (the words came out very slowly) 'that you liked it, and that we could both say it because—and then you said that text about treasures in heaven.'

'Yes, Ellen, I understand. You mean,' I said, speaking lower, 'that that text suits you and me too, because we each have a dear one in Paradise, and that is why you like it.'

I was touched by the child's thoughtfulness, and as I looked at the words which have comforted many a mother's heart, I felt, as I thought of the great future, a glow of radiant hope, that lately, thank God, has cast out the sad and bitter regrets that used to haunt me.

The next paper I opened was Alice's. 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ,' I read.

'That is a very good choice,' I said. 'And now tell me why you chose it.'

'Because you said once that I was strong and could lift heavy things, and so I must do that all my life for ——' and she hesitated.

'For other people? Yes, Alice; and do you remember the different sorts of burdens we thought of, how weariness and pain and hardships are all burdens, and how we must try and bear them for each other?'

'And please, 'm,' chimed in Ellen, 'when Tommy had the toothache, and Alice told him a story, and he forgot it, you said she had lifted up his burden a little way, for pain was a burden.'

'Yes, Ellen. I'm glad you remember. And,' said I, turning to Alice, 'I am still more glad you chose this text just now, for they are beautiful, happy words to take with you to service. Remember that service *is* helping others to bear burdens, for mistresses would not have servants if they could bear all themselves. Perhaps Mrs. Hands is saying now, "Oh, how glad I shall be when Alice is here to help me. I am so tired to-day." Have you seen her yet, Alice?'

'No, ma'am. The master called me out of school, it was last Friday, and there was a man standing talking to him in the court-yard. "Will she do?" the master says. "Perhaps she will," answered the man, "only we've never *had* a workhouse girl before. But there's a lot of work at our place, and some of the girls thinks they can't do it." "You needn't ask her," the master says, smiling like. "She's got to go where *we* like." And then the man said something about wages, and times being bad, and then he turned to me and said he'd give me a shilling a week.'

'And what did you say then, Alice?' I asked.

'I didn't say anything, for the master struck in, "Then it's settled. You may go now, child," and I went back into school.'

'And when do you go?' I asked, with an undefined feeling that her prospects were not particularly bright.

'Next Tuesday, ma'am, and Nancy goes too; and we've always been together,' and Alice, who had cheered up a little in the excitement of telling her story, broke down, and began to cry again.

'Hush!' I said, 'I want to read Nancy's text now, and I cannot if you cry. You and she shall stay back and talk to me after the others are gone. No, not you,' I added, as Ellen looked wistful, 'I shall come up and settle about you in a day or two.'

Then I opened Nancy's paper and read, 'They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy.'

Strange that the child should have chosen such a text on going out into the world, and such a world too, if I judged Rokeport aright! Strange, too, that she should have lighted upon words that might be her safeguard in the midst of foul evil. When I was vainly trying to think of a keynote for my counsels to her, the quiet girl had found one for herself. As I looked at the pale face, downcast and sad, yet with steadfastness in the eyes, and a gentle purity about it that recalled some white lily, I could not but feel a conviction that God must keep her safe until she could indeed 'walk with Him in white' in the Eternal Land. But I could not speak out my inmost thoughts just then.

'Nancy,' I said, speaking lightly, to conceal how much touched I was, 'you seem to like texts about whiteness.'

'Yes,' she answered; 'I liked that one about the snow, and I tried to find some more words like those. Doesn't this mean Heaven?' she asked shyly.

'Yes,' I said, and opening the Bible, read them the description of the Holy City in the Book of Revelation. And then we went on to read of the fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints, and I told them how they must guard their souls from spots of defilement, 'for each sin,' I said, 'each wrong word leaves a spot on the soul, just as ink leaves a spot on a clean, fair white linen dress.'

It was time for my girls to go, so I dismissed all but Alice and Nancy, and then we sat together, my hands clasping theirs.

It had been six years of close happy intercourse, and now it was going to end. Never again would they sit beside me in the same childish, confiding way as now! They would grow up into women, and, ah me! what sort of women? Fine, draggled, or perhaps worse than all, bold and flippant, of the indescribable town 'servant gal' type, that grates so horribly on every sense of refinement, at any rate is far removed from one's ideal of modest Christian maidenhood.

One a mere drudge, the other converted by quick degrees into that very unprepossessing being, a lodging-house servant (for I remembered hearing that Vere Street consisted chiefly of houses in which 'lodgings' were to let). I might have known all this was going to happen, but as it was, the news smote me with a great shock.

It would not do, however, to sit brooding over what after all must happen to working girls. Into the world sooner or later must each go, and God could guard them even amid the perils of a great city. I

ought to try rather to make good use of the few precious minutes that were left to us.

It seemed, however, hard to begin. The 'world' was so very dim and shadowy to them, that world at least that lay outside the workhouse walls. In my difficulty, my eyes rested on the still open Bible.

'Nancy,' I said, 'you must never forget your own text.' The words sounded tame and commonplace, and I felt angry with myself. But as I went on, I spoke more earnestly and fluently. 'You will understand by and by,' I said to both girls, 'how much evil there is in the world—evil which will come very near you. You know nothing yet about some sorts of sin—the sin of drinking, for instance; yet it is a terrible one, and I hardly think anybody could be at Rokeport long without seeing something of it. Promise me, Nancy,' I said earnestly, turning to her, 'that you will not let that sin touch you. You *can* keep from it, if you promise me that you will not touch wine or spirits.'

'I never tasted them,' said Nancy, surprised.

'No,' I said, 'but when people all around you like drink, they will try to make you like it. Somehow they *always* try, Nancy.'

'Do they?' asked Alice. 'Shall I promise too, ma'am?'

'Yes,' said I, 'for I do most earnestly hope you will neither of you ever *begin* the habit. Half the misery of great cities is owing to drink;' and, then remembering they would not understand me, I said, 'If you ever were to see people drinking in a public house, and then were to think of the pure whiteness of heaven, you would understand a little of what I mean. Oh, you must turn away from people who would like to make you bad, in that or any other way!'

'Yes,' said both girls; and then Alice added, 'but it won't be like coming here on Sundays to you, and we shall want to be put in mind sometimes.'

'Yes,' I said, 'but there will be church and your Bibles, and who else, dear Alice?'

'God,' she answered reverently.

'And so you will not be alone.' Then after a pause I repeated, 'I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil;' but the words were more for myself than for them.

'Keep from evil, so as to be fit to walk with Him in white,' Nancy said then, with more comprehension of the thought than I should have expected.

We sat still for a while, and then I said, 'Shall I give you some cards with your texts painted on them, to hang up near your beds so that you may not forget them?'

'Yes,' answered the girls, looking pleased.

'And you, Nancy, must write to me, for I shall not see you again for a long time. I shall see Alice sometimes, but not, I am afraid,

just yet, for I am going away in a few days, and shall not be back for five or six weeks.' We talked a little longer, but the moments sped away, and I was obliged to bid them go home. And though it was not the final good-bye (for I had promised to see them once more, the next evening), my room seemed very empty when I went back to it alone, and saw their vacant chairs.

I went up to the workhouse yesterday evening, and took the illuminated texts, which I had worked hard to finish, and I had also one or two other gifts for my girls to remind them of me. I gave each a Bible and Prayer-book and some writing materials in a little case, and they were, girl like, so pleased with the presents, that the parting on their side was not so very sad after all.

I own I felt a wee bit disappointed, but then it is always the best for those who go out into the world, and the worst for those that are left behind.

If they do forget me I must bear it, for the tie between us is only that of friendship. Only! Well, it is a strong one, for neither they nor I have any stronger.

My dearest and nearest ones are in the spirit world, and I have only cousins who are prosperous people, and certainly do not cling to me in the way that these forlorn little waifs do.

Once, when some trifling occurrence had prevented them from coming to me as usual, and I said to them on the next afternoon, 'The time seemed long to me without my little girls,' I shall not easily forget their astonished faces. I think they rose in their own estimation several degrees at once! But that was in early days, when they did not thoroughly believe in me—that is, believe in the fact that I cared for them.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ATELIER DU LYS,' 'FAIR ELSE,' ETC.

V.—BRISEUX.

It is a remark of M. Villemain's that, if in classic days the poet was a maker or creator, in the middle ages a *trouvère* or finder, under the Restoration he was emphatically a seeker, deliberately searching for new and startling subjects. It is only when 'the youth of the earth is o'er' that this is the case, and that simple, homely subjects suggest no more than did a yellow primrose to Peter Bell. In Briseux, however, we find a true poet, and one belonging to no special school, with scarcely any trace of that influence of Byron and Chateaubriand, so marked on all other poets of the day that, had these two never existed, we cannot guess what shape the genius of even such great writers as Lamartine and Hugo would have taken. Briseux, though never at home out of his native Brittany, knew Paris, however, and some of his poems show that he had felt the sad and sceptical spirit breathing through the capital, but it was only for a moment. The surface might be perturbed, like that of a shining bay when a flaw of wind ruffles it and troubles the image of the sky reflected in it, but the depths below are undisturbed. He soon returned to his beloved Brittany, whose severe and mournful charm was dearer to him than even the beauty of Italy. When, after practising the sternest economy to save up money for the journey, he had reached Florence, the sound of a bagpipe, played by a wandering musician, at once awoke almost intolerable home sickness:

'O landes! ô forêts! pierres sombres et hautes,
Bois qui couvrez nos champs, mers qui battez nos côtes,
Villages, où les morts errent avec les vents,
Bretagne, d'où vient l'amour de tes enfants?
Des villes d'Italie, où j'osai, jeune et svelte,
Parmi ces hommes bruns montrer l'œil bleu d'un Celte,
J'arrivai, plein des feux de leur volcan sacré,
Mûri par leur soleil, par leurs arts enivré,
Mais dès que je sentis, ô ma terre natale,
L'odeur qui des genêts et des landes exhale,
Lorsque je vis le flux et reflux de la mer,
Et les tristes sapins se balancer dans l'air,
Adieu les orangers, les marbres de Carrare!
Mon instinct l'emporte, je redevins barbare,
Et j'oubliai les noms des antiques héros
Pour chanter les combats des loups et des taureaux.'

Les Ternaires, in which these beautiful lines occur (a name later happily changed to *La Fleur d'Or*), record his experiences of Italy, and are

addressed only to those to whom that land is familiar. They betray traces of the influence of his friend and fellow poet Alfred de Vigny, and of Dante. The title contained a mystic suggestion of that third stage in life, mature but weary, which is typified by Dante's wood and the wilderness of Bunyan; and the poem is written in a peculiar metre, which at first strikes the reader as original, but soon grows wearisome.

But Brittany, not Italy, offered the subjects by which Briseux will be remembered. There he lived nearly all his life, with a family of peasants, his poverty almost equalling theirs, sometimes lying in bed that he might suffer less from hunger, choosing poverty as a bride, and scorning riches, like Francis of Assisi seven hundred years ago. His life offers no striking events; it was absolutely consistent, but it had its idyll which influenced the whole of it. Like Montrose's ideal knight, Briseux 'loved one and loved no more.' He found his Beatrice in a humble Breton peasant, who is the heroine of his finest poem, *Marie*. Like himself, she was born at L'Orient; she was three years his junior, and never knew that their childish friendship had developed on his side into a life's love. When he returned from Paris, where he had met Victor Hugo and formed a lasting friendship with De Vigny, she was married. He studiously avoided troubling her peace by betraying his feelings, but his love was independent of any hope of return; he loved on in silence, neither allowing disappointment to enfeeble nor to embitter his life by 'forlorn regret.' Petrarch and Dante were of this family of ideal lovers, one too lofty to be numerous. Whatever they forego, their love ennobles them in its object.

One of the most charming passages in *Marie* tells how he saw his lost love at a 'Pardon,' or wake:

'Devant l'un des marchands bientôt trois jeunes filles,
Se tenant par la main, rougissantes, gentilles,
Dans leurs plus beaux habits, s'en vinrent toutes trois
Acheter des rubans, des bagues et des croix.
J'approchai. Faible cœur! ô cœur qui bat si vite,
Que la peine et la joie et tout ce qui l'excite
Arrive désormais, puisque dans ce moment
Tu ne t'es pas brisé sous quelque battement!
Marie! ah! c'était elle, élégante, parée;
De ses deux jeunes sœurs enfants, sœur prudente, entourée;
Belle comme un fruit mûr entre deux jeunes fleurs.
Le passé, le présent, le sourire, les pleurs,
Tout cela devant moi! Qu'elles étaient riantes,
Ces deux sœurs de Marie, à ses côtés pendantes!
C'était Marie enfant!'

Did Marie ever hear of this poem? Probably not; the very language in which it was written was unknown to the Bretonne girl. There are books which are written, and others which may be said to write themselves, haunting the author until he has got them into a visible shape on paper. It is the latter which are destined to live. *Marie* appeared indeed at an unhappy moment; war at home and abroad seemed

imminent; the theatre was deluged with plays which neither respected age nor sex, outraged all that was honourable, and exalted heroes who were thieves, rascals, and swindlers, with heroines to match; the *feuilleton* followed in the same path. It is no wonder, then, that this calm, pure poem was for a time unnoticed, but gradually it gained readers, and has now taken its place as a classic.

Les Bretons followed, a poem with more power and less sweetness, a chronicle of the '*Terre de granit recouverte de chênes.*' There is some resemblance to Delille's style in it; but Briseux's love of nature was real, an instinct, not a sense artificially cultivated, as with the poets of Delille's time. There is a mournful tone in *Les Bretons*. Briseux knows that all which he celebrates is passing away; the current of modern life must bear with it the language, the customs, the unquestioning faith. The very names which he so freely introduces sound barbarous, and disfigure the poem. *Primel et Nola* is more of a story, less a mere succession of picturesque episodes than *Les Bretons*. There seems little to be made out of a rich young widow loving and marrying a poor and proud peasant, who holds back on account of her wealth, and yet, after reading it and *Marie*, we are tempted to say, in Briseux's own words:

'O merveilleux conteur, merci pour ton histoire!
Elle est triste, mais douce, et mon cœur y veut croire.'

Briseux has the rare merit of never writing unless he has something to say. He has an exquisite feeling for beauty, but he never makes us think that he has mistaken his vocation, and ought to have been a landscape painter; we are not offered merely choice language, rich colour, a shining haze hiding nothing tangible. Like his friend Autran, who has addressed some fine lines to him in *Les Epîtres rustiques*, he is the poet of the few rather than the many; like the Provençal poet, he excels in one line, the pastoral idyll, the description of nature and home life. It would be difficult to find in French poetry anything more graceful than his style, or more fresh and natural than the ideas which he puts before us. He has been called English in tone, and there is certainly something which reminds us of Crabbe in *Primel et Nola*, and among his poems are some that recall Burns' *To Mary*.* In a sterner tone than any which we have yet named are the lines which suppose the spectator to be standing where the guillotine was set up in Paris:

'Nous voici parvenus sur la place publique.
Dans un marais de sang ici la France antique
Disparut! Un roi saint, son épouse, sa sœur,
Un poëte au cœur d'or, généreux défenseur,
Et de saints magistrats et des prêtres sublimes,
Des femmes, des vieillards et cent mille victimes!
Une pierre a couvert l'hideux échafaud,
Mais le sang fume encore, il bout, il parle haut.
O sombre tragédie! ô drame lamentable!

* *Nettement.*

Que vous font désormais les héros de la fable,
César même et Brutus, le stoïque assassin ?
Là mourut un tyran, ici mourut un saint.
Toute une nation, justement affranchie,
Soudain ivre de sang, et folle d'anarchie,
A son brillant passé sans regret dit adieu,
Répudiant ses mœurs, ses grands hommes, son Dieu.
Ceux qui la conduisaient dans sa nouvelle voie
De ses déchainements les premiers sont la proie ;
Puis, sous le couperet elle traine en janvier.
Celui que tout martyr aurait droit d'envier . .
Le doux Capétien, le fils de S. Louis,
Au front loyal et pur, orné de fleurs de lis,
L'esprit haut, le cœur tendre, appelé Louis seize,
Client par qui vivront Malesherbes et Desèze !
Mais l'hostie a changé l'échafaud en autel,
Et l'âme en pardonnant s'éleva vers le ciel.'

There is exaggeration here, doubtless, and '*esprit haut*' is not appropriate to poor Louis Seize ; but the simple and touching manliness of these lines is remarkable, as is the acknowledgment of the vast wrongs which the nation had to avenge, an acknowledgment frankly made amid the deep and just indignation called forth by the crimes which Briseux is enumerating. '*Justement affranchie*,' indeed ; but '*ivre de sang, et folle d'anarchie !*' The situation was never better summed up.

SHORT PAPERS ON THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

No. III.

In order to understand the laws relating to married women, my lady readers must remember that, even to the present day, a large portion of English jurisprudence is founded on the manners and customs of the feudal ages. In the days of the Plantagenets such theories as the rights of women were unknown, and it was, not unreasonably, supposed by our forefathers that if a woman promised to love, honour, and obey her husband, he was, in his turn, bound to act as her protector, and undertake the custody of her person and property.

'*Nous avons changé tout cela*,' cries modern society; but the law, more slow, and perhaps less rash, than society, has very slowly consented to regard young ladies as thoroughly able to look after their own affairs. Indeed, I may say that the law even now entertains no such idea, and rather aims at protecting them by its own power, having somewhat tardily come to the conclusion that men are not always immaculate, and do sometimes not only ill-treat their wives, but even (of course very seldom) dissipate the property which was intrusted to them for the maintenance and support of those to whom they were bound by the most sacred ties of honour and religion.

We must not too severely condemn the policy of our old Common Law, which practically enabled husbands to make ducks and drakes of their brides' fortunes, which allowed the careful savings of fathers for the support of their helpless daughters to find their way into the pockets of these daughters' husbands' creditors. The law no doubt took an exaggerated view of the innate nobility and honesty of men when it declared that the act of marriage conferred on the husband, during the joint lives of himself and his wife, an estate in all freehold and copyhold property belonging to the wife at the time of marriage, or subsequently acquired by her during the coverture (*i.e.* term of married life), as well legal as equitable, and as well corporeal as incorporeal; and further declared that a wife's personal property belonged absolutely to him as far as he could get it into his possession.

Marriage, in the old mediæval days, meant that a wife left her father and mother and all that she had to become one with her husband, to honour, love, and obey him until death should part them—a barbarous notion perhaps, but founded alike on the laws of nature and grace.

But, however well-founded the old law may have originally been, the gradual development and complications of society soon forced English legislators to look more closely into the relations of married people. It

was found that as the power arose of widespread speculation, so a danger arose of a husband using his wife's fortune to meet his own ends. Hence, in comparatively early days, the Court of Chancery interfered to protect married women against their husbands' possible liabilities; but when the Court first determined to interfere I am unable to say.

The earliest instance of property being settled *by will* to a young lady's *separate* use (*i.e.* to her, independent of her husband's rights), is found in an extremely old ballad called *The Babes in the Wood*, and the disposition of property is thus described—

'The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

'And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be *controlled*.'

This pretty little ballad, dating, as far as I have been able to trace it, to the days of Richard III., contains the first instance of a father leaving personal property (*i.e.* money) to his daughter's separate use; hence it may be reasonably gathered that the Court of Chancery has for at least three centuries extended its protection over married women.

The doctrine of 'separate use' means, as I have said, that money may be bequeathed or settled to a wife's use independent of the debts or control of her husband; but, practically, it has been found that this protection is not sufficient, but that women must be protected not only against the power of their husbands, but also against their blandishments and persuasion: hence a practice has arisen of settling property to a lady's separate use without power of anticipation (*i.e.* so that she can only receive the interest or dividends of her property, but cannot touch the capital or principal), and such a provision now finds its way into most marriage settlements.

The old law may seem (I hope it does) somewhat harsh to my lady readers, and perhaps the new practice may seem also harsh as far as men are concerned; but it must be remembered that a settlement of property on marriage does not now only contemplate the benefit of the husband and wife, but also that of the possible issue of the marriage. The husband may be engaged in commercial pursuits, and be liable to be made a bankrupt, in which case his property, as well as his wife's (unless sufficiently protected), may find its way into the pockets of his creditors, and deprive the children of the marriage of their legitimate maintenance; and inasmuch as marriage is a sacred obligation, nothing can be more unfair than that the offspring should be thus robbed, even though the whole property settled belongs to the husband.

It is true that we often read in modern novels of high-minded wives surrendering their settled property to their husbands' creditors under what I must call a somewhat mistaken notion of honour and probity, for it does seem to me that the husband's convenience or good name ought not to be allowed to override the right of his helpless children; and the law certainly does not take a romantic view of such acts, but designates them as palpable frauds, and punishes severely the actors if they can be brought under its power.

Marriage, in the eye of the law, is a contract between two people to live together; hence it allows, and in some cases enforces, a joint settlement of their property for their maintenance while the marriage state lasts, and for the support, education, and advancement in the world of their children, if any; and this view of the subject borne well in mind, we shall now be able to understand somewhat of the nature of, and the provisions usually found in, marriage settlements.

In very few cases of marriages among the upper classes are both parties absolutely penniless. Even if the intending wife has no property, her husband, if engaged in any pursuit, can almost always make a small settlement by insuring his life, and assigning (or handing over) the policy to trustees, to hold the proceeds arising therefrom for the benefit of his wife and children after his death. In such a case he should of course be bound by strict covenants to keep up the payment of his annual premiums, so as to prevent the policy lapsing; and the trustees should have power to pay the premiums themselves, if necessary, and charge the husband with the amount, or even to surrender the policy to the office for whatever price it may fetch, and hold the money thus acquired on the original trusts of the settlement.

The settlement of a mere life policy, my readers will understand, is not of much value, but very often it is the only settlement a young man beginning life can effect, and it is certainly better than nothing. Very often, however, young men are entitled to property under previous marriage settlements made on their parents' marriages, or under the wills of deceased relations. In such cases their interests are called 'reversions' (*i.e.* because they depend on some event to come into their owner's possession), but none the less they can and should be properly settled. Young ladies also often have reversionary property, and to them the previous remarks also apply. When, however, each party has property in possession, the best and most suitable settlement can be made, and such a settlement I propose to consider.

We will suppose that a young man engaged either in commerce or in some liberal profession, possessed of 10,000*l.*, which is his own absolute property, and who has further insured his life for 5,000*l.*, has wooed and won a young lady whose father is willing to settle 5,000*l.* upon her, and further, that she is of age, and able therefore to settle the money herself on the usual trusts, if her father is willing, as he is pretty sure to be, to make over the amount to her for that purpose.

Lawyers, perhaps, see as little of the romantic side of love as any one; with them a marriage is apt to be a matter of pure, and often somewhat tardy and vexatious, business, for they do not and cannot listen to the professions of constancy that lovers are apt to make—indeed constancy they care little for. As an old lawyer told me once, 'We have to guard against not only probabilities, but possibilities, and cannot listen to or appreciate the pleadings and assurances of lovers that they have perfect trust in each other and do not need to be guarded by the strict rules of law—in fact we know better, and look ahead to possible mistrust or disability.'

The etiquette of the legal profession is that the young lady's solicitor should prepare the settlement, and the gentleman should pay for it (I presume this custom is a relic from the age of chivalry), of course first letting his solicitor peruse and advise on it on his behalf.

Settlements are generally drawn by barristers, but, if they present no special difficulty, may be prepared by a solicitor, though, as a rule, both for our clients' sake and our own, we prefer to employ counsel, as they are not only supposed to be better versed in law than solicitors, but also cannot be made responsible for mistakes.

We will now consider the settlement mentioned above. My readers, no doubt, have some slight acquaintance with legal phraseology, and will understand in part the following commencement:—'*This Indenture* made the —— day of —— 18—— between A. B. (the husband) of the first part, C. D. (the wife) of the second part, and E. F., G. H., and I. J. (the trustees), of the third part, &c., &c.' This is the beginning or introduction of the settlement. The husband's name appears first, then the wife's maiden name, and lastly the trustees, who should, if possible, be three in number, one being a friend of the husband, another of the bride or her family, and the third a mutual friend of both parties; but I need scarcely say that this is a matter of expedience, there is no *legal* obligation in the matter. The husband's money (10,000*l.*) we will suppose is invested in certain good securities, and the operative part of the settlement begins by a recital (or setting out) that he is possessed of securities representing 10,000*l.*, and also of policies on his life to the extent of 5,000*l.* in certain accredited offices (the numbers and the amounts of the policies should follow as a matter of course).

The settlement nexts recites that the young lady is possessed of 5,000*l.* absolutely.

The operative part now takes the form of a positive statement, 'Now this Indenture witnesseth' (that is, this deed declares) that, on his side, the husband transfers the 10,000*l.*, or the investments representing the same, to the three trustees; and the wife, on her side, pays over her 5,000*l.* to the trustees, and the husband further assigns his life policies to the trustees, to be held by them on certain trusts, which I shall further explain.

All marriage settlements must be signed by the principal parties thereto before marriage, hence a clause is always introduced to make the trustees hold the various properties settled by the parties to the proposed marriage in trust for them until the marriage, lest, by any chance, the marriage should be broken off at the last moment. Taking this safeguard into consideration, we may now progress further and enter into the trusts of the settlement, which are usually as follows:—To hold the trust property in its present states of investment (if approved of), for, of course, the wife's 5,000*l.* is to be at once invested, or at any time, during the *joint* lives of the husband and wife, upon the request and direction in writing of them, or the survivor of them, and after the death of the survivor, at the discretion of the trustees to sell the same and invest the moneys arising therefrom in or upon it, &c., &c. Here follow certain investments approved of by all parties, which investments of course vary in their scope, 'Upon trust to pay income to the wife for life, for her separate use, without power of anticipation (or in plain language, for herself, and so that she can only receive a year's income at a time), thus guarding against her husband's liabilities and influence, and, after her death, the income to her husband for life, and, subject to the two life interests, to the children or issue (if any) of the marriage, as the husband and wife shall by deed appoint, and in default of such joint appointment, as the husband or wife (whoever may survive) shall by deed or will appoint, and in default of any appointment whatever, to the children equally—the sons to take their shares when they come of age, the daughters to take theirs when they come of age, or, if they marry under age, then.'

Perhaps it may be as well to reduce these provisions to the Queen's usual English. A settlement has three distinct sets of parties to it, viz., the husband, the wife, the trustees. Everything is made over to the trustees, to hold the money as it is then invested, or to invest it in certain specified investments; to pay the dividends to the wife for her life, in such a manner that the husband shall not, nor shall his creditors, be able to touch them; afterwards, if she dies, to the husband for life; and then the *capital* to be in trust for the children—the sons to have their shares when they are of age, the daughters when they are of age or marry, subject of course to their parents being alive and retaining the income of the trust funds, and subject moreover to their appointing (that is settling) either together or separately, if one dies, the trust funds to any one of their children.

Next follows what lawyers call the hotchpot clause, a somewhat peculiar title, which means that no child who shall take any appointed part of the funds shall be able to share in the unappointed part without bringing his or her appointed share into hotchpot and sharing it equally with his or her brothers and sisters. This clause is, as my readers will see, manifestly just;—Supposing there are five children of the marriage, and to one the parents appoint 10,000*l.*, leaving 10,000*l.*

for equal division among the whole five, it is by the settlement arranged that the child who takes the 10,000*l.* shall not claim the extra 2,000*l.*, without allowing his or her brothers and sisters to divide the appointed 10,000*l.*

Next follows the power of maintenance, that is, a power for the trustees, while the children are under age and unmarried, to use the income for their maintenance, education, and support; and this clause is usually supplemented by what is called the advancement clause, allowing the trustees to advance within certain specified limits the children's shares of the capital for putting them forward in the world, *e.g.* for premiums when they are sent into business, &c., &c.

Occasionally it happens that all the children die before their parents, or that no children are born, then it becomes requisite to provide for the ulterior destination of the settled property, which is as a rule done by allowing the money settled by the husband to devolve on him absolutely, and the wife's money, as she shall by will appoint, whether married or single, and in default of appointment to be in trust for her next of kin. Sometimes she is only allowed, what lawyers call a limited power of appointment, that is, only a power to appoint to certain persons, such as her brothers and sisters, and this clause is a frequent one where the money settled belongs not to her but to her father.

Next follow covenants as to the policies of assurance assigned by the husband, the details of which I need not inflict on my readers, beyond mentioning that they bind the husband strictly to keep up his insurances, and, if he does not do so, allow the trustees to keep them up, paying the annual premiums out of any moneys in their hands, and, if advisable, further allow them to sell the policies, and invest the proceeds on the trusts of the rest of the settled property.

As the wife may probably become entitled to other property after her marriage, it is usually provided that such property shall be settled upon the trusts of the settlement (unless it should be insignificant in amount, or consist of jewels, &c., &c.).

Next follows a clause enabling the husband and wife to appoint new trustees in case of trustees dying, or wishing to be discharged from the office of trustee, such trustees to be in the same position as the original trustee, and to possess the same powers; but it is advisable to limit the number to not more than two, as there is always a difficulty in getting friends to accept the extremely thankless and troublesome office of trustee.

Such is an outline of an ordinary marriage settlement, but of course other and special covenants are often introduced, especially where part of the settled property consists of land, as it is then necessary for the trustees to have power to let or sell the land, and these powers, like all covenants connected with land, are couched in extremely antiquated language, the law relating to real property being still extremely feudal in its nature, and not nearly so elastic as that

which relates to personal property. The settlement is fairly copied on draft paper by the young lady's solicitor, and sent to her or her father for approval, and, supposing, (as is generally the case) it is approved of, it is then sent to the husband's solicitor, who makes a close copy of it, and then alters the original, if he thinks it requires alteration, in red or blue ink, taking care to alter his copy in the same way, and returns it to the lady's solicitor, who considers the alterations, and advises his client to consent to them or not, as the case may be. Sometimes great trouble and serious disputes arise as to the exact wording of the settlement, but, as a rule, both parties make concessions, and the draft is finally approved. It is then engrossed on parchment, and sent to the husband's solicitor to examine its correctness, and then all that has to be done is to obtain the signatures of the two principal parties (the trustees can always, if more convenient to them, sign after the marriage has been solemnised). Seals are affixed to the deed for each party, and I may mention that the proper way to sign is to write the Christian name on the left side of the seal, and the surname on the other, thus, supposing the bridegroom to rejoice in the name of 'Thomas Smith,' and the bride in the name of 'Agnes Fleming,' the signatures would appear thus on the deed :—

Thomas (L.S.) Smith. Agnes (L.S.) Fleming.

The letters L.S. mean *locus sigilli*, that is, the place of the seal.

Each signature requires the attestation of one witness, unless some of the parties sign at the same time, when one witness will serve to attest any number of signatures. The form of attestation is written out on the back of the deed, and runs thus, 'Signed, sealed, and delivered by the above-named Thomas Smith, in the presence of,' and under these words the witness should write his or her name, address, and occupation.

The Married Women's Property Act next claims our attention, but fortunately it is simple, and easily reviewed, so that it will require but little space. By this Act it is enacted that, after the 9th August, 1870, a lady is entitled to hold for her separate use (*i.e.* independent of her husband's debts, control, or engagements), firstly, any personal property coming to her as next of kin of an intestate; secondly, any sum of money not exceeding 200*l.* coming to her under any deed or will; and thirdly, the rents and profits of any freehold, copyhold, or customary hold property descending upon her as heiress or coheiress of an intestate.

Under this Act a married woman is also entitled *for her separate use* to her wages or earnings in any employment carried on by her *separately* from her husband, and any money earned by her through the exercise of any literary, artistic, or scientific skill, and any deposit made in *her name*, or any government annuity granted to her.

These are the main provisions of a somewhat meagre and badly worded, yet still most important Act of Parliament of nearly ten

years' standing; and it is most advisable that ladies should make themselves acquainted with its provisions, remembering at the same time that it is probably merely a provisional Act, and that it will doubtless speedily be superseded by a more sufficient statute.

It is not easy to compress into the limits of a magazine paper so comprehensive a matter as the law of marriage settlements, &c., nor do I profess to have done more than offered a few hints to the readers of the *Monthly Packet* on a very difficult subject; but as, to quote Latin, *omne ignotum pro terribili*, or, in plain language, people are generally afraid of what they do not understand, I hope I have at least satisfied my lady readers that the laws relating to them are at least founded, mainly, on common justice and expediency.

R. F. J.

RAY'S LAST WORDS.

THE following account of Ray's dying words is from a MS. of the Rev. Mr. Pyke, Prebendary of Norwich, and at that time rector of Black-Notley:—'I am a priest of the Church of England, ordained by Dr. Sanderson, then Bishop of Lincoln. That I did not follow the peculiar duties of my function more, is now the greatest concern and trouble to me. I do here profess, that as I have lived so I desire, and by the grace of God resolve, to die in the communion of the Catholic Church of Christ, and a true though unworthy son of the Church by law established in this kingdom. I do think, from the bottom of my heart, that its doctrine is pure, its worship decent, and agreeable to the Church and Word of God, and, in the most material point of both, conformable to the faith and practice of the godly Churches of Christ in the primitive and pure time. I am not led to this persuasion so much from force of custom and education as upon the clear evidence of truth and reason, and after a serious and impartial examination of the grounds thereof. I am fully persuaded that the scruples men raise against joining in communion with it are unreasonable and groundless, and that the separation which is made may very justly be charged upon the dissenters themselves as the blameworthy authors of it.'—*P. E. A.*

ROMANTIC PROBLEMS; A TANGLED TALE.

KNOT II.

MAD MATHESIS.

'I waited for the train.'

'WELL, they call me so because I *am* a little mad, I suppose,' she said good-humouredly, in answer to Clara's cautiously-worded question as to how she came by so strange a nickname. 'You see, I never do what sane ladies are expected to do. I never wear long trains (talking of trains, that's the Charing Cross Metropolitan Station—I've something to tell you about *that*), and I never play lawn-tennis. I can't cook an omelette. I can't even set a broken limb! *There's* an ignoramus for you!'

Clara was her niece, and full twenty years her junior: in fact she was still attending a high school—an institution of which Mad Mathesis spoke with undisguised aversion. 'Let a woman be meek and lowly!' she would say. 'None of your high schools for me!' But it was vacation-time just now, and Clara was her guest, and Mad Mathesis was showing her the sights of that Eighth Wonder of the World—London.

'The Charing Cross Metropolitan Station!' she resumed, waving her hand towards the entrance as if she were introducing her niece to a friend. 'The Bayswater and Birmingham Extension is just completed, and the trains now run round and round continuously—skirting the border of Wales, just touching at York, and so round by the East Coast back to London. The way the trains run is *most* peculiar. The westerly ones go round in two hours; the easterly ones take three; but they always manage to start two trains from here, opposite ways, punctually every quarter-of-an-hour.'

'They part to meet again,' said Clara, her eyes filling with tears at the romantic thought.

'No need to cry about it!' her aunt grimly remarked. 'They don't meet on the same line of rails, you know. Talking of meeting, an idea strikes me!' she added, changing the subject with her usual abruptness. 'Let's go opposite ways round, and see which can meet most trains. No need for a chaperon—ladies' saloon, you know. You shall go whichever way you like, and we'll have a bet about it!'

'I never make bets,' Clara said very gravely. 'Our excellent preceptress has often warned us——'

'You'd be none the worse if you did,' Mad Mathesis interrupted. 'In fact, you'd be the better, I'm certain!'

'Neither does our excellent preceptress approve of puns,' said Clara. 'But we'll have a match, if you like. Let me choose my train,' she added after a brief mental calculation, 'and I'll engage to meet exactly half as many again as you do.'

'Not if you count fair,' Mad Mathesis bluntly interrupted. 'Remember, we only count the trains we meet *on the way*. You mustn't count the one that starts as you start, nor the one that arrives as you arrive.'

'That will make very little difference,' said Clara, as they turned and joined the stream hurrying into the station.

'Buy a box of cigar-lights, Miss!' pleaded a ragged little boy, pulling Clara's shawl as she passed. Clara at once stopped to explain.

'I never smoke cigars,' she said in a meekly apologetic tone. 'Our excellent preceptress——,' but Mad Mathesis impatiently dragged her on, and the little boy was left gazing after her with round eyes of amazement.

The two ladies bought their tickets and moved slowly down the central platform, Mad Mathesis prattling on as usual—Clara silent, anxiously reconsidering the calculation on which she rested her hopes of winning the match.

'Mind where you go, dear!' cried her aunt, checking her just in time. 'One step more, and you'd have been in a pail of cold water.'

'I know, I know,' Clara said dreamily. 'The pale, the cold, and the moony——'

'Take your places on the spring boards!' shouted a porter.

'What are they for?' Clara asked in a terrified whisper.

'Merely to help us into the trains.' The elder lady spoke with the nonchalance of one quite used to the process. 'Very few people can get into a carriage without help in less than three seconds, and the trains only stop for one second.' At this moment the whistle was heard, and two trains rushed into the station. A moment's pause, and they were gone again; but in that brief interval several hundred passengers had been shot into them, each flying straight to his place with the accuracy of a Minie bullet—while an equal number were showered out upon the side-platforms.

Three hours had passed away, and the two friends met again on the Charing Cross platform, and eagerly compared notes. Then Clara turned away with a sigh. To young impulsive hearts like hers, disappointment is always a bitter pill. Mad Mathesis followed her, full of kindly sympathy.

'Try again, my love!' she said cheerily. 'Let us vary the experiment. We will start as we did before, but not to begin counting till our trains meet. When we see each other, we will say 'One!' and so count on till we come here again.'

Clara brightened up. 'I shall win *that!*' she exclaimed eagerly. 'If I may go the same way round as I did last time.'

Another shriek of engine-whistles, another upheaving of spring-boards, another living avalanche plunging into two trains as they flashed by: and the travellers were off again.

Each gazed eagerly from her carriage window, and waved her handkerchief as a signal to her friend. A rush and a roar. Two trains shot past each other in a tunnel, and two travellers leaned back in their corners with a sigh—or rather with *two* sighs—of relief. 'One!' Clara murmured to herself. 'Won! It is a word of good omen. *This* time, at any rate, the victory will be mine!'

But *was* it?

LEWIS CARROLL.

NOTE.—Answers to be sent in before July 30th.

LIEBESPEIN.

I.

THE wind bears the music over the trees
Till the sound dies away on the fitful breeze,
But not so the feeling inborn;
For e'en as the melody swells and dies,
So swells the heart with unspoken cries
Sternly hushed, and torn.

II.

Louder and louder the strains swell out,—
Love's whisper silenced in victory's shout,—
Then tenderly die away;
And the struggling heart with its wearied gasp,
Lies crushed by the hand with the icy grasp,
Till decorum asserts her sway.

III.

Oh! what are the feelings? and what is the heart?
Woman must play her appointed part,
And hold her feelings in thrall.
Peal out, oh music! and stun with thy sound,
Clamour and clash till the air resound,—
But I love! I love! through it all.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

X.—KING JOHN.

(*Supposed date* 1595, *published* 1623.)

In going through a series of works of art it is a good plan to vary sometimes the method of study, so as to guard against the danger of taking partial views. A man who merely examines effects of colour in passing through a picture-gallery, leaves unnoticed many excellencies of drawing, though they fully deserve his attention; and equally in literature, when studying plays, or any other sort of composition, it is a serious mistake to fix the mind too exclusively on one particular class of beauties, however attractive these may be. For instance, suppose a person to read Shakspere's plays only thinking of their poetical beauty, he would certainly find a great deal to delight him; but how much he would lose! All the dramatic situations, the matchless representation of character; the humour, sometimes tender, sometimes grim; Gloucester's tremendous power, and Falstaff's inimitable fun, would be quite thrown away upon him. Shakspere's great variety is some protection against this partial habit of treating his work, but it may make its way in, unless care is taken to prevent it. Therefore, instead of always taking our play from the beginning, and tracing the development of the characters through the working out of the plot, we may sometimes disregard the story altogether, and look only at the people themselves, thinking more of what they are than what they do. *King John* is one of the plays which is best dealt with in this manner, because the story is of very little importance, and the whole interest is centred in the characters of the people represented. When we think of the play, not the battle of Angiers, or the invasion by Lewis, come back to the memory, but rather John whispering temptation to Hubert, or Faulconbridge mocking Austria, or, more likely still, broken-hearted Constance lamenting for her boy Arthur. The play takes its peculiar character from three or four great figures, which stand out from a crowd of insignificant ones; and we shall better understand these wonderful creations if we look at the materials out of which *King John* came. Like *Henry VI.* (Parts II. and III.), it is the recast of an older play, the original in this case being *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, written in two parts, but really forming one long play. It is anonymous, and was published in 1591. Our *King John* follows the plot, such as it is, of this older play, has mostly the same characters, and presents the same events in pretty nearly the same order, only condensed, and more dramatically arranged. Nevertheless,

the difference between the two plays is so great, that it is hardly exact to describe one as a recast of the other. In the old one there is plenty of vigour, and some picturesque passages, but the characters are rough daubs compared to Shakspere's finished portraits. If we can fancy an artist catching an idea for a great picture from a caricature in *Punch*, we shall about rightly estimate the relation of *The Troublesome Raigne* to *King John*. A sufficient likeness remains between the two plays to make the comparison of them a curious and interesting study. It gives us a good opportunity of tracing the effect produced by Shakspere's delicate feeling for character, as well as his power in reproducing it. His people do nearly the same things as their originals, but in themselves they are wonderfully different. Shakspere raises, refines, intensifies them; he puts in lights and shades, subtle workings of feeling, exquisite tenderness, broad humour, till the rough-hewn blocks change into real live men and women.

To condense the two plays within the limits of one, Shakspere rejects a considerable quantity of unnecessary matter, sometimes doing away with scenes and passages altogether; sometimes replacing them with others to the same effect as the old ones, but more concisely expressed; sometimes making an allusion, or a couple of lines of description, stand for whole straggling scenes. For instance, in Act iii. sc. 4, Pandulph, the Legate, says to the Dauphin—

> 'Faulconbridge is now in England ransacking the church,
> Offending charity.'

And this curt remark gives the pith of a whole long scene of coarse humour written in the old play in this queer jingle. A monk speaks to Faulconbridge, who is bullying him for money—

> 'Benedicamus Domini, was ever such an injurie?
> Sweet St. Withold of thy linitie, defend us from extremitie.
> And heare us for St. Charitie oppressèd with austeritie,
> In nomine Domini make I my homilie,
> Gentle gentilitie, grieve not the clergie.'*

The great defect of *King John*, which even Shakspere did not remedy, is the continual shifting of interest from character to character—now one and now another becoming predominant, and there being no central figure round which the rest are grouped. After reading *Richard III.*, where the interest is almost over-concentrated on one character, this peculiarity in *King John* strikes one forcibly. The play is so far injured by it, that it makes a less effective dramatic whole than *Richard III.*, though the single characters and detached scenes are superior in themselves. Three of the acts bring each a different person into prominence. The first is almost entirely occupied

* Readers will find an interesting paper on the comparison between the two plays in *Macmillan*, November 1878, by Mr. Edward Rose, of the New Shakspere Society, entitled, 'Shakspere as an Adapter.'

with Faulconbridge; the second has no special hero; in the third, Constance absorbs all our sympathies; the fourth all turns upon Arthur; and the fifth, being taken up with the revolt of the nobles and the death of John, does not develop any particular character—so our interest is always being drawn in a new direction. The nominal hero, John himself, is only now and then brought forward; his history connects the scenes together, but in spite of the one or two marvellous passages in which he figures, he is not made sufficiently important to be in any sense the centre of the whole. Two points must be borne in mind as we consider his character. First, we may as well put out of our heads altogether any notions about John's career which we may have got from history (or even from *Ivanhoe*, which we probably remember better), because Shakspere, following the *Troublesome Raigne*, makes the wildest work of the facts, setting chronology, history, and geography at defiance; so that it would require some space even to point out the errors. He could have followed his old authority, Holinshed's *Chronicle*, if he had wished to do so, but he has preferred to leave the blunders of the *Troublesome Raigne* pretty much as he found them. Then we must remember, in the second place, that Shakspere had to present John in two aspects. From one point of view he appears as the bloody usurper, making strong by ill the 'things bad begun,' and shrinking cowardly from the consequences of his own acts; but from another, he is the champion of England against France, the defender of English independence against the pretensions of the Pope. We can easily see that national feeling would prevent Shakspere from making John appear contemptible in this latter aspect, however base he shows him to be in the former one. So Shakspere had not his hands free, and could not draw a *consistent* villain like Richard, though John is far the more revolting character of the two. He has a certain appearance of energy and courage, but it is all sham, failing when really tried; and below this surface is villany of the most despicable kind. Nevertheless, for some time Shakspere has to make him appear tolerably creditable—and, setting aside the usurpation of the throne, at first no particularly bad points come out. He answers the challenge of France with dignity and spirit, he throws himself energetically into the war, and bears his part in it well enough. There is not anything striking about him, however, in these early scenes; he is a conventional sort of character, who talks, and fights, and manages cleverly for his own interests, but he has no distinguishing features, always excepting that proud defiance of the Pope which must have gone home to the hearts of an Elizabethan audience:—

> 'Though you and all the kings of Christendom
> Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
> Dreading the curse that money can buy out;
> And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.'

This sufficiently breathes the spirit of the age, though Shakspere has elsewhere greatly softened down the fanatical Protestantism of the *Troublesome Raigne*.

But these fine speeches only show the outside of John's character. I fancy Shakspere did not get interested in him till there came a chance of showing the workings of the inner nature, as in the famous scene where the king incites Hubert to murder Arthur (Act iii. sc. 3). Then we begin to see what the man is really made of. He is not like Richard, who fears nothing, and shrinks from nothing, with his fiendish determination, for John shrinks from the sound of his own words, from the responsibility of a direct order, desiring to have the evil deed done, but wishing to have no hand in the doing of it. As the scene is read again and again, our feeling of the power with which such intolerable baseness is represented becomes overpowering. I wonder if Shakspere did not say to himself, as he wrote the scene, 'What a brute this man is!' John's fawning upon Hubert, his edging up to the subject of the murder, and then shrinking away from it, his attempts to convey his hideous meaning without actually expressing it, put the man before us horribly real and natural. His villany is of a curlike kind—weak, wavering, and short-sighted, as he never sees the consequences of removing Arthur, any more than he estimates the power of the Papal interdict. He can plot and murder and be quite unconcerned as long as he effects his design, but failure unmans him completely, and he then begins to prate of his conscience! This sort of villain demands more delicate drawing than a stronger nature, so many fine shades are required by his varying phases of feeling; and as far as John is developed, he is a more remarkable study of character than Richard, if a less striking dramatic figure. By a number of slight touches in precisely the right places we get the full effect of his compound of vices, his utter worthlessness in every respect. Shakspere gives him poetical justice, in so far that all he does turns out badly; his policy with France, his defiance of the Pope, his plan to murder Arthur all fail miserably, and he can only turn on his instruments, snapping and raging, and wildly trying to escape from the results of his own actions. Shakspere knew that no excuse was too paltry for this sort of man, so he makes him lay the blame of Arthur's murder on Hubert's face, which first put the idea into his head.

'Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.'

The miserable excuse comes dangerously near bathos, but it is appropriate to John. Who else could conceive such a thing? It will be noticed that there is no touch of real repentance in his tirade about Arthur's death. If it had not alienated the lords, he would have been quite easy under the consciousness of the murder; and when he finds it has not been committed, he has no sense of escaping from a crime, only from an awkward blunder. When he finds that he cannot so recover his position, his expedients are in keeping with his dastard nature; he submits to the Legate, and tries to get him to stop the invading French. Then, just when John has a chance of regaining all he had lost, when the Dauphin is in difficulties and the revolted peers come back to their allegiance, he fails again, and ignobly dies by poison. One of the dramatic mistakes in *King John* is the want of connection between the King's crimes and his sudden death. We see no reason why the monk should poison him, as he is no longer excommunicated. The old play represents the monk as burning to avenge the wrongs which John had inflicted on the clergy, and as hoping to be canonised for the deed, so his action is intelligible; and in this point our play has lost something by being condensed. Although John is so vividly put before us, he does not make a centre for the play, there is not enough of him for that; and we willingly turn from him to the more interesting Faulconbridge and Constance.

Nobody can accuse Faulconbridge of being conventional; he comes before us, bursting through all restraints of propriety, overpowering us with his wild strength, shocking and astonishing us, making us hate him and like him all at once. Half buffoon, half hero, reckless to brutality, apparently without reverence for anything in earth or heaven, hard and cynical, coolly avowing the most sordid motives, yet devotedly loyal to his ignoble master, incapable of fear, burning with patriotic enthusiasm—was ever such a bundle of contradictions worked into such a life-like creation? Perhaps his very inconsistencies make him more real to us, because his nature is not drawn to order; he is always taking odd turns and queer twists; we never know what he will do next, and he keeps us in a continual state of expectation. Very likely Shakspere himself could not tell us the reasons for half the freaks of this demi-Plantagenet, only that he felt that Faulconbridge would do so and so, with reason or without it. It is not necessary to be a great genius to create a character so real that it seems to get beyond its author's control, and to do what it likes—and Faulconbridge belongs to this order. The other people are kept pretty well in control, but he stands apart from them all, coolly criticising, and flinging in his impudent remarks. Yet it is not exactly impudence either. The proud Plantagenet blood works in him; he feels himself on an equality with anybody, in spite of all that is against him, therefore nothing daunts him. Queen Elinor recognises him as her grandson; he accepts the position with perfect ease, and thenceforth treats

the King and Queen as if he were quite as good as themselves. In many points Faulconbridge is more like a Gascon than an English or Norman type, for he has the fluent tongue, the sharp, unsparing wit, the dashing courage, and the wild bravado of the southern race. But anything of poetry is entirely wanting in his character; no modern Englishman could succeed in looking more perfectly matter-of-fact than Faulconbridge feels, except in his patriotic moments of excitement.

How keen-sighted he is for the doings of people about him, chuckling grimly at their follies and mistakes, then suddenly turning his criticism on himself, and admitting that he is not better than the rest, perhaps rather worse. But he is not as bad as he makes out, when he says, 'Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee,' for in his heart he sets many things above advantage. He cares for England and for John, something too for the father to whom he owes so little. This last point is dwelt on in the old play, and Faulconbridge is more comprehensible if we remember it. Again, the old play, in defiance of history, makes Austria King Richard's murderer, and this notion seems latent in *King John*.

Holinshed relates that in one of John's battles Philip, a son of Richard's, slew the Viscount of Limoges in revenge for the death of his father, though what the Viscount had to do with Richard's death is not explained. The dramatist seems to have jumbled this Limoges and the Duke of Austria together somehow, by his calling the latter 'Lymoges' instead of Leopold, which mistake Shakspere perpetuates.

If our Faulconbridge believes Austria to be the cause of Richard's death, his determination to pick a quarrel with him is fully accounted for. We must realise the situation; Faulconbridge goes with John to France (Act ii. sc. 1), and sees before Angiers this Duke of Austria, Cœur de Lion's deadly foe, wearing in insolent triumph Richard's own trophy of the lion's skin; is it not enough to rouse Faulconbridge? Any way, he thinks so, and hurls his biting words at the Austrian, trying hard to excite him, and disregarding any attempts to stop the quarrel. In the old play there is a sort of love affair between Faulconbridge and Blanch, of which there is a trace here in Blanch's encouragement of his insults to Austria; and his annoyance at her marriage with the Dauphin suggests that Faulconbridge had aspired to her, as otherwise it was certainly no concern of his. For some time Austria's stolidity baffles Faulconbridge's efforts to make him fight, but an unexpected ally strikes in. Can't we fancy the fierce delight with which Richard's son would listen to Constance's fiery attack on his enemy, her words of intolerable scorn biting like snakes? Instantly he is on her side to echo her taunts, and catch up Austria's hastily uttered 'Oh that a man should speak those words to me!' with an exact repetition of her last sarcasm, 'And hang a calf skin on those recreant limbs.'

Faulconbridge is sublimely indifferent to the fact that he is defending John's enemy and insulting his new ally; that counts for nothing while the hated Austria lives; and besides, outspoken Constance is the sort of being to command a certain admiration from Faulconbridge. How he must rejoice when the league between the kings breaks, and leaves him free to execute his revenge! This once effected, and Austria slain, he turns to other matters; and we may notice that from this point his character seems to change. When we meet him again in England (Act iv. sc. 2), he is no longer coolly playing the critic; he is working heart and soul, trusted and important. His wild buffoonery disappears, and the nobler points of his nature come out in the difficult circumstances in which he is placed. When all round him is shaking and reeling, the kingdom invaded, the nobles renouncing their allegiance, and the King in despair, Faulconbridge is still fearless, steady, resolute, seeing all the facts of the situation, and, though appreciating the danger, determined not to be cowed by it. Something of this we might have expected from him, but a more surprising feature shows as he stands over Arthur's corpse, and is unaffectedly horrified at the idea of his murder. Hard as Faulconbridge is, the child's death touches some soft spot in him, and he cannot find strong enough words in which to condemn the deed—if it is really a murder? At the same time his quick wit jumps to the truth of the matter, and he instantly interferes to protect Hubert from the mistaken wrath of the other lords. Here it is remarkable how he, without name, without position, is nevertheless treated as equal, if not superior, to these proud nobles; he forces them to respect his courage and determination. It never occurs to him to desert John as they do; he is the life and soul of the King's party, keeping it together, fighting, working, talking, trying to inspire a little of his own gallant spirit into his craven master; 'in spite of spite' he 'alone upholds the field,' till his enemies think him the devil incarnate. And he is in the right too, in spite of John's worthlessness; the nobles have to come back after all, and join with Faulconbridge in supporting the new King's throne. Then the coarse recklessness which has hidden our hero's better self drops away at last, and he bursts out into the grand patriotic lines which close the play.

But beyond all question the great figure which distinguishes *King John* is that of Constance. She is Shakspere's own child, as her namesake in the *Troublesome Raign* is a mere outline; but our Constance is distinct, real, quivering with intense feeling, unmatched in her kind in the whole gallery of Shakspere's women. Everything with her comes through her heart; reason and self-control have very little power over her passionate nature. Elinor, judging by herself, calls her ambitious, but Constance's ambition grows from her love for her boy, and her just indignation at the wrongs he has suffered. Very

likely Constance would not be a pleasant woman to meet in society, she is too vehement, too much concentrated on one object; she is a sort of magnificent tigress, ready to tear any one to pieces who touches her cubs. Possibly her intense affection for her child is the one love of her life; nothing replaces that beloved object, nothing consoles her for the loss of it. The world has dealt hardly with Constance, and she looks at it fiercely, only desiring to gain something from it for Arthur; and for him she struggles, works, strives to get friends and allies; her wild blood so heats when she encounters his enemies that she cannot help bursting forth in scorn and anger. She certainly appears to the least advantage in her first scene (ii. 1), because in spite of her superb contempt for Elinor and John, and sudden bursts of affection for Arthur, there is no denying that the scene is a regular scolding-match between two angry women, and not even Shakspere can make that beautiful. Constance knows no moderation in her language, she would annihilate the old Queen if invective could do it; we hear the sharp scorn in her voice as she imitates Elinor's call to Arthur—

'Come to thy grandam, child.'

Constance. 'Do, child, go to it grandam, child,
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.
There's a good grandam!'

What irony could be more effective than this sudden use of nursery talk? If Shakspere's word-playing often injures his work, he does sometimes get a powerful line by using a word in two senses, as in this scene. Elinor says:—

'I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

'Ay,' (retorts Constance) 'who doubts that? A will! a wicked will;
A woman's will! a cankered grandam's will!'

But the Duchess appeals more to our feelings when things go against her, beginning from the time (iii. 1) when Salisbury tells her that all her false allies have deserted her cause, and she tries hard not to believe him, though knowing all the time that his news is true and she is ruined. The stormy, impulsive creature dashes herself against the hard facts as if she would battle with them by force of will, and then, in touching contrast, comes her confessson of loneliness and weakness, more pathetic coming from her than from a woman of less force of character—

'I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
A woman naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.'

Such sudden turns of feeling are quite in keeping with an emotional, passionate nature, gifted with a strong imagination and only a small measure of self-control. Like Juliet, Constance realises at once the full consequences of present events; she instantly perceives that Arthur must be ruined if King Philip makes friends with John, and she is not to be persuaded by any arguments about the business. Isn't it touching to hear the poor soul pretending that she only loves her boy for his fair face, for his complexion of lilies and half-blown roses, and fancying that she would not care about him if he were ugly? We know her better; she would pour out her devotion all the more vehemently if her child were unattractive to the rest of the world. The more tenderly she clings to Arthur the more fiercely her wrath rages against his false friends; love and anger increase each other, and it is utterly impossible for the poor mother to restrain her feelings.

Truly Constance is not fitted to fight her way in the political world. She is no diplomatist, and instead of yielding to the storm for the time, to reassert herself later, she casts her magnificent denunciations at her enemies with entire disregard of consequences to herself, or even to Arthur, because she believes herself come to the worst, and speaks with the recklessness of despair. First King Philip and then the Duke of Austria try to stop her, but a torrent is easier checked than the just wrath of such a woman, and their efforts only excite her more. Yet she treats the two men differently. To Philip she speaks with a certain solemnity, rising from him and his perjury to that wonderful appeal to heaven to avenge her wrong:—

> 'Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
> A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
> Let not the hours of this ungodly day
> Wear out the day in peace; but ere sunset
> Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjured kings,
> Hear me, O hear me!'

But when the Austrian ventures a word, what scorn as well as anger he draws down upon himself! Constance certainly despises him most thoroughly — 'Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!' expresses the essence of contempt and aversion; indeed one feels as if Austria ought to be shrivelled up by her scathing speech. As if in answer to Constance's passionate prayers against the unholy league between the kings, it is swiftly destroyed by the appearance of the Legate on the scene, and a gleam of comfort comes to her, but then falls the last most crushing blow—Arthur is taken prisoner! And what can we possibly say about Constance after that? Almost as little as if she stood visibly before us and forced us to be silent in the face of her despair. It is all almost too real to be easily spoken about. To such grief the wisest comfort in the world would be little better than the miserable commonplaces with which the King and Cardinal irritate the broken-hearted woma

(iii. 4). There is no redeeming point in her circumstances, everything has been centred on that one beloved boy, and now he is lost. Moreover Constance never seems to think it possible that Arthur could be spared; he is as completely lost to her as if he were already dead. There is no comfort for her but in the hope of death for herself, and with her vivid imagination she calls up the idea of death with all its terrors, and welcomes it in exchange for her present misery. But her imagination does not overpower her reason, not yet at least, though we feel that her mind may give way in the end under the the terrible strain; still, as she stands there, she is perfectly in her senses, only too painfully conscious of the realities of her sad position. She is not mad, but utterly broken-hearted, and nobody gives her a word of comfort. Does it not give one a shudder of repulsion to come upon the cold-hearted little sentences which are all the Cardinal can find to say to her? She turns to him, the Churchman, with that most pathetic speech, which is hardly to be even read without a lump in the throat:—

'And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again.
* * * *
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him; therefore never, never
Shall I behold my pretty Arthur more.'

There the one possible gleam of comfort is clouded by a strange fancy, and the mother falls back into lonely despair; but all the response she draws forth from Pandulph is the sententious 'You hold too heinous a respect of grief.' We positively hate the man, but how natural he is! What does he, the worldly ecclesiastic, care about such matters? He would himself sacrifice Arthur without hesitation to advance his policy, and how can he console Constance? Nay, more than this, how could a man to whom family ties were nothing even comprehend her sorrow? Shakspere puts the whole of Pandulph's relations with Constance into the single line of answer—

'He talks to me that never had a son;'

one of those marvellous lines which are so simple, and yet carry such depths of meaning, and seem fuller the more they are considered. Pages full of grief, loneliness, feelings of sickening misconception, sad scorn of the incompetent comforter, are all compressed into this brief exclamation.

It would be very interesting if we could certainly connect this beautiful scene, unmatched in its kind, with the death of Shakspere's

own boy, Hammet, who died at the age of eleven, in 1596, not, we may be sure, less tenderly loved and lamented than Arthur Plantagenet. Constance's last exquisite lines—telling how grief recalled her lost child, with all his pretty looks, his words and ways—seem as if they could only have been written by one who had been through the like bitter experience; but we have no proof that *King John* was written so late as 1596. We may perhaps take the wild outburst of passion in which Constance finally dashes away, to be the beginning of that frenzy wherein she dies; really, as we see afterwards, leaving the world before Arthur, whose death she so pathetically lamented.

One look we must have at this poor child, who something resembles, both in fate and character, the little king in *Richard III.*, though even more graceful and loveable. He is made much younger, and consequently far more innocent and engaging than the calm and philosophical Arthur of '*the troublesome raigne*,' who argues with Hubert most dispassionately when he comes to blind him! But our Arthur is just a gentle, pretty child, who draws all hearts to him except those hardened by ambition. He makes innocent efforts to calm his stormy mother; and it is curious to contrast her fierce strivings for his advancement with his boyish 'So I were out of prison and kept sheep, I should be as merry as the day is long.' His disturbed life has not spoilt his confiding frankness; all his hopes and fears and feelings generally come tumbling out to the gaoler, whose real goodness he divines in spite of a rough outside. It is worth while to compare Arthur's pleading for his eyes (Act iv. sc. 1) with the passage in Part III. *Henry VI.* (attributed to Marlowe), where little Rutland implores Clifford to spare his life (Part III. *Henry VI.*, Act i. sc. 3). Marlowe could do much, but he could not make anything of such a situation. *His* imploring boy makes set speeches, dies talking Latin, and does not move us because we feel him to be unreal; but Arthur is simply and purely pathetic in his alternations between an agony of terror and an innocent conviction that Hubert could not, does not actually mean to hurt him. The boy's rapid changes of feeling, his tender, simple pleading, and Hubert's struggle between mercy and self-interest, must make this scene one of the most effective in representation of the whole play.

To form any idea of the impression *King John* probably made on the people who first saw it, we must recall one or two of the main points of contemporary history on which it bore, and to which the spectators no doubt applied it. The battle of the Pope's supremacy had not long been fought out, therefore all John's quarrel with Rome would have a fulness of interest which now we can hardly realise. Unlike the writer of the older play, Shakspere does not strive to excite violent party spirit as he touches on this question; rather he seems to take pains to treat it as a political, not as a religious, matter. His grand doctrine, the moral of the whole play, is that no foreign help is ever

anything but mischievous in England. John gains nothing by submitting to Pandulph, who is powerless to send the French back after bringing them in; the swords of Faulconbridge and his soldiers have to do the work in the end. The same moral is enforced by the revolt of the nobles, and their disastrous alliance with Lewis, which again might easily recall to the elders among the spectators the long series of treacherous intrigues and invitations to the King of Spain to invade England, the culmination of which cost the Duke of Norfolk and others their heads in 1572. Not that Norfolk or his friends appear to have felt that pain for the disasters they were trying to bring on their native land which Salisbury so eloquently expresses, and so far the parallel is weakened. In Shakspere's own impartial fashion he gives every excuse for the rebelling peers — John's weak, worthless character, their growing discontent with him changed to furious indignation by Arthur's seeming murder, and so on—till he almost draws us on to their side; but all the time he means to make us see that their joining the invaders is a terrible mistake, a treachery to England which the lords very nearly pay for with their lives. Nothing, not even such an utterly despicable king as John, can be a valid reason for permitting beloved England—'dear mother England'—to be invaded by a foreign foe: there is Shakspere's moral, which doubtless expressed the general feeling of the time, in spite of the wild ideas of unscrupulous adventurers and fanatics, both political and religious. The troubles and the glories of Elizabeth's reign had developed in the people a proud confidence in their national power as long as they could hold together, and Shakspere only put into magnificent words the feelings which others had clumsily expressed before him, when he wrote the triumphant conclusion of the play, appropriately spoken by dauntless Faulconbridge—

> 'This England never did, nor never shall
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now these her princes are come home again,
> Come the three quarters of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.'

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

THOUGHTS FROM THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

V.—'FOOLS.'

SOLOMON'S '*fool*' is evidently different from the 'son of Belial' of the Old Testament—a wicked as well as silly person, to class our brother with whom is condemned by our Lord as the spirit of murder.* The fool, so frequently mentioned in Proverbs, answers more nearly to a character too common in circles religious as well as worldly; and if we count up the idiosyncrasies attributed to him, we suspect not a few of us will be fain to confess in our own hearts that we, too, have oftentimes been 'fools,' according to the wise king's estimation. Yet wisdom appeals to just such, encouraging them to reform and strive after better things:—

'Oh ye fools, be of an understanding heart! . . . . ye simple, understand wisdom!'

'Forsake the foolish and live, and go in the way of understanding.'

We will collect, first of all, Solomon's pithy descriptions of what constitutes a fool; then his warnings of the punishments reserved for all such; and lastly, we must not overlook his cautions against being their companions and associates. The following are mentioned as the characteristics of a fool:

'The way of a fool is right in his own eyes.'

'A fool's wrath is presently known.'

'A fool layeth open his folly.'

'It is abomination to fools to depart from evil.'

'The folly of fools is deceit.'

'A wise man feareth and departeth from evil, but a fool rageth, and is confident.'

'A fool despiseth his father's instruction.'

'The mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness.'

'A fool hath no delight in understanding, save that his heart may discover itself.'

'A fool's lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes.'

'Wisdom is too high for a fool, he openeth not his mouth in the gate.'

'As a thorn goeth up into the hand of a drunkard, so is a parable in the mouth of fools.'

'Every fool will be meddling.'

'The eyes of a fool are in the end of the earth.'

* S. Matthew v. 22. Compare what is here said with Psalms liii., 1 and x., 4; the marginal reading of the latter verse is 'All his thoughts are "*There is no God!*"' thus showing that David uses the word 'fool' in the fifty-third Psalm precisely as he uses 'the wicked' in the tenth.

'It is as sport to a fool to do mischief.'

'Fools make a mock at sin.'

'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.'

'The heart of fools proclaimeth foolishness.'

'The stone is heavy and sand is weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both.'

'The fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it in until afterwards.'

'Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.'

'The fool foldeth his hands together and eateth his own flesh.'

'A wise man's heart is at his right hand, but a fool's heart is at his left.'

'The lips of a fool will swallow up himself.'

'A fool is also full of words.'

'Yea, also, when he that is a fool walketh by the way, his heart * faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool.'

Read this sarcastic portraiture through, and say—does not it represent foibles only too common among us all? Nay, more—does not experience compel one to admit that it depicts a kind of folly painfully rife among the fair sex, until one is tempted to wish it were lawful to alter some of the pronouns to the feminine gender? It is all very well, after the exasperations of a ladies' committee, a correspondence with some incoherent and muddle-headed female, or an attempt to transact business with women utterly unpunctual and unbusiness-like, to ejaculate, 'Poor dear So-and-so! she is so——' whatever the individual *fool*ishness may happen to be—and it is certainly more charitable to avoid instituting comparisons with Solomon's sarcastic axioms if one can—but why can t we teach our girls from the very beginning to avoid all these failings of the 'simple ones'? Solomon tells us, 'God hath no pleasure in a fool;' and adds that 'the thought of foolishness is sin.' Why should not each young mind be taught to recognise this from the outset, instead of allowing a sort of *margin* to their characters, which permits any small amount of petulance, garrulous inconsequence, illogical stupidity, or flippant egotism? 'Folly is bound up in the heart of a child;'—yes, but 'the rod of correction' (which we are warned not to 'spare') 'will drive it far from him.' And, in point of fact, children *are* corrected for these very failings, called 'naughty,' in plain English, when they give way to them, and punished accordingly. It is only when they begin to grow up that these wise monitions are withdrawn, and the faults begin to be termed 'peculiarities' and 'little oddities.' Now it seems to us that Solomon's fool is precisely the kind of character engendered by this sort of failure in later discipline; he—or she—is not a 'wicked' person—godless, and

* Ecclesiastes x. 3; marginal rendering. The four previous verses are also taken from this book, but all the foregoing ones from the Proverbs.

of unprincipled life—but *well-meaning* in the fullest acceptation of that phrase, only—*a slave to little sins*, and therefore on the high road to wreck of all Christian worth and attainment. It is not mirth and joy that Solomon has stigmatised as folly; far from it.

'A merry heart doeth good like medicine.'

'He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.'

'Eat thy bread with joy.'

No, it is precisely the reverse; narrow-hearted pomposity, shallow conceit, irritable self-love, these are some of the grand marks whereby to know ourselves as *fools*; and pray observe, as endorsement of what we have already been considering in past chapters, that among the others are—a hastiness to avenge ourselves by excessive anger; a habit of meddling in things that don't concern us; and (above all) a great loquacity. Let us call things by their right names, to ourselves, at any rate—our brethren we are forbidden to judge; but by all means let us grapple—let our children be taught to grapple—manfully with these human frailties in the right spirit, while they are still but 'young plants'—for they are weeds of a kind almost impossible to root out in after years, and (like the Canaanites left in the land as 'thorns in the sides' of the careless and disobedient Israelites) they will prove the bane of our entire Christian career. The warnings of the fate reserved for fools ought to be ingrained in our memories.

'Shame shall be the promotion of fools.'

'A prating fool shall fall.' *

'The fool shall be servant to the wise in heart.'

'Stripes are prepared for the back of fools.'

'A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.'

'Honour is not seemly for a fool.'

'The great God that formed all things *both rewardeth the fool and rewardeth transgressors.*'

The Supreme and All-wise Judge will not, it is true, visit upon folly the punishment merited by actual malice and vice; but that it will receive from Him distinct and due retribution is most evidently set forth here. 'Oh fools, and slow of heart to believe!' was His reprimand to the disciples in their incredible density of faith and understanding after His resurrection. And He enjoins His followers to be '*wise as serpents*'—a most striking expression when we compare it with what is said of this reptile in its symbolic character of the arch-fiend. 'Harmless as doves,' but yet wise as that which was 'more subtle than any other beast of the field,'†—how is obedience to this plain command compatible with the folly, the illogical nonsense, the silly ignorance, in which we allow ourselves? Yet the injunction is echoed many times in the New Testament.

* Twice repeated in the same words, Proverbs x. 8, 10.

† See Genesis iii. 1; and Rev. xii. 9.

'See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise.'

'Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is.' *

'Let your moderation be known unto all men.' †

'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.' ‡

'Walk in wisdom towards them that are without.' §

'Abstain from all appearance of evil.' ‖

We might multiply quotations from the writings of the Apostles; but space forbids our dwelling longer upon their manifold injunctions of the kind, for it still remains to cite what Solomon has said about even the companionship with fools. We must not only strive after true wisdom ourselves, but to this end must avoid needless association with those who care not to seek it.

'Forsake the foolish, and live, and go in the way of understanding.'

'A companion of fools shall be destroyed.'

'Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the lips of knowledge.'

'Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly.'

'Speak not in the ears of a fool, for he will despise the wisdom of thy words.'

'Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him.'

'He that sendeth a message by the hands of a fool, cutteth off the feet and drinketh damage.'

'As he that bindeth a stone in a sling, so is he that giveth honour to a fool.'

'He that followeth after vain persons is void of understanding . . . . and shall have poverty enough.'

'If a wise man contendeth with a foolish man, there is no rest, whether he rage or laugh.'

Well might these counsels come into our consideration when about to choose friends; above all, when they are selected with a view to companions for our young sons and daughters. In all Solomon's wise words, there is no one caution against associating with the poor or the lowly, no solemn warning against debasing our social position by having unfashionable acquaintance. But he does earnestly recommend us to choose *wise* friends.

'He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.'

What would he say to the silly gossiping intimacies, the running after the wealthy or great, which constitute so large a part of our social intercourse? Will the friends we select for our children help them to true wisdom? That is the question to be weighed against all worldly advantages, if we would really benefit them.

* Ephesians v. 15 and 17. † Philippians, iv. 5.
‡ Col. iii. 16. § Col. iv. 5. ‖ 1 Thess. v. 22.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

WHO follows Christ, upon the blood-stained stair
His feet must set; this is the homeward way,
Wherein to walk is evermore to say—
'Thy Will, not mine,'—the Great Forerunner's prayer;
Wherein to walk is evermore to bear
The Cross, pursuing Him, whom to obey
Is to be sealed a victim day by day,
And evermore the crown of thorns to wear.
Our Aaron's censer yields its fragrance still,
Entrusted to their wounded hands who make
The Pure Oblation on His Holy Hill.
An alabaster-box, my heart, Lord, take,
Its emptiness with love's sweet ointment fill,
Then let me at Thy Feet kneel down and break.

II.

OF old stood Aaron in the Holiest Place;
The glory-star above the mercy-seat
Had slain him with its lustre and its heat,
But for the incense-cloud that veiled his face.*
Grand prophecy of sacramental grace!
Now all are priests who firmly plant their feet
On holy ground, and offer what is meet,
Th' anointed Son unto the Sire's embrace.
The glory-star—it is the Father's smile;
The mercy-seat—that Manhood without stain
Now glorified, but crucified erewhile,
Bejewelled with the wounds that still remain,
And show to simple souls and without guile
The glory of the sacrament of pain.

III.

GOD'S garden blossoms in a wilderness,
The Tree of life is planted in a tomb,
The Life of life springs from a virgin-womb,
From death emerges One who comes to bless
With gifts of life, our dying to redress,

* Leviticus xvi. 13.

Who feeds us in His Father's upper room
With living bread; His Breath is a perfume,
His Face a sun, His Smile a warm caress.
O Life of death the death! O conquering Love!
Too late, alas! to Thine embrace I come,
And yield myself the vassal of Thy Will.
Thy Spirit's light and truth send from above,
And lead me to my many-mansioned home,
Those upper chambers on Thy Holy Hill.

A. G.

SIENA, *February*, 1879.

'A HOUSE OF REST.'

IN the October number of the *Monthly Packet* the account of 'A House of Rest' for the overworked women in business showed the extreme comfort and relief afforded by it. Might I venture to suggest to the many kind hearts and active minds who read the *Monthly Packet* what an extreme relief a 'Home of Rest' would prove to the unhappy convalescent inmates of our pauper lunatic asylums? Many possibly might not only find the calming comfort of a 'Convalescent Home,' but be restored to sane mind instead of falling away again under the influence of never-ceasing painful surroundings. Some little time back there was a letter in the *Guardian* from the chaplain of Colney Hatch Asylum, in Middlesex (where I believe are as many as two thousand patients), naming the desire of forming such sort of Convalescent Establishment, and asking if those interested in such a plan for the insane would communicate with him; and doubtless most of these Lunatic Asylums for the poor would rejoice in having the calming aid for their patients which Mr. Hawkins appealed for at Colney Hatch. How his appeal was answered I do not know; but surely no class of invalids, no overworked bodies, no suffering classes which benevolence loves to relieve, could reject the relief which overworked brain, nerves excited to frenzy, helpless ones almost overlooked, shut up in their sad (but most kindly looked after) Asylums, would find in quiet change and calm rest. Perhaps the Editor of the *Monthly Packet* will admit an old woman's appeal for them.

B. H.

Spider Subjects.

Télémaque is best by Cape Jasmine. Bubbles makes the Duke of Burgundy Dauphin too soon. Nightingale is too long; and what is an innumerable number?

TELEMAQUE.

THE celebrated Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, was entrusted by Louis XIV. with the education of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, the presumptive heir to the crown. For the instruction of his pupil, Fénelon composed the philosophical romance of *Télémaque*, where, under a thin veil of allegory, he strove to impress upon the young prince the various lessons suitable for his position, and particularly the duty of living for the happiness of his subjects rather than his own. The fate of this work is curious. Fénelon having composed it only for his pupil's private study, was in no haste to give it to the world, and it might long have remained a secret but for the indiscretion of a servant, who, obtaining possession of the manuscript, caused it to be published and generally diffused. Louis XIV. saw in the maxims of liberty and freedom inculcated on Telemachus by Mentor, a satire on his own reign, and caused the work to be suppressed; and there is no doubt that this, as much as the religious disputes about the Quietists, caused Fénélon's disgrace at court.

The work thus suppressed in France appeared clandestinely in Holland in 1699, without the author's consent, and soon enjoyed an European reputation, which for the beauty and harmony of its style and the nobleness of its thoughts it most certainly deserves. Fénélon took for his model Homer's *Odyssey*, and his work may be truly called an epic poem in prose. Verse alone is wanting to make the resemblance perfect. The conceptions are as lofty, the characters as noble, and the charms of imagery and poetical licence as great as in his model. The classical spirit as found in Homer and Virgil breathes through it on every page. We seem transported back into the classic land of Greece as we read the stately flow of its measured prose. But still the intention of the author forces itself on us constantly, and though perhaps the continual insistance on the moral meaning of all Telemachus' adventures destroys in some measure the illusion and wearies us in the long run; yet it is this which elevates it above the crowd of chivalrous and humorous romances of the age, and gives it its claim to be considered as a philosophical treatise, preaching the noblest lessons of moral and political wisdom.

The following may serve as a brief sketch of the plan of the work:—Wearied with waiting for the long-delayed return of Ulysses, Telemachus sets out in search of his father, accompanied by Minerva, who appears under the form of Mentor, and of whose celestial origin Telemachus is ignorant. The scene opens in the enchanted island of Calypso, where, just escaped from shipwreck, Télémaque and his companion have been cast. It is the same island from which Ulysses has recently escaped, and Fénelon proceeds to give a description of its wonders such as commended itself to a Frenchman of his day. The mixture of wild luxuriance with dignified splendour is highly characteristic. Minerva, in her office of Mentor, warns Telemachus to

beware of the fascination of the goddess and to resist her wiles; but she, by a show of great interest, lures him to relate all his adventures from the time that he left Ithaca, and, nothing loth, Telemachus begins.

On their way from Greece they are overtaken by a storm and fall into the hands of the Trojans, who have taken refuge in Italy under King Aceste. Escaped from their hands they go to Egypt, where the great Sesostris is reigning. This gives the author an opportunity of describing a perfect sovereign, under the figure of this semi-mythical king. After Sesostris' death his foolish successor, Bochoris, refuses to allow Telemachus to return home, and the young Greek is the spectator of his overthrow by the Phœnicians. Released from prison by the victors he goes to Tyre; but here new perils await him from the bloodthirsty tyrant Pygmalion, of whose miserable condition and constant state of alarm Fénelon draws a very telling picture.

The next dangers Telemachus encounters are moral ones. He visits the island of Cyprus, where Venus reigns, and where everything invites him to pleasure and delight. The counsels of Mentor, however, once more rescue him, and together they set sail for Crete. The Cretans having deposed their king, Idomeneus, who had rendered himself odious by the sacrifice of his own son, are about to elect a new sovereign, and, struck by Telemachus' skill in the Games, wish to elect him. He declines, and by Mentor's advice they elevate to the throne Aristodemus, a man who had grown old in the service of his country. It is after they have left Crete that Neptune conjures up the storm which wrecked them on Calypso's isle.

The recital of his dangers and of his deeds of prowess only serves to deepen the passion which Calypso had conceived for Telemachus, and she now summons Venus and Cupid to her assistance. Her manœuvres, however, fail; for Telemachus, wounded by the blind god's arrows, becomes enamoured of Eucharis, one of Calypso's nymphs. In vain Mentor appeals to his higher nature and desire of seeing his father; he remains obdurate. But Calypso no longer opposes his departure, and aids Mentor to build a ship in which they are to return to Ithaca. The nymphs, incited by Cupid, burn the vessel. Mentor, however, will not suffer Telemachus' good resolutions to be frustrated, and pushes him into the sea just as a passing ship is within reach. It is commanded by a Phœnician, from whom they learn the tragic end of Pygmalion,—a lesson to all tyrants. He then gives them a description of the people of La Bétique, a people of pastoral habits and idyllic simplicity, who live a calm and happy life on the shores of the Pillars of Hercules.

New dangers and difficulties follow. Venus and Neptune conspire against him, and he is almost shipwrecked; but they are received with great hospitality by Idomeneus, who had taken refuge at Salentum. They aid their new host in a war that he is forced to undertake against the Mandurins, and by Mentor's intervention a prosperous peace is concluded—wisdom being ever more ready for peace than for war. He then counsels the king to undertake a vast system of internal reform, which gives Fénelon an opportunity of unfolding his views on political economy and the art of reigning, and in which one can understand Louis XIV. seeing a satire on his own acts. Then Idomeneus relates the history of his misfortunes, which have arisen in great part from his love for a worthless favourite, whence he concludes that a wise king should have no favourite. Meanwhile Telemachus, who has

joined the allies and accompanied them to the scene of war, meets with a variety of adventures, in all of which his good fortune accompanies him, and from which he draws useful lessons. At length, despairing of meeting Ulysses on earth, Telemachus prepares to descend into the Infernal regions, and therefore crosses the Styx and enters realms below.

This part of the work naturally suffers from a comparison with Dante's immortal poem. The torments of the impious hypocrites and evil kings are graphically described, and Telemachus receives much good advice from Arcesius, but of course fails to find his father.

It would take too long to dwell on all his adventures among the Daunians, so I must pass on to the love passages which take place between him and Antiope, daughter of Idomeneus. He rescues the princess from an attack by a wild boar, in the approved fashion of knight errantry; but Mentor opposes an immediate marriage, in order that Telemachus may resume his travels. His adventures are nearly over. Mentor continues during the voyage to give him good advice as to the duties and responsibilities of his position, and at last reveals herself to him as the Goddess of Wisdom herself, who can now take leave of her pupil purified and enlightened by her training. She discloses to him his father's return to Ithaca, and bids him hasten thither. He does so, and finds Ulysses in the house of the faithful Eumæus.

Such is a bald outline of this celebrated tale, but a hundred details, impossible to give here, serve to give life and colour to the picture. Still to a modern reader, at least to me, it appears much too long. Its beauties are swallowed up in the mass of details and adventures. One begins to grow as weary of the incessant changes as one fancies Telemachus himself must have been, and one must confess that Mentor's habit of always 'improving the occasion' becomes wearisome at last. This view may arise from its being so much used as a text-book for beginners, so that one is wearied of the tale before one has succeeded in mastering the difficulties of the language.

CAPE JASMINE.

METELILLE's answer to the fruits is admirable; Ignoramus very entertaining, but Latin does not come from Keltic, it is only cognate; Bog Oak very good, a few omitted by Metelille are supplied from her; Cape Jasmine good.

NAMES OF FRUITS, THEIR ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

APPLE.—The name of this fruit is radically the same in the Celtic, Teutonic, and Sclavonic languages:—Old Irish, *anal;* Welsh, *afalan;* Old English, *aeppel;* Danish, *aeble;* Old High German, *aphul;* Modern High German, *appel;* Lithuanian, *Obdys;* Sclavonic, *jabluks.* The word comes apparently from an Aryan root *ab* meaning to swell: some however, think the name of this fruit which is indigenous in Europe may have been borrowed by the Aryan settlers from earlier Finnish inhabitants. In Greek *mêlon*, in Latin *malan* is the name given to the apple especially, but also to other fruits excepting nuts. It is said to be from the root *mal*, to crush or soften, and may therefore signify 'soft fruit.' From the Latin comes the Italian *mela;* Spanish *mazana*, from *malum matianum*, a variety named after the Matiangens at Rome. The other Latin word *pomum* means fruit in general including nuts. Spanish and Italian *pomo* still have a general meaning. French *pomme* is restricted to apple.

PEAR.—Greek, *achros*, *apion;* hence modern Greek *achladi*, *apidi*. Latin *pirum;* from this come the principal European names: Italian, Spanish, *pera;* French, *poire;* Old English, *pera;* Old High German, *pere*, *pira*, *bira;* Modern High German, *birne*.

QUINCE.—Greek, *mēlon kydōnien* from Kydōn in Crete. Sclavonic *gdunze* doubtless comes direct from the Greek. In classical Latin the Greek word was transcribed *cydonium*, hence the German *quitte*. But the popular Latin form was *cotoneum*. French, *coing* and *cognasse*. From these French names we have formed *quince*. Another name for the quince was *melimelon*, sweet apple, from which come the Spanish and Portuguese names for the quince, *membrillo* and *marmelo;* the last has given its name to marmalade.

PEACH.—This fruit was introduced in the early days of the Roman Empire from Persia. Hence its name, which is the same almost throughout Europe. Greek, *mēlonpersikon;* Latin, *persicum;* and from the Latin, Spanish, *persigo;* Italian *persica*, *pesca:* French, formerly *pesche* now *pêche;* English, *peach* (before the Conquest it was *persuc*); Wallachian, *pearsece;* German, *pfirsiche*, *pfirsche;* Slav, *praskva*, *breskva;* Hungarian, *baraczk*. The Romans called one sort of peach *duracinum* from a hard skin, or firm flesh, from this has been formed the modern Greek for peach *rodakinon* by a transposition not uncommon in that language, and in this case perhaps influenced by the *rosy* tint of the fruit.

APRICOT.—As the peach from Persia, so this fruit came from Armenia, and was called in Greek *melon armeniakon*, in Latin *armeniacum*, and Italian *meliaca* is a corruption of this, but the Romans also gave it another name *præcoquus*, the 'early ripe' fruit; this was adopted by the later Greeks as *praikokkion*.

The Arabs, so most authorities hold, learnt this name from the Greeks, and prefixing the article made it *al berquq*, as they could not pronounce *p*. Others maintain that *barkuk* was the native Persian name of the fruit, and that the Arabs took the word from the Persian and not the Greek; at any rate the Arabic *al berquq* brought to Spain by the Mohammedan invaders is the origin of the modern European names. Spanish, *albecoque*, *albaricoque;* Portuguese, *albricoque;* Italian, *albercocco*, *albicocco;* French, *abricôt;* German, *aprikose*. When this fruit was brought to England in the 16th century, we followed apparently the Portuguese form in our spelling *apricock*, but latterly the French has prevailed, and *apricot* is more usual. In modern Greek *praikokkion* into *bery-kokkon*. In Southern Italy the apricot is sometimes called *orisnommole* from Greek *chryson mēlon*, golden apple, which once meant the quince.

PLUM.—The ancient Greeks had several names for different kinds of plums, the most notable were *kokkumiton* for the cultivated, *prounmon* for the wild plum; the latter name, under the Latin form *prunum*, was given by the Romans to the cultivated fruit. Hence, Italian, *prugna;* French, *prune*. But the Teutonic names come from the Latin also, though in a disguised form—Old English, *plume;* Icelandic, *ploma;* Dutch, *pruim;* German, *pflaume*. In these the *n* of *prunum* has been elided, and *r* generally turned into *l*. The name of the *damson*, or *damascene* plum, *damaskērion*, is given in Modern Greek to all plums. The Sclavonic *sliva* is the same word as our *sloe*, but with them is the general name for plum.

CHERRY.—That the cherry was brought from Cerasus or Kerasunt in

Pontus, by Lucullus, is generally asserted; but there seems reason to believe that this was only the introduction of a finer variety, and that some kinds of the fruit were indigenous in Europe. The oldest Greek name was *kraneia;* Latin, *cornum*, meaning specially the *cornel* cherry. Later appear the Greek names *kerasos, kerasion*, the first of which became in Latin *cerasus*. All those names seem to signify 'hard' or 'horny,' from the quality of the wood of the tree; and the town in Pontus was more probably named from the tree than the fruit from the town. All the later European names are from the Latin *cerasus*. Welsh, *ceirios;* Old English, *ciris;* Modern English, *cherry;* Old German, *kerse;* Modern German, *kirsche;* Slav, *tchrieshnya*. The Romana names come from the adjective *cerasens;* Italian, *cirugi, ciliegia;* French, *cerise;* Spanish, *cereza;* Wallachian, *cerase*.

Citron and Lemon.—The golden apples of Greek mythology were not, as we are apt to fancy, oranges, lemons, or citrons, for of these fruits the two first were unknown to the ancients, and the third only became known to them at a comparatively late period. When the Greeks, through Alexander's conquest, made acquaintance with the citron in Media and Persia they called it *mēlon mēdikon*. The fruit was imported into Italy while the Romans were still ignorant of the tree on which it grew, and some resemblance in the scent led them to connect it with the trees (cedar, &c.) which in Greek were called *kedros*, in popular Latin *citrus;* this name the Romans therefore gave to the newly introduced fruit. Another form, *citreum*, was adopted by the Greeks as *kitrion*. From the Latin come—Spanish, *cidra;* Old French, *citre;* Modern French, *citron;* Italian, *cedro, cedrato*. The lemon is of much later introduction. The Crusaders found it in Palestine, whither it had been brought through Persia from India. Its Indian name, *nimbuka*, became in Persian *limûn*, in Arabic *laimûn;* hence the European names—Modern Greek, *leimonion;* Spanish, *limon;* Italian, *limone;* French, *limon;* English, *lemon*. But the Italians, French, and also the Germans confuse the lemon with the citron, so that *cedro, citron*, and *citrone* are the names by which they commonly call both fruits.

Orange.—The *bitter* orange is a native of India, and there is historical evidence that it was first brought into Western Asia early in the tenth century. It was called in Persian, *narange;* in Arabic, *narang*. Spread by the Saracens along the Mediterranean coasts, the name became in Spanish *naranza;* in Modern Greek, *neranszion*. Elsewhere the initial was changed or dropped—Portuguese, *laranza;* Italian, *arancia*, and, confounded with *mela*, apple, it became *melarancia;* as in German, joined with *pomum*, it became *pomeranz*. The French, led by the colour of the fruit to connect it with *or*, gold, made the name *orange*, and we have adopted it from them. In the sixteenth century, the *sweet* orange was first brought by the Portuguese from China. In most languages the old name was given to the new comer; but in German the sweet orange is distinguished as *apfelsine*, i.e. China apple, from the *pomeranze;* and the French name, *orange*, is commonly given to both. In Modern Greek the name *portokalion* shows that the sweet orange was brought to Greece from Portugal, and this name has passed into several other Eastern languages.

Grape.—Greek, *staphylion;* Latin, Spanish, Italian, *uva;* French, *raisin*, from Latin *racemus*, properly a cluster of grapes. In German

the grape is *weinbeer* (wine-berry, as it was also called in Old English), and *traube*, the origin of which I cannot find. Grape is from the French *grappe*, a cluster or handful of grapes, from a Teutonic root meaning 'to grasp.'

METELILLE.

Waikatu's is the best conquest of Ireland; The Turk would be excellent if better expressed; A Bee begins well; Nightingale makes Roderick's wife be stolen; Camel, fair; Sawley, moderate; Anemone and Firefly poor.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Stellaria.—Twenty-five members (where are the remaining fifteen?) have sent specimens, many of which are very well set out and described. The general improvement, indeed, since this time last year, is most gratifying.

The subject for July (specimens due August 15th) is *Trifolium*, an interesting genus, which *Vertumnus* hopes to see thoroughly well illustrated.

Will any who still wish to join the Society kindly renew their application to the *Secretary, Preston Vicarage, Sandwich.*

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

Translate into French—

The first care of the Conqueror was to protect his fleet against the fury of the ocean, and the hostility of the islanders. He caused all his vessels to be drawn up on shore in order afterwards to surround them with a strong entrenchment. His largest galleys were small beside our ships of war; his transports were scarcely more than barks.

On what principles are the latitude and longitude of a place ascertained? (Do not give details, only the theory.)

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS AND QUESTIONS.

Can any of your correspondents tell me where to get prospectus and book for the *Home for Aged and Infirm Governesses?*

Have the 'March' and 'Death Galop' from Burger's *Leonore* ever been published? If so, whose arrangement?—*Allegra.*

Snow-shoes.—If *Snow-shoes* will communicate with the *Rev. A. S. O. Sweet, The Parsonage, Ilfracombe, Muskoka, Canada West*, he will be most happy to furnish *Snow-shoes* with the *Algoma Missionary News.*—*A. S. O. Sweet.*

E. O. P. — Churches were decorated certainly as far back as S. Augustine's time, and especially at Whitsuntide.

S. W. M.—Apostle spoons were considered as the correct gift for a sponsor to make. The custom certainly prevailed in Shakepeare's time, and is referred to in *King Henry VIII.*

Rowena.—Permission must be asked for setting poetry to music, and for translating books published less than a year ago.

Guinevere.—The constellations were named first by the Chaldeans (apparently) long before historic times. The names you mention are Greek, and are chiefly taken from the nomenclature of Ptolemy, an Alexandrian astronomer. They are not the names given in the Hebrew Bible, but their equivalents. Arcturus (a single star) means the Bear's Tail (as it continues it); Pleiades is derived from *Pleion*, to sail; Orion was a great giant hunter.

Brett's *Prayers for Children* (Masters), Carter's *Star of Childhood*, Mrs. O'Reilly's *Children of the Church.*—*An Old Subscriber.*

An Old Subscriber.—*Priscian*—the Lindley Murray of his period—flourished in the reign of Justinian, and taught grammar at Cæsarea. *Carol.*—It is doubtful whence the word is derived. *Carola—ballo tondo, che s'accompagna col canto* (Baretti's *Dictionary*)—in fact a dance with singing, or a song with dancing. Carols are, no doubt, survivals from the mediæval 'mysteries.' The acting and dancing have disappeared—the carols remain. They are intermediate between hymns and secular songs, as the 'mysteries' were between church offices and stage plays. Both carols and 'mysteries' were intended to teach great truths in a popular manner; *e. g.* to bring home to the uncultured minds of the people the doctrine of the Incarnation. Though *Christmas* carols were and are the most common, there is no reason why the name should not be applicable to songs of a similar character and style, referring to other seasons of the Church. Epiphany carols, indeed, are numerous, and there are many Easter carols. In recent times, quite in accordance with the mediæval idea of a carol, there have been composed carols for Ascension Day, May Day, and other festivals. The difference between a carol and a hymn is not easy to state. Speaking generally, it may be said that a carol has less of direct praise than a hymn. A carol is usually a narrative of events, couched in familiar language and abounding in minute detail, coupled with an invitation to join in praise to Him whose gracious doings are described. There is a quaint liveliness, and, so to speak, joviality of style, both as regards words and music, which makes the carol proper easily recognisable. No doubt, however, many hymns partake of the nature of carols, and many so-called carols are, in point of fact, hymns.—*H. L. J.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'It might have been—
but simple words.'

Can any one tell me the following lines to these? They are by L. E. L.—*A. S.*

'The little more and how much it is—and the little less and what worlds away.'

'And yet
We do refuse, neglect, forget,
To give that little ere 'tis fled,
Ah me! ah me!
And sad hearts go uncomforted.'

—*Guinevere.*

Would any one kindly lend me for a *short* time the two songs in which the following lines occur?—

I.

'And whispered like a sad refrain,
Never again, love; never again.'

II.

'Oh, my lost darling, say farewell and go!'

I would take great care of them.—*Vixen.*

'I slept, and dreamt that *life* was beauty;
I woke; and found that *life* was duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee.'

The Dial, an American magazine, 1840.—*C. F. S. Warren, Farnborough, Banbury.*

QUOTATIONS FOUND.

F. M. S. begs to say the hymn *A. N.* asks about is Faber's, beginning—

'Faith of our fathers,'

and she will send it to *A. N.* if it is wished.—6, *Gladstone Terrace, Portslade, Sussex.*

H. E. G. informs us that the lines

'. . . . Countless years have passed
And never foot of man
The bowers of Irem trod,'

are from Southey's *Thalaba*, Book I. stanza 16.

CHARITIES.

S. M. gratefully acknowledges stamps from C. S., Dolly, C. A., M. J., F. M., J. M. W. B., M. W., M. E. W., and C. R. One kind reader sent the amount asked for, 15*s.*, another has sent a coat. The old man is exceedingly grateful for the 'kind consideration' bestowed upon him by so many unknown friends.

The Secretary of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children begs to acknowledge with very sincere thanks the receipt of twelve pounds of West Indian arrowroot from Mrs. Becket, of Southsea.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window, now erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore, 5, *Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.*, acknowledges, with best thanks for the above—Per Rev. W. W. Perrin, 10*s.*; E. H., 10*s.*; J. W. Martyn, Esq., 5*s.*; Rev. F. W. Martyn, 5*s.* 411*l.* received. Only 54*l.* required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

'Wait, He is sure to come;' a letter from the Bishop of Algoma, and other news of this Mission, is necessarily postponed for the present.

Clara has never sent her address, so her numerous correspondents must wait.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

AUGUST, 1880.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXVII.

THE KING OF FRANCE AND POLAND.

1573—1575.

So peaceful was England through the greater part of Elizabeth's reign that the home history is little more than a record of the Queen's progresses, and the splendid entertainments with which her nobles were obliged to receive her. We have to look to the neighbouring countries for the real history of the period.

Catherine de' Medici had been told by a soothsayer that all her sons would be kings, and as, if this were to be fulfilled at home, it meant short life and childlessness to the seniors, she was urgent to obtain its accomplishment abroad; and with this view she persisted in her endeavours to secure Elizabeth's hand for one of them; and she likewise cast her eyes upon the throne of Poland, though the race was entirely alien, and nobody at court knew anything about it except Jean de Montluc, that Bishop of Valence who had once gone to some length in sympathy with the Reformation. Slavonic in race, but Roman Catholic in faith, the Poles had long been the barrier between Germany and the wilder nations to the eastward. Their culture came from Germany, and thence proceeded a sort of primitive feudal system which placed the chiefs, or palatines, as Europe called them, on an equality with their sovereign, almost like that of the Homeric chiefs in Greece. Their council assembled on horseback in the open air, and claimed the right of choosing their king; but for a century and a half the family of Jagellon had reigned, until it became extinct in the person of Sigismund Augustus II., who left no child nor brother, only sisters, all married except one.

All through Sigismund's last illness there had been intrigues for the succession. Every royal younger son had his designs. Ivan Basilewich, son to the Tzar of Muscovy, hoped to unite Poland to Russia;

Archduke Ernest of Austria, son to the Emperor Maximilian II., had good hopes; Albert of Prussia put himself forward; and so did Henri de Valois, Duke of Anjou, or rather his mother did so for him.

M. de Balagny had been sent to feel the way in the king's lifetime, and returned on his death, on the 7th of July, 1572, with the tidings that Monsieur's chances were good, since several palatines were resolved against heresy, and viewed him as the hero of Jarnac; but he also declared that he would be expected to marry the late king's sister Anne, a small, swarthy, dark-eyed, heavy-browed, grave, and decorous person of forty years old, accustomed to preside over her brother's court. This was worse than Queen Elizabeth; and Henri, who passionately admired beauty, had entangled himself by a promise of marriage to Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf, and then, deserting her, was hoping to get the marriage of the beautiful, light-minded Marie de Clèves with the Prince of Condé annulled, much disliked the whole affair, thinking it far pleasanter to be prince in France than king in Poland. However, eight days before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Bishop Montluc, of Valence, was sent off as ambassador to try to obtain the crown of Poland for Monsieur. He was in Lorraine when the tidings from Paris arrived, and was very near being murdered for a heretic by the populace; indeed he was actually detained at Verdun till the court was consulted, and it was strongly suspected that the Duke of Anjou himself had had some hand in the endeavour to stop him.

Montluc was probably anxious to rid France of the Duke, for he praised him everywhere up to the skies, and when the Lutheran party, who were numerous in some parts of Poland, brought forward the massacre, the Bishop did not scruple to declare him entirely innocent and ignorant of it! The most formidable competitor was Ernest of Austria, but a letter had been opened addressed to one of the persons in his embassy, describing the Poles as *gens barbara et gens inepta*, and this had given great offence. There had also been an attempt to communicate with the Princess Anne Jagellon, who was kept in the castle of Blonie under strict surveillance, lest she should marry any one secretly and give him an unfair advantage.

Before the day of election, Montluc had seen and talked to, if not bribed, all the chief electors, and solemnly pledged his master to tolerate the Reformed, and respect the constitution. The diet met on the 3rd of August, 1573, on a vast plain near Warsaw; 60,000 persons were present, the people of each palatinate being marshalled round their palatine, and a tent containing 6,000 persons was pitched in the midst. Each ambassador put forward his master's pretensions in long Latin speeches, and after a month's discussion, on the 3rd of May, the voting began, after the *Veni Creator* had been sung by the whole assembly, which must have presented a magnificent spectacle. Every man of noble blood had a vote; any one, according to the

constitution, might have been chosen king; but not a single Polish candidate had presented himself.

On the 9th, Henri of Valois was declared to have an enormous majority. When there was an outcry of the few wise men who disapproved, his partisans at once assumed white scarfs and cockades, and their numbers were made evident to the eye. He was proclaimed king, a *Te Deum* was sung, and Montluc wrote to Catherine—'I have kept my promise; Monsieur is King of Poland.'

This was what made Henri ready to give up the siege of Rochelle, and go back to Paris to meet Montluc and the Polish ambassadors, who brought him the record of his election in a silver casket. To the surprise of the court, these palatines spoke French as if they had been born on the banks of the Seine, as well as Latin and German. They were stately figures, with shaven heads, long beards, caps adorned with jewels, scimitars at their sides, bows and arrows on their shoulders, wide boots studded with iron spikes, and robes of cloth of gold edged with rich furs. One of them, Dambrowicz, the Palatine of Cracow, was head of the Polish Protestants, and when he spoke, it came to light that the Bishop of Valence had gained their support by promising that Henri should grant full toleration, and should obtain the like from his brother for the French Reformed. Montluc confessed that this had actually been his promise, but neither Charles nor Henri chose to be bound by it.

Brilliant *fêtes* were taking place, and Henri wanted to prolong them as much as Charles did to shorten them and to be free from his brother's presence. Charles had been trying to stifle his misery and remorse by violent exercise. He had hunted so desperately that he had killed 5,000 dogs, his horses cost 30,000 francs a year, and he blew his horn so violently that he was injuring his lungs; there was a constant low fever about him, giddiness, and pain, and it was plain that his days were numbered; but the idea that his brother was waiting for his death made him so furious that Catherine insisted that Henri should set off, assuring him that he might trust her to secure the throne for him in case of the king's death.

He therefore left Paris on the 29th of May, 1573, accompanied by his mother and sister Marguerite. Charles had an attack of fever at Vitry, and Henri visited him in his bed at five in the morning, gave up his staff as lieutenant-general, and embraced him. Charles must have felt himself rid of at least one evil genius.

At Nancy, Henri's sister, Claude, the Duchess of Lorraine, had just given birth to a daughter, and the honours of the court were done by the wife of the Count de Vaudémont, uncle to the duke. On his first arrival, the young King of Poland declared himself extremely smitten with the gentle, lovely, retiring Louise, eldest daughter of the Count de Vaudémont. She had lost her mother in her infancy, and had been bred up at first by a kind and wise stepmother, afterwards

by a harsh and jealous one, who kept her back as much as possible. She loved books, work, and music, was very devout, and wished to enter a convent; but Henri singled her out at once for her quiet grace rather than her beauty, and spoke of making her his queen. His mother, however, was resolved against having another daughter-in-law connected with the house of Lorraine, remembering the slights which Mary of Scotland had put on her, and Henri then tried to persuade the young Viscount of Turenne to deliver her from her dreary home; but this he refused to do, thinking that such a marriage would embroil him with his Montmorency kindred.

At Blamant, where the little princess was christened, Catherine and Henri had a wonderful secret conference with Louis of Nassau. Affairs in Holland were almost desperate. Each city held out against Alva to the last gasp, but each fell in time, and its constancy—or, as its enemies called it, its obstinacy—was rewarded by all the atrocities that ferocious Spaniards could perpetrate. So had fallen Zutphen, Naarden, and Haarlem, and the extremity of need induced the brothers of Nassau to listen for a while to Catherine's proposals that the King of Poland should be declared head of the Dutch army. She hoped thus to give him an excuse for remaining near home till his brother's death, and then perhaps gaining the old desire of France, the supremacy of the Low Countries; but matters could not be pushed forward enough to prevent the necessity of his journey, and his mother bade him farewell with many tears, but assuring him that he would soon return.

Henry halted on his journey at the splendid castle of Heidelberg, the abode of the Pfalzgraf Friedrich III., an old man and zealous Calvinist, who received him rather as he deserved than as he liked. The gates of the castle were indeed open, but no preparations of welcome appeared; no attendants flocked to welcome the royal guest; the Elector did not even come downstairs to welcome him, but sent a message that he was indisposed. Indeed Henri found him supported on the arms of two gentlemen, but on the wall above hung a very large picture representing the death of Coligny.

The Elector demanded what the King thought of the likenesses. Henri said they were good, and the old man gravely added, 'Those persons who caused the death of so many valiant captains are to be deemed truly miserable. They were verily true men and brave soldiers.'

'If they had had the will, they might have served his Most Christian Majesty well,' said Henri, coldly.

He had one whole day longer to endure the grave ceremony, nay, the absolute reproofs of the Pfalzgraf, who used the privilege of age to make a pointed panegyric of Coligny before his portrait, while the French nobles of the suite heard many a whisper of 'Lorraine butchers! Italian traitors!' Henri shut himself up in displeasure,

and considered himself to have taken his revenge by having mass celebrated there in the morning before his departure, and revenge it really proved, for the old Calvinist was in a transport of anger when he heard of what he deemed an act of idolatry having taken place in his castle. Friedrich was in truth the most ardent of Calvinists. The Heidelberg Catechism, which was drawn up under his patronage, put the doctrines in their sternest form; he himself declared his longing to Calvinise the world, and his many sons fought in every Reformed army in France or Holland.

Poland, which Henri had expected to find barbarous, welcomed him with an orderly magnificence surprising to him and his suite. When he entered Cracow, he was received by the palatines, each at the head of a band of picked men, well mounted, and with a banner at their head, kettledrums, cymbals, and trumpets playing, each troop in its own picturesque Slavonic array, some with eagle plumes, others with leopard skin housings, others with gold and embroidery. They tossed their spears aloft, and caught them in the air, and performed strange feats of Tartar horsemanship.

The municipality and university of Cracow came forth to meet the King, and he entered the city under a canopy of cloth of gold; feasting, triumphal arches, and pageants at every turn, and the splendour of the scene surpassing all he and his Frenchmen had seen.

Still the Palatine of Cracow, the leader of this magnificent train, was deeply displeased that Henri had eluded the oath to preserve the constitution and grant religious liberty. When, on Quinquagesima Sunday, the coronation service had actually commenced, the Palatine stood forth on the altar steps, so as to be seen by all, and called on Henri to ratify the engagements made in his name, otherwise Dambrowicz made his solemn protest against the coronation. He was not seconded by any one of equal rank, his followers were driven out of the choir into the senate, the King quietly sat down on the throne, one of his French suite replied that he would consult the senate, the Palatine turned on his heel and departed, and the ceremony proceeded.

On the Shrove Tuesday, however, Henri went to the wedding feast of the Palatine's daughter, and there met Anne Jagellon, with whom he danced several times; but at Easter, Dambrowicz died suddenly, and of course suspicion could not but fall upon his enemies. Henri was however exceedingly popular, people flocked to see him from all parts; but he was very miserable, feeling himself an exile among barbarians, and keeping up a passionate correspondence with the Princess of Condé, sometimes actually signing his letters in his own blood. All his French suite, except about a dozen persons, were sent home, and the remainder were jealously watched by the palatines, who had a right of admission at any hour of the day or night, so that he had no chance of the wild frolics and pranks he had enjoyed at home. He fell into low spirits, spent hours in bed, and there dictated to his

physician, Miron, the whole story of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, not with perfect veracity, but so as to give the clue to much of the mysteries of those evil days. His spirits were not improved by hints that he ought to begin his courtship of the Princess Anne, and likewise by slights and insults lavished by the proud Polish nobles upon his remaining French favourites. To drown care, he began a series of gay jousts, revels, hunting-parties, and tournaments, but avoided attending to business, or pledging himself to anything, awaiting indeed the tidings he longed for, which would recall him to France.

Charles had recovered enough to leave Vitry and return to St.-Germain, but he was evidently wasting away, broken down by grief, and conscious that he was surrounded by plotters whose only thought was whether the King of Poland or the Duke of Alençon should come after him. He was sometimes heard to rejoice that his child was a daughter, so that she would not know the wretchedness of wearing his crown.

Alençon meantime, who was known to have had no hand in the massacre, and even to have wept for it, was the hope of the Huguenots and of the whole moderate party, headed by the Montmorencys. They incited him to demand the staff of the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, but the Queen would not hear of what would put so much power in his hands, to be used against her favourite, and she alternated between plans for sending him off to England, to court and marry Queen Elizabeth, or of having him kept in arrest till Henri was safe back again. In the meantime, he conversed and plotted with all the malcontents of the court, Navarre and Condé in their semi-captivity, Turenne, and others. Condé was specially miserable. A grave, earnest, stern youth, hating Romanism at heart, he had yet been recreant enough to follow every outward Romanist observance to the utmost, and never did anything without first publicly crossing himself, while his whole soul was embittered by the correspondence between his wife and the King of Poland. High words often took place between then. Marie took refuge with the Queen-Mother, who caressed and comforted her, and Condé was left to eat his heart with the sense of his own degradation. Henri of Navarre felt it less. Personally he was as much liked as his cousin was disliked, and, it may be feared, had less conscience to make him turn, though at least he showed no hypocrisy, and made but light profession of the faith that had been forced on him. He was apparently perfectly absorbed in amusement and in rivalling Alençon in the good graces of Madame de Sauve, the same who had betrayed Coligny's plans at Montpipeau, and who now was instructed by Catherine how to keep both princes in play.

Condé, unable to bear it any longer, escaped from the court to Amiens, and thence to St.-Jean d'Angely, where he instantly abjured the faith he had been professing, and went off to Germany to collect an army. A new party had arisen, called "Les Politiques," chiefly

moderate Roman Catholics, who hated the Guises, and were ready to join the Huguenots to obtain liberty of conscience for them. Montmorency and his brother Damville, who had really loved the Chatillons, their cousins, were the heads of this party, and Alençon threw himself into it. La Noue (breaking the truce) was up in arms again, declaring it his object to deliver Alençon and Navarre from their bondage, and he promised to send an escort of 200 horse to the neighbourhood of St.-Germain to conduct Alençon to Poitou, which that prince would raise in arms. They were to have come on the 10th of March, but, owing to some blunder of Guitry, their leader, they came too soon, on the 22nd of February, Shrove Tuesday, and the report of their arrival (thirty miles off) put the Duke into the wildest perplexity. The King of Navarre and Viscount of Turenne implored him to set out at once to join them, but when it came to the moment of action, the lad (he was only eighteen) was quite unnerved; he wept, tore his hair, and threw himself about, so that, before they could bring him to reason, the Queen-Mother heard what was going on.

There was the greatest possible alarm, all the court thought the Huguenots were coming in force, to be revenged for St. Bartholomew's Day, and a report was spread that there was a plot to kill the King. The guards were doubled, troops of Swiss were sent to protect the road to Paris, every chamber in the palace was searched to find some concealed assassin, and though it was late in the evening, and the king very ill, his mother insisted that they should at once leave St.-Germain, which she said an astrologer had told her was an unlucky place.

'Oh, why cannot they wait for my death,' sighed the unhappy Charles, and he absolutely refused to move, though all his court rushed off on whatever animals they could get, cardinals and councillors on high-mettled steeds, who alarmed them as much as the fear of the enemy, racing on towards Paris, so that their riders had to grasp the pommel of their saddles to keep on their backs!

Alençon, finding himself carefully watched, sneaked off to his mother, unknown to Navarre and Turenne, and told her the whole plot, with all the names of the conspirators! Catherine insisted that a messenger should be sent off to Guitry, to disavow all connection with the rebellion by the princes, and this messenger was Turenne. Then, in high good humour, at midnight, she put Alençon and Navarre into her carriage, with the captain of the guards, and Madame de Sauve, and carried them all off with her to Paris, where they woke up Madame de Retz in the middle of the night to take them in.

Charles came slowly in his litter, attended by his wife, the next day, and took up his abode in the Louvre, whilst Alençon, Navarre, Montmorency, and many more, were arrested and examined, but only two of the meaner intriguers suffered death, and thus, at court, closed the Shrove Tuesday conspiracy.

The Huguenots were up in arms under La Noue and Montgomery, the latter of whom Elizabeth had refused to shelter in her harbours, and who had therefore made a descent on Maine. He was shut up in Domfront, and there besieged by 5,000 men while he had only forty. He fought in desperation, and held out for three days, but yielded at last, and was brought to Paris on the 28th of May. The court was at Vincennes. Catherine came triumphantly to announce to Charles that the slayer of his father was in her power. 'What care I for that or for anything else?' he replied.

He was in spirit out of his mother's reach by this time. His lungs and liver were in the last stage of disease, and his only relief was in sitting near an open window, surrounded by green boughs to remind him of the forests where alone he had been happy. Violent attacks of hæmorrhage were frequent with him, and these always renewed the horrors he had suffered on St. Bartholomew's Day. 'What blood! what horror!' was his constant moan, and no one could comfort him for a moment but his old Huguenot nurse, Philippine Richard, whom he had saved. She wiped the sweat from his brow, the blood from his mouth, and spoke to him of the hope of sinners.

On Whitsun Eve he asked for a picture of his brother Henri, regretted his absence, and rejoiced again that he left no son. At eight the next morning, he made his last confession to Sorbin de Ste. Foy, in a low whisper, and then received his last Communion, while a relic from the shrine of Ste. Geneviève was placed upon his brow. Then his mother and brother came in, and he solemnly warned Alençon against making any attempt to obtain the crown, saying it would only bring him to a miserable end. They then went to attend mass in the castle chapel, where the young Queen already was, and remained all day. The old nurse, probably as a heretic, then had to take leave of him, and his confessor remained addressing pious words of comfort. At one o'clock his breathing became so difficult that it was plain that the end was drawing on. Queen Catherine returned. Extreme unction was administered, and then, as he sank, he was heard to murmur, 'If JESUS my Saviour should indeed number me among the blessed—' and soon after, at 3 P.M., apparently in sleep, departed the spirit which had been goaded into one of the most fearful of crimes, and had rued it so bitterly ever since. Surely those dying words allow us to trust that his grief was not despairing remorse, but hopeful repentance.

Catherine immediately took measures for securing the succession of Henri, and, on the request of the Parliament, assumed the regency. She brought Alençon and Navarre back to the Louvre, whence they were never allowed to issue for a moment without a special pass from her, and she kept Montmorency closely imprisoned. She also had her vengeance upon Montgomery. Nobleman as he was, and companion of King François I., he was put to the torture, under pretence of wringing from him a confession of the imaginary conspiracy which had been

the pretext of the massacre; but not a word could be extorted from him, and he was dragged on a tumbril to the Place de la Grève, and there executed. He turned from the crucifix, and appealed to the Bible, uttered a short prayer, and laid his head on the block, Catherine herself watching from a window the death of the involuntary slayer of her husband fifteen years previously. An outlaw and homeless man, he had been such a ruthless pirate as to lessen our pity for him.

Catherine told two direct falsehoods respecting him. She wrote to Henri that Charles had commanded her to take vengeance on him; and to La Mothe Fénélon, that she was driven to execute him by the hatred of the people, and that he had declared Queen Elizabeth to have a deadly hatred to the new King. At the same time she made a truce with La Noue, whom she had in vain attempted to assassinate by means of *le tueur du roi*.

The tidings of his brother's death came to Cracow just as Henri had been dismayed by an open demand from the senate that he should espouse their elderly princess. On the 13th of June, M. de Chemerault arrived, did homage to him as King of France, and presented him with his mother's letters. He was still so popular that the Polish senate sent him an address imploring him not to leave them yet, and whenever he should do so to appoint a viceroy; and they showed signs of watching him so closely that he tranquillised them by buying up all the black serge in Cracow, to hang his apartments, and making arrangements as if for a continued stay. He was, however, really burning to escape from his exile, and to rush from Anne Jagellon to Marie of Cleves. At midnight, however, he convened his French friends, and declared himself determined to get home as fast and secretly as possible, lest he should be stopped by the Huguenots, or by any of their friends.

The French ambassador, Bellièvre, had to go home on his master's death, and set off on the 15th, making arrangements at each stage for members of his suite, who, he said, were to follow, and, further, carrying with him Henri's jewels and papers, with sundry Polish documents, and charters granted to the nobility. Such a quantity of coffers were sent off that the people took alarm, and Count Tenczin, the chamberlain, reported that the citizens were in an uproar, fearing that the King meant to leave them. At this Henri laughed as an absurdity, nevertheless nobles pressed in to satisfy themselves by gazing at him safely dining among them, and the senate posted guards at all the doors with orders to arrest any one who should try to leave the palace, even the King himself. Henri, always a practised dissembler, seemed neither angry nor disappointed, only a little amused. He supped and went to bed in a leisurely manner, talking gaily to the crowd of Polish officials who were watching him, and in due time pretending to fall asleep. Then the chamberlain left him, and went off to tell the Archbishop of Cracow that he was safe.

No sooner was the coast clear than Henri sprang up, and was hastily dressed, left, with one of his gentlemen, letters with a story that Condé was marching on France with the German Protestants, and that his presence was instantly necessary, and with three attendants made for a little postern door in the offices. A Polish noble actually had the key, and one of the Frenchmen was obliged to feign that he had a private errand in the town as an excuse for borrowing it, while the King and the other three lay hidden behind an angle in the wall, and made a rush as soon as the door was opened. They gained a little ruined chapel, where others of his suite met them, with horses, and off they set. Nobody knew the way, or could speak the language, except that the King could just make himself understood; but after much stumbling about, a poor charcoal burner, coiled up in the straw, frightened to the last degree, was hunted out of a corner of his hut, and was made to guide the party to the town of Liszki. Riding through it, they met, three leagues further on, some more of the French who had missed them, but found a better road. Here, at the town of Oswiecein, some of the party were dismounting, intending to take an hour's rest, though the King chose to ride on, and it was well for him that he did so. His flight had been discovered! All Cracow was in pursuit, from the rabble rout of the street, with sticks and stones, up to the Grand Referendary in a coach and six. The Tartar cavalry, with bows and arrows, headed this most extraordinary hue and cry of a whole kingdom after a worthless runaway monarch! Miron, the physician, was the first to see them. He galloped headlong after his master, shouting, '*Piquez! piquez!*' 'Spur! spur!' Spur they did. It was a neck and neck chase for some miles down to the banks of the Vistula, which was crossed by a rude bridge of planks. Over went the Frenchmen, and they had just time to cut off the planks and throw them into the river before 500 Polish horse appeared on the banks! The river was impassable, and the Poles had to go nine miles up to find a ford, while Henri made the best of his way to Plesse in Moravia. His horse dropped down dead at the city gate, but he here found Bellièvre, and was on Austrian territory, comparatively safe. Count Tenczin still pursued him, but with only five followers, and, on coming up with him, had an amicable conference, in which Henri declared that he had no intention of forsaking Poland, though he was urgently recalled by France. Tenczin swore to protect his interests faithfully, and, to ratify the oath, drew blood from his own arm with the dagger and sucked the wound, also giving the king a bracelet of cameos, and receiving from him a shoulder knot and a diamond ring.

After this Tenczin went back to his countrymen, and Henri was free to proceed to Vienna, where he was received with full state and courtesy by the excellent Maximilian. Henri's manners could be

most pleasing; he produced a very favourable impression at Vienna, and the Emperor gave him much excellent advice, such as to grant a general amnesty to his subjects, and to live in friendship with his brother. Maximilian, however, had in one respect been debased enough by the Roman system as to wish to marry his widowed daughter Elisabeth, Charles's wife, to Henri, and caused the proposal to be made to him. Henri, however, being bent on getting the marriage of the Princess of Cleves annulled, and taking her for his wife, returned a cold answer, and as for Elisabeth herself, no Jesuit could persuade her that any dispensation would make it right to accept her brother-in-law, nor could she brook the thought of wedding one whom she knew to be the murderer of thousands. She only longed to escape from the slaughterhouse where her few years of married life had been spent, and she succeeded in retiring to Austria, though she was forced to leave behind her poor little girl, who, as a daughter of France, could not be trusted in a foreign country. The little Madame Elisabeth is described as a very dignified and precocious young lady, but she died at five years old.

Henry avoided hearing more of Maximilian's plans by going on to Venice, where the Doge Mocenigo and the Council of Ten came to meet him in the Bucentaur, draped with blue damask and cloth of gold, bringing forty gondolas for the gentlemen who had come from France to swell his train. Splendid feasts and balls welcomed him here. Two hundred ladies in white gauze looped with diamonds danced a ballet before him, and he was entranced. The Italian nature he inherited was in its element, and he lingered at Venice, Padua, Mantua, and Turin, while his mother wrote letter after letter, urging his return, for the truce was over and the war again beginning with the Huguenots in various quarters. Marshall Damville, brother to Montmorency, came to meet him there, and hopes were given of his brother's release. He did not cross the frontier till the 5th of September, 1574, when he was received at Beauvoisin by his brother and the King of Navarre, his mother and sister meeting him near Lyons, where the court remained for some time.

Henri seemed to have exhausted all his energy in his flight from Poland; he lay half the day in bed, and left the management of affairs entirely to his mother, avoided all active amusements, and seemed to attend to nothing. He was awaiting with anxiety tidings of the Princess of Condé, who had been left behind at Paris unwell. A daughter was born to her on the 7th of October, and the King instantly prepared to take measures for the dissolution of her marriage on the ground of Condé's being a relapsed heretic, but an attack of inflammation of the lungs came on, and she died on the 30th of October.

Henri was in utter despair. He shut himself up for three days without speaking or eating, and then his mother and Guise made their way in and forced food upon him. He was frantic with grief, and dressed

himself and every one about him in black, with all sorts of funeral devices, ribbons sprinkled with tears and death's heads, rosaries of skulls and the like. Spirit, sense, and activity had entirely deserted him, and though he could no longer endure to remain at Lyons, and moved on to Avignon, he carried everywhere with him the same dreary languor. His mother was as entirely Queen Regent as ever, in all but name, while he rose late, loitered away half the day in idle and often vicious sports, and spent the rest in extravagant forms of devotion and penance.

During a period of national calamity an Order called the Flagellants had arisen at Perugia. The members were at certain periods to go in procession disguised in sackcloth, with only sandals to protect their feet, with a torch in the left hand, and in the right a scourge, wherewith each man flogged the one before him.

Henri, whose conscience was no more at ease than that of his brother, and who saw the miserable state of his kingdom, devised the idea of thus interceding for himself and it. His dissolute courtiers gratified him by enrolling themselves, the King of Navarre laughed, but late in the Advent of 1574 the procession took place. Even Catherine and Alençon took part in it, each carrying a torch, but they dispensed with the sackcloth, sandals, and scourging, both active and passive, though nobody deserved it better than the Queen-Mother. The King himself wore the sackcloth and a rosary of mimic skulls, went barefoot, and administered and endured the lash in transports of excitement and grief. It was a bleak December day, with gusts coming down from the mountains of Auvergne, and for three hours the flagellating procession perambulated the streets of Avignon, the Cardinal of Lorraine at its head, in full pontificals, but with bare head and sandalled feet, holding aloft a silver crucifix. He had been unwell before, and the day's exposure completed the work; he became insensible during the night, was delirious in the morning, and died on the 23rd of December; in the midst of a tremendous hurricane, which overthrew a hundred houses in the city of Avignon. The Huguenots of course thought such a death just retribution for all the evils which the Cardinal had brought on them. Of course Catherine was said to have poisoned him for trying to foster the King's attachment to Louise de Vaudémont. This is most improbable, but there is no doubt that, as the Queen sat at supper, she shuddered, let a cup fall from her hand, and, rallying the next moment, said, 'No, I have no reason to fear the vision. M. le Cardinal has just passed me, doubtless on his way to Paradise.' Every night, towards midnight, for weeks after the Queen declared she saw the form of the Cardinal beckoning to her to follow him, and her ladies had to sit round her bed, amusing her to allay the terrors that grew on her.

She durst not oppose Henri when he declared that he would marry

no one save Louise de Vaudémont, whom he thought somewhat like the lamented Marie. Poor Louise, quietly working, praying, and reading, and hoping for a happy marriage with Prince Paul of Salms, was amazed on wakening one morning to see her stepmother standing by her bed and saying, 'Madame, you are Queen of France.' She thought the address the ironical prelude to a scolding, and made no answer, but the Countess informed her that an envoy had arrived the night before from the King to demand her in marriage from her father. The poor girl wept most bitterly, but she knew there was no use in pleading that her heart was elsewhere, and Madame de Vaudémont went on to entreat her pardon for all her harsh usage, 'not for her own sake but that of her brothers.' The gentle Louise assured her that all was long forgiven and forgotten, they embraced, and Louise was left to compose herself, dress and prepare for the reception of the Marquis de Guast, who had brought her Henri's ring.

In three days more, she was escorted by the whole family to meet the King at Rheims, and be married to him immediately after his coronation, which was fixed for the 20th of February, 1575, the anniversary of his consecration as King of Poland. He travelled in a carriage, Henri of Navarre riding beside it as a special commander of his body guard, and was received by the chief citizens and the Cardinal of Guise. He rose at five on the morning of his coronation day, but wasted so much time in having his robes and jewels, and those intended for his bride, newly arranged, that the ceremony had to take place so late in the day that the *Te Deum* was omitted, and the uncanonical act committed of High Mass being said late in the afternoon. Many of the high nobles and hereditary officers of State were in exile, captivity, or rebellion. The Duke of Montpensier had quarrelled about precedence with the Duke of Guise, and had absented himself; others of the nobles had been so ruined by civil wars that they could not afford to be present at the pageant, and it was a dull and dreary coronation; but what was taken as the worst token of all was that, when the Cardinal of Guise placed the crown on the King's head, he complained that it hurt him, so loud that every one heard, while he started so violently that the crown fell forward, and was caught by the Cardinal with both hands. Two days later, he was married to the gentle, flaxen-haired, submissive Louise de Vaudémont, having himself arranged her jewels, and set in order her white satin robe and violet velvet mantle, powdered with gold *fleurs de lys*, and with a train twelve yards long, which was borne by the Princess Catherine of Navarre. After the espousals, the King placed a diadem on his consort's head, a great banquet ensued, and thus was inaugurated the most contemptible reign under which France ever suffered.

The Poles had too much sense to await the will of their runaway king. They chose the Waiwode of Transylvania, Stephen Bathory, who married their princess, and reigned over them. Henri had ceased

to be King of Poland before the end of 1575, though he never dropped the title.

It is amusing to find that La Mothe Fénélon was kept in England to break the tidings of Henri's marriage to Elizabeth, who had been put into very ill humour by hearing that Queen Catherine was wont to amuse herself with two dwarfs, who mimicked the Tudor father and daughter to the great diversion of the court. The ambassador had had great difficulty in pacifying her by the boldest asseverations of the respect and admiration in which she was held, and now he had to inform her of that which few ladies ever hear with complacency, that her rejected suitor had consoled himself, and with one of the hated house of Lorraine.

With the Queen-Mother's full consent, he laid all the blame of the match upon her, though she certainly was quite guiltless of it, having been most unwilling to enthrone another of that dreaded house. Elizabeth professed wonder at Catherine's choice for her son of a daughter-in-law of so little consideration among princely families, but she allowed herself to be talked once more into toleration of what she could not prevent.

The Huguenots were up in arms again, and had been joined by the Politiques, of whom, during the captivity of Montmorency, his brothers Damville and Thoré were the acknowleged leaders. Indeed, Thoré and his younger brother Meux were actual Huguenots, and the whole family were the more determined because Damville had found that all Henri's speeches at Turin amounted to nothing, and that his eldest brother remained a prisoner. Damville had actually seized Aigues Mortes, and was trying to come to terms with the King, when his desperate illness and death were reported at court. Catherine had really taken steps to have him poisoned, and, thinking him dead, she had his brother much more closely confined, and removed his trusty servants. Montmorency knew what this betokened, and said, 'The Queen-Mother need not use so many manœuvres, I will swallow whatever she likes to send me.'

However, the next comer brought word that Damville was alive, and prosperous, upon which the Marshal's guards were bidden to watch him less closely, and his servants were restored.

The year 1574 saw the death of the only truly tolerant sovereign in Europe, the good Emperor Maximilian II., who died at Ratisbon. Some suspected that he had been poisoned by the Jesuits. His son Rudolf was much under their influence, and was also such a prey to superstition that he would not marry, nor let any of his five brothers do so, because astrologers had declared that he would die by the hand of a kinsman of the next generation.

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. E. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART II.—BROTHERS.

'There are none so dependent on the kindness of others as those that are exuberantly kind themselves.'

CHAPTER XXII.

STRUGGLING.

'And my faith is torn to a thousand scraps,
And my heart feels ice while my words breathe flame.'

It was a wild, wet morning, some days after the Oakby dinner-party. Summer weather was apt in those regions to be invaded in August by something very like autumn; bits of brown and yellow appeared here and there among the green, and fires became essential. To-day the mist was driving past the windows of the boys' sitting-room, blotting out the view, till the wind rent it apart and showed dim sweeps of distant moor.

Bob Lester was sitting at the table, with his eyes fixed, *not* on the exceedingly inky copy of Virgil before him, but on the window, as he remarked dolefully—

'Birds are wild enough already, without all this wind to make them worse.'

Jack was writing at the other end of the table; Nettie, with an old waterproof cloak on, was kneeling on the window-seat, watching the weather, with Buffer, apparently similarly occupied, by her side; and Cheriton, with considerable sharpness of manner, was endeavouring to drive the Latin lesson into Bob's head.

For Bob was under discipline. Such a bad report of him had come from school as to idleness, troublesomeness, and general misbehaviour, that his father, after a private interview the nature of which Bob did not disclose, had ordered a certain amount of work to be done every day, to be taken back to school, and had forbidden a gun or a fishing-rod to be touched till this was accomplished. Cherry, in the early days of his convalescence, had received Bob's growls on the subject, and had offered to help him, as Jack's efforts as a tutor were not found to answer, and had actually coaxed a certain amount of information into him. Lately, however, the lessons had not gone off so well. Cheriton had made a great point of them, and held Bob as if in a vice by the force of his will; but he was sarcastic instead of playful, and

contemptuous instead of encouraging, and now lost patience, laying down his book and speaking in a cutting, incisive tone that made Bob start and stare.

'We have all got aims in life, I suppose; I wish we were all as likely to succeed in them as you are, Bob.'

'I haven't got an aim in life,' said Bob, turning round as if affronted.

'No? I thought your aim was to be the greatest dunce in the county. It's well to know one's own line and do a thing *well* while one's about it. A low aim's a mistake in all things.'

Jack laid down his pen, and stared hard at Cheriton. Bob waited, unconscious, expecting the smile and twinkle that took the sting out of all Cherry's mischief, but none came.

'Come now, you needn't be down on a fellow in that way,' he said angrily. 'My line mayn't be yours, but I'll—I'll stick to it one day.'

'I just observed that you were sticking to it now, heart and soul. Let all your wits lie fallow; with the skill and energy you are showing at present, you may get to the level of a ploughboy in time.'

'I say, Cherry,' said Jack, 'that's a little strong.'

Bob shut the book with a bang and stood up.

'I'm not going to stand that,' he said; and Cheriton recollected himself and coloured.

'I beg your pardon, Bob,' he said. 'It was too bad. I—I was only joking. Will you go on now?'

'No,' said Bob. 'I won't be made game of.'

'You tire Cherry to death,' said Jack. 'No wonder he loses patience.'

'*I* didn't ask him to do it,' said Bob. 'Nettie, where are you going?'

'Out,' said Nettie, briefly.

'Then I'm going too,' said Bob, following her; while Cheriton wearily threw himself down on the cushions in the window-seat and in his turn stared out at the mist. Jack sat and watched him. He had never uttered a word even to Alvar, but he was full of anxiety. What was the matter with Cherry?

He was lively enough at meal-times and with his father and grandmother; he had resumed all his usual habits, except that the bad weather had prevented him from going out shooting. He had laughed at Alvar for being over-anxious about him, and had taken a great deal of unnecessary trouble about sundry village matters and affairs at home. He had talked what Alvar called 'philosophy' to Jack with unusual seriousness; and yet Jack, with whom perhaps he was least on his guard, missed something. And then Mrs. Ellesmere had remarked that she did not like to see Cheriton with such a pink colour and such black circles round his eyes, and had warned her husband not to let

him fatigue himself on some walk they were taking. Surely Cherry coughed oftener, and was more easily tired, than he had been ten days ago.

Jack could bear it no longer, and began, severely—

'Cherry, you shouldn't worry yourself with Bob. It's too much for you.'

'Not generally,' said Cheriton. 'I'm tired to-day.'

'What's the matter with you, Cherry?' said Jack, coming nearer.

'The matter?' said Cherry, sitting up, and laughing more in his usual way. 'What should be the matter? Are you taking a leaf out of Alvar's book? Of course, one isn't very strong after such an illness, and I don't sleep always. I shall go away, I think, soon, and then I shall be right enough.'

'Where will you go to? Let me go with you. Or must it be Alvar?'

'Oh, I shall be best alone. Don't worry, Jack. I'm no worse, really.'

Poor Cheriton! His efforts at concealment, made half in pride, and half in consideration, were not very successful.

As he lay awake through the long nights, Ruth's woeful look and appealing eyes haunted him, and as he remembered their parting, his own bitter scorn came back on him with a pang, partly, no doubt, because she was still irresistible to him, but partly, also, because he knew that *he* had felt the temptation under which *she* had fallen. She had treated him shamefully; and she declared that her excuse was, if excuse it could be called, that she had been driven so frantic by her misjudgment of Rupert, that anything seemed legitimate that would give him pain. She had transgressed every code of womanly honour, and had cost Cheriton pain beyond expression by obeying a sudden impulse of mortified passion. Any sort of revenge on her by Cheriton was at least as incompatible with any standard of social obligation, no extra high principle was needed to condemn it; to take such a blow and be silent over it seemed a mere matter of course. Cheriton was very high-principled, he had conquered in his time strong temptations; moreover, he was more than commonly loving and tender, and yet he felt that there had been more than one moment when he might have committed this utter baseness. He forgot for a moment that he *had* conquered, that strength, however unconscious, had come to him from his former struggles, and had held him back; he felt that if this were possible to him, he was safe from nothing. He shuddered as he thought of his interview with Rupert, and his first prayer since the blow turned into a thanksgiving.

But any thought of his own conduct was soon swept away by the rush of regret and pain. She *had* failed him, however unworthy he might be to judge her; and as he remembered the many sweet and enchanting moments that had led up to his final disappointment, he

could not but feel that she had deliberately deceived him. And yet—and yet—as he recalled her face at the dinner-table, he knew that he would have come back to her at a word; he felt as if life was worth nothing without her, as if father and brothers, home, interests, and ambitions had all lost their charm. Cheriton retained enough command over himself to resolve to make head against this state of mingled regret and bitterness; he could not yet bring himself to accept it with any sort of submission; his feelings of gratitude and joy at his returning strength seemed almost as if they had been sent in mockery to make disappointment more cruel. But this thought brought its own remedy. His life had been given back to him, not surely only that he might endure this fierce trial—something would come out of the furnace. And when he remembered what his well-being was to his father, the resolution of self-conquest was made in something else than pride. 'God help me. I'll learn my lesson!' he thought; and he dimly felt that that lesson meant more than putting a bold face on things, or even than a surface recovery of spirits, of the probability of which last he was of course then no judge. It meant whether this bitter trial was to leave him more or less of a man than it found him—more of a Christian if he would not be less of a man.

It must not be supposed that Cheriton at this time attained with any permanence to such convictions—he worked his way to them at intervals; but, after all, most of his sleepless hours were spent in a hopeless involuntary recall of his past happiness. Ruth haunted him as if she had been a spirit, and of course the over-fatigue produced by the effort to force his mind into its usual channels affected his health, and made him still less able to fight against his troubles.

He was very reluctant to confess himself beaten, and began to talk to Jack with would-be eagerness about going to London and beginning his reading for the bar. His name had been entered at the Temple, most of his 'dinners' were eaten, and he had never intended his time of waiting for a brief to be an idle one. Presently his father called him, and he started up and went down stairs, while Jack went back to his writing with divided attention and dim suspicions of the truth gaining ground.

Meanwhile Cheriton found himself called to a conference in the study.

All the arrangements for Alvar's marriage had been deferred through Cheriton's illness, and Mr. Lester felt it somewhat strange that he should be the first person who saw the need of recommencing them. He told Alvar that he wished to speak to him, and made a sort of apology to him for Cheriton's presence by saying that he wished him to hear the money arrangements which he thought fit to make.

'I am sure, Alvar,' said Mr. Lester, formally, 'you have shown great unselfishness in putting your own affairs so completely on one side during your brother's illness; but now there is no longer any

reason for deferring the consideration of your marriage, and I should be glad to know what plans you may have formed for the future.'

'It is your wish, sir, that I should be married—soon?' said Alvar, coolly and deferentially.

'Why — October was mentioned from the first, wasn't it?' said Mr. Lester, with a sort of taken-aback manner that made Cheriton smile.

'Yes,' said Alvar. 'If that is your desire, and Mr. Seyton approves, I should wish it.'

'Why—why—haven't you settled it all with Virginia?'

'I did not think one should trouble a lady with those matters, nor did I wish to marry while my brother might need me.'

'That was very good of you; but I hope by that time to be in London,' said Cherry, decidedly, and with a look, conveying caution.

Alvar was silent for a moment, and then said, with what Cheriton called his princely air,

'I shall then marry in October, and I will take my wife to visit my friends and my—other country.'

'Why, yes; that would be very proper, no doubt; and I think you once told me that you wished to take a house in London.'

'That would be good luck for me,' said Cherry, by way of encouragement.

'Yes,' said Alvar, 'I wish it to be so.'

Mr. Lester then entered into an explanation of the means which he was prepared to place at Alvar's disposal, talked of house rent and of Virginia's fortune, and said a few words on the amount of his own means, and what he meant to do for the younger ones. Nettie was provided for by her mother's fortune, a smaller proportion of which would be inherited by the sons also at their father's death. 'But,' as Mr. Lester concluded, 'of course they all know that in the main they must look to their own exertions.'

'Of course,' said Cheriton.

Alvar looked very much surprised.

'The boys,' he said, 'yes; but I thought, my father, you would wish that Cheriton should be rich.'

'Alvar,' said Mr. Lester, rising and speaking with real dignity, 'you misunderstand me. In such matters I can make no distinctions between my sons. Cheriton and his brothers stand exactly on the same footing. As for you, you will have to represent the old name, and keep the old place on its proper level. I shall not stint you of the means of doing so with ease and dignity.'

Alvar cast down his eyes, and a curious look as of a sort of oppression passed over his face.

'That will be an obligation to me,' he said, gravely. 'You are most —honourable to me, my father.'

'Not at all,' said Mr. Lester. 'I should not think of acting

otherwise. Well—now you had better be off to Elderthwaite and settle all your affairs.'

Alvar left the room, and Mr. Lester burst out—

'I declare, there's something about that fellow that makes me feel as if I were a schoolboy!' Then, a little ashamed of the admission, he went on, 'I like to see more ardour in a lad when his marriage is in question. Why, Rupert lived at Elderthwaite while he was here!'

'We must make allowance for the difference of manners,' said Cherry. 'Alvar is very good to me. But, father, I don't think I shall be strong enough to shoot this month; it would be foolish to catch another cold; so I thought I should like a little trip somewhere soon—just a change before I settle down to work again.'

'Why, yes,' said Mr. Lester; 'of course, if you wish, though we haven't had much good of you since you came home, my boy. Where do you want to go?'

'I don't know—to Paris, perhaps,' said Cherry, on the spur of the moment. 'Huntingford and Donaldson both asked me to join them this summer; so I shouldn't interfere with Alvar. Then, afterwards I could make all my arrangements for London.'

'Well, yes,' said Mr. Lester, reluctantly; 'if you can't shoot, there's no use, of course, in your going to Milford or Ashrigg.'

'Jack can go; it's time he went about a little, and he will be a better shot than I am soon. And when I come back, I'll be ready for anything.'

Cherry's energy was quite natural enough to deceive his father, especially as he kept out of sight during this interview; but when he went away from the study, his heart suddenly failed him, and he felt as if he never should have the courage to set about carrying out the plans on which he had just been insisting.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISGIVINGS.

'I looked for that which is not, nor can be.'

A FEW days before Alvar's interview with his father, Rupert had left Oakby to make his personal application to Ruth Seyton's guardians, backed up by a letter from Mr. Lester, and by her own communication to her grandmother. Of course, nothing could be said of the six month's of mutual understanding, and this concealment weighed lightly enough on Ruth's conscience. She vexed Virginia by her reserve on all the details of her engagement, but what really troubled her was her parting interview with Rupert as they were alone together in the garden at Elderthwaite.

This had once been laid out in the Italian style, with fountains, statues, and vases, stiff, neat paths, and little beds cut in the smooth turf and full of gay colour. Of all kinds of gardening, this kind can

least bear neglect, and at Elderthwaite a few occasional turns with the scythe and a sprinkling of weedy-looking flowers did not suffice to make it a pleasant resort.

Ruth sat on the pedestal of a broken nymph by the side of a dried-up fountain. This garden was *supposed* to be 'kept up,' so some flaring yellow nasturtiums and other inexpensive flowers filled the little beds round. It was a dull day, and the weather was chilly, and Ruth in her crimson shawl looked by far the most cheerful object in the garden. Rupert had stuck some of the nasturtiums in her hat, and they suited her dark hair and warm, clear skin. After a great deal of talk, entirely satisfactory to both, Rupert said, lightly—

'By the way, I thought I would take Master Cherry to task for his manner to you the other night.'

'Cherry—his manner—what do you mean?' stammered Ruth, with changing colour.

'Well, I was rather sorry I had said anything about it, but he was very frank, poor boy, and told me you had refused him.'

'I—I did not think you would have asked him such a question,' said Ruth, hardly knowing what she said in the agony of fear, relief, and shame.

"Oh, well, we're almost like brothers, you know, and I was not going to have him make such great eyes at you for nothing. What had he to reproach you with?'

The words were more an exclamation than a question, but they terrified Ruth, and she pressed coaxingly up to Rupert, and said with a good deal of agitation—

'Oh, I am very sorry—very; but—but of course I couldn't tell of him — could I? And he is so impetuous and so set on his own way! But I don't want you to be angry with him, poor boy, or—or with me, for, oh! my darling, we mustn't quarrel again or it would kill me!'

'Is she afraid I shall find out how much encouragement she gave him?' said Rupert in his teasing way.

'Oh! he didn't want much *encouragement*,' said Ruth. 'But there, never mind, he'll soon forget all about me. Did you think no one ever liked me but you?'

Rupert's rejoinder was cut short by the appearance of Virginia, and Ruth ran towards her, for once glad to leave Rupert. She tried to persuade herself that she had told him no direct falsehood, but the memory of her two interviews with Cheriton lay heavy on her soul.

She knew that she had sinned against her own article of faith, her love for Rupert, and her perfect pride and glory in its perfection was marred. She had fallen below her own standard; she could no longer feel that she acted out her own ideal. Ruth was a girl capable of an ideal, though she had not set up a lofty one. Perhaps every one has some standard, however poor, and the crucial test of character may be

whether we pull it down to suit our failures, or no. Ruth at this time was earnestly endeavouring to do so, but it did not come easy to her, and by way of set-off she occupied herself with being exceedingly kind to Virginia, whom she was beginning to consider injured, and in whom she recognised an unexpected warmth of resentment. Not that Virginia ever uttered a complaint of Alvar, but she avoided his name in so marked a manner, and looked so unhappy, that she was self-betrayed.

They were sitting together in the drawing-room on the day of Alvar's interview with Mr. Lester. It was a dreary, unhomelike-looking room on that wet, cloudy day, but Ruth, spite of misgivings, had a bright prosperous air as she sat writing to Rupert, curls, ribbons, and ornaments all in order, the deep red bands on her summer dress giving it a cheerful air even on a wet day.

Virginia was sitting in the window doing nothing; she was pale, and her white dress with its elaborate flouncings had seen more than one wearing. She did not look expectant of a lover. Ruth watched her for a little while, and then said, slyly—

'He cometh not, she said,
She said I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

'Ruth! how can you?' exclaimed Virginia, indignantly. 'Who would expect anybody on such a wet day as this? Of course I don't!'

'Queenie!' said Ruth, springing up and kneeling down beside her, 'I don't like to see you look so miserable. If Don Alvar is a lukewarm lover, he's not good enough for my Queenie, and he sha'n't have her. There!'

'You have no right to say such a thing, Ruth; I may be silly and foolish, but I won't hear any one find fault with him, not even you!'

'Bravo, Queenie! but I wasn't going to find fault with him exactly. I daresay he thinks it is all right enough, only—only that's not *my* idea of a lover! Give him a little pull up, Queenie; scold him—if you can.'

Virginia coloured, trembled, and scarcely refrained from tears.

'You make me reproach myself, Ruth,' she said, 'for being so silly and exacting. It ought to please me that Alvar is so good and kind, and that at last his people have found him out. It *does* ——'

'Look!' exclaimed Ruth, pointing out of window. 'Who comes there? And your gown is crumpled, and your necktie is faded, and you're not fit to be seen! Run—run and adorn yourself!'

But Virginia hardly heard her, she was too eager to see Alvar for any delay, and, hurrying to the garden-door, she opened it, while Ruth recollected the awkwardness of an interview with Alvar and fled. But

he was far too punctilious to come into the drawing-room with his wet coat, hat, and umbrella, and he waved his hand to Virginia and went round to the front door, where, in the hall, he met Ruth, and acknowledged her as he passed with a stately bow that nearly annihilated her.

Virginia had meant to be distant and reproachful, but her resolutions always melted in Alvar's presence; he was so delightful to her that she forgot all her previous vexations. Demonstrative she never could be to him, but she contrived to say—

'It *is* a long time since you were here, dear Alvar.'

'Ah, yes,' he said, '*mi doña*, too long indeed; but we have had people in the house, and Cherry is not strong enough to entertain them.'

'How is he?' asked Virginia, feeling, as she always did, as if rebuked for selfishness.

'Pretty well; this rain is bad for him; he may not go out,' said Alvar, who did not wish to represent Cheriton as specially unwell just then. 'But see, *mi querida*, I have been talking to my father, and he gives me courage to speak of the future.'

And then in the most deferential manner Alvar unfolded his plans, ending by saying—

'And will you come with me to Seville that I may show my English bride to my countrymen, and teach them what flowers grow in England?'

'I would rather go to Spain than *anywhere* else,' said Virginia, all misgivings gone. 'I hope they will—like me.'

'Ah,' said Alvar, smiling, 'there is no fear. They would not like those boys—but you—they would worship!'

Virginia laughed gaily, and he continued presently, touching the bow on her dress—

'But this ribbon—it is not a pretty colour. I am rude, but I do not like it.'

'Oh, Alvar, I am very sorry. Ruth said I ought to change it. I thought you would not come, and I didn't care for my ribbons. I *do* not care—except when you see me.'

There was a break in her voice as she looked at Alvar with eyes full of a pathetic appeal for a response to the love she gave him.

Alvar smiled tenderly.

'We will soon change it,' he said, and, opening the glass door again, he picked two crimson roses that climbed over it, shook the rain-drops carefully from their petals, and then fastened them into Virginia's hair and dress. 'There!' he said, 'that is the royal colour, the colour for my queen. See, I must have a share of it. Give me the rosebud.'

Virginia stood for a moment with her eyes cast down. She could have thrown herself into Alvar's arms, and poured forth her feelings

with a fervour of expression that might have startled him, but the doubt and timidity which she had never lost towards him restrained her; she put the rose into his coat and was happy. The sun came out through the clouds, they strolled through the garden together, and Alvar talked to her about Spain, his stately old grandfather, his many cousins, and all the surroundings of his old life.

When he left her at length, and she ran indoors to Ruth, she was another creature from the pale, lifeless girl who had watched the rain-clouds in the morning.

Alvar, too, went home well pleased with his morning, and ready to make himself agreeable, and as he came through the larch wood into the park, he suddenly encountered the twins.

Nettie was standing with her back to a tree, a very shabby-looking book under her arm. She was scarlet, and almost sobbing with indignation. Bob was opposite to her, evidently having got the upper hand in their dispute. He was talking in a downright decisive voice, and ended with—

'And so I tell you, I won't have it.'

'I don't care.'

'If you do it again, I'll tell Cherry.'

'Well, tell him, then! I'll tell him myself. *He* would do just the same, I know he would.'

'Then why do you get up in the morning and go out——

Here Bob caught sight of Alvar, and stopped short.

'What is the matter with you two? Why do you dispute?' said Alvar, goodnaturedly.

'Nothing,' said Bob, shortly; 'I was only talking to Nettie.'

'We were only talking,' said Nettie; and they walked away together, with a manifest determination to exclude Alvar from a share even in their quarrels. Interfering between the twins, Cheriton had once said, was like interfering between husband and wife; the peacemaker got the worst of it.

Apparently Cheriton was experiencing this truth, for when Alvar came in, he heard sounds of lively discussion in the library. His father was speaking in a loud, clear voice, and with his Westmoreland tones strongly marked, a sure sign that he was in a passion. Jack was standing very upright, looking impatient and important. Cherry sat listening, but with an irritated movement of the fingers, and a flush of annoyance on his face. It had been a rough time lately at Oakby, and Mr. Lester was just anxious enough about Cheriton to be ready to find fault with him.

'No, Cheriton,' he was saying, as Alvar entered, 'I'll not hear a word of the kind. It's a final result of your influence over the lads if it's to lead to this sort of mischief. Warn them! I forbid it positively. You have made too much of these boys, letting them write to you at Oxford. Much good their writing does them, and lending them

books beyond them. No, I'll do my duty by my tenants in every way —education and all; but there's a limit.'

'But, father,' said Cherry, 'I can't make it out. Of course, if Wilson has seen the young Flemings in the copses, I'm very sorry; but anyhow, it would be better to try to talk to them.'

'No, I'll not have it done. Wilson has orders to watch to-night, and if they're caught, over to Hazelby they shall go, and no begging off for them.'

'Oh, father,' said Cherry, starting up; 'do let me go and see them this afternoon. I haven't been near them since I was ill, and I'm sure I can find out the truth of it. It's ruin to a lad to get into a row with the keepers, and they are capital fellows. Just let me try.'

'What is the matter?' asked Alvar.

'Why,' said his father, 'some young fellows that Cheriton has a special fancy for, have been poaching in my copses!'

'Why, they deserve hanging for it!' said Alvar.

'Hanging!' cried Jack. 'The Evils of the Game Laws ——'

'Oh, nonsense, Jack. Put that in your "Essay on the Evils of all Sorts of Governments,"' said Cherry; then turning to the Squire— 'But they are not poachers, father.'

'I will not be interfered with. You take too much on yourself,' said Mr. Lester; then, seeing Cheriton look first blankly amazed, then angry, and finally hurt beyond measure, he suddenly softened.

'Well, you can go and see them if you wish. Don't vex yourself, my lad; you make too much of it. But you're looking better than you did yesterday.'

'Oh, my head ached yesterday,' said Cherry, brightly; but he looked up at his father with a sudden pang and sense of ingratitude. Why could he care so little for anything, so little for the Flemings, even while he argued in their behalf? He lingered a little, talking to his father; while Jack returned to his essay 'On the Evils Inherent in every Existing Form of Government,' and then set off on his walk to the Flemings' farm. He ought to care for lads to whom he had taught their cricket and their catechism, and who were much of an age with himself and his brothers, and often thought to resemble them, being equally big, fair, and strong. He talked and sympathised till the story of certain wrongs was confided to him by the younger one—how a certain 'she' had nearly driven him to bad courses, but 'she warn't worth going to the bad for.'

Cherry looked at the lad's serene and ruddy face, and felt as if he might get a lesson.

Did all his culture and his principle and refinement only sap his powers of endurance?

'You're a brave fellow, Willie,' he said, putting out his hand. 'I wish—well, don't let me hear of you're getting into trouble, or going with those poaching fellows.'

'No, sir, not for her, nor for any lass. But—there's the old parson.'

Cherry got up from the wall of the field where he had been sitting, and went to meet him.

'Ha, Cherry, my lad, glad to see you out again,' said Parson Seyton, coming cheerily over the furrows. 'Good-day t'ye, Willie; turnips look well.'

Young Fleming touched his hat, and after a word or two, Cheriton asked Mr. Seyton if he were going Oakby way, as they might walk together; and, with a farewell to Fleming, they started down the hill.

'If I hadn't found you here, I should have been inclined to poach on Ellesmere's manor, and give young Willie a word of advice,' said Mr. Seyton.

'I know. He has been getting in with the Ryders and Fowlers, and my father heard an exaggerated story about him and Ned being seen in our copses at night. I think that the Flemings are above taking to poaching; but Willie has been in a bad way.'

'Hope your father 'll catch some of my fellows; do 'em good,' said the parson. 'If he caught my nephew Dick, and shut him up for a bit, the place might be all the better. Hangs about all day, just like his father. He's after something, and I can't make out what.'

'Sometimes I see him about with Bob.'

'With Bob? Ha! you look about you, Cherry,' said the parson, mysteriously. 'My eyes are sharp. I knew when Miss Ruth and Captain Rupert had their little meetings; but then, I knew better than spoil sport.'

'You knew more than most,' said Cherry.

'Ay, and look here, Cherry,' said the parson, stopping and looking full at him. 'There's another thing I can see, and that is, when a man's in earnest and when he isn't; and when all's smooth and sweet to a girl, and when she looks this way and that for something that's wanting.'

'I have nothing to do with my cousin's engagement,' said Cherry, bewildered.

'Nay—nay, it's not your cousin. I don't believe in foreigners, Cherry; and Master Alvar isn't what I call a lover for a pretty girl that worships the ground he treads on. If he wants her money, why, a gentleman should keep up appearances at least.'

Cheriton looked very much affronted.

'I don't know if you are aware,' he said, 'that my brother's marriage has just been fixed to take place in October; he was at Elderthwaite to-day. And for the rest, Alvar is very unselfish, and I have taken up a great deal of his time.'

The parson looked at him with an odd sort of twinkle.

'Ay, ay; I know all about that,' he said; 'but we old fellows know what we're about. Well, I turn off here; so good-day to you, and mind my words.'

Cheriton walked on, somewhat ruffled and disturbed. He knew the old parson would not have spoken as he had without some reason; and it crossed his mind that Bob must be engaged in some undesirable amusements with Dick; but if so, what could he do? It was instinctive with Cheriton to try to do something when any difficulty was brought before him. Unselfish, loving, and, like all influential people, fond of influence, he had surrounded himself by calls on his energies and his interest. And now these surroundings were all unchanged, while he was changed utterly. The relations of son, brother, neighbour, friend, which he had filled so thoroughly, remained; and the feelings due to each seemed to have all died away, killed by the blow that had come upon him. He had never lived to himself, nor realised his life apart from the other lives in which it was bound up, or from his school, his college, and, most of all, his home; and now, with this great loss and pain, he suddenly found that he had a self behind it all—a self, fearfully strong, utterly absorbing; all the proportions of life were changed to him. Nothing seemed to matter but the chance of rest and relief. The plans he made had no heart in them; he felt as if the labour necessary for success in life was impossible, the success itself indifferent. His tastes were pure; the many temptations of life had been fairly met and conquered by him; but each one now seemed to look him in the face from a new point of view, and with new force. Soul as well as heart is risked in such an injury as Ruth had done him, and the more finely balanced perhaps the more easily overthrown. He did not cease to resist; but it was chiefly against the increasing weakness and languor which were sure in the end to prove irresistible to him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CRISIS.

'I will take a year out of my life and story.

One chilly morning, a week or so after these events, Virginia was sitting in the drawing-room, with a heap of patterns in her lap. She was choosing her wedding gown, and as she laid the glistening bits of silk and satin on the table before her, she sighed at the thought that there was no one to help her, no one to take an interest in her choice. Ruth was gone, and Virginia missed her sorely, feeling as if the loneliness, the uncongeniality of her home would be intolerable but for the thought of the release so soon coming. She felt that, though her little efforts in the village had had some reward, within doors she had never felt naturalised, never been able to produce any impression. Her father never showed her nearly as much affection as her uncle did, and she could not know how much this was owing to a sense of his own deficiencies towards her. He was exceedingly irritable, too, and difficult to deal with, discontented wholly with

life; while Miss Seyton's sarcastic tongue always seemed to pierce the weak places in Virginia's armour, and when she was inclined to be cheerful, her talk implied such alien views of life and duty that she made Virginia wretched.

Dick had been offered some appointment in London, provided that he could pass a decent examination next spring, but his sister could not perceive that he made much preparation for it. She also began to suspect that he and Nettie Lester were more together than was good, and to wish for an opportunity of hinting as much to Cheriton, whom she instinctively felt to be the best depository of such a vague suspicion.

But Cheriton was much less well again; he had been obliged to give up going to Paris, and the whole family were suffering anxiety on his account, more trying, perhaps, though less openly acknowledged, than that caused by his actual illness. Virginia was not quite the girl to deal successfully with her home troubles. Ruth, who did not care a bit whether she could respect her relations or not, had made herself more agreeable to them; while Virginia was timid and miserable, afraid of being unfilial, and yet perpetually conscious of defects. Of course, if she could have felt that Alvar had really comprehended her troubles, they would have weighed more lightly; but though his tenderness always made her forget them for a time, she never had the sense of taking counsel with him.

Now, as she turned over her patterns, her first thought was which he would prefer, and as her aunt came in and with irresistible feminine attraction began to examine them, Virginia said—

'I shall wait till Alvar comes, and ask him whether he would like me to have silk or satin.'

'He will tell you that you look enchanting in either. That will be a pretty compliment, and save the trouble of a choice.'

'Oh no,' said Virginia, 'Alvar has a great deal of taste, and he likes some of my dresses much better than others. I wonder if Cherry is better to-day.'

'Probably, as I see his most devoted brother coming up the garden.'

Virginia's face flushed into ecstacy in a moment. She sprang to the garden door, scattering her patterns on the floor; while her aunt looked after her, and muttered more softly than usual as she left the room, 'Poor little thing!'

Alvar looked very grave as he came towards her, as if he hardly saw the slender figure in its fluttering delicate dress, or noticed the eager eyes and smiling lips; but, as usual, he smiled when he came up the steps, and seemed to put aside his previous thoughts, and to adopt the courteous manner which made Virginia feel herself held at a distance.

For once, she was more full of her own affairs than of his. 'Look, she said, picking up her silks, 'do you see these? Which do you like best?'

Alvar twisted the patterns over his fingers as he stood in the window, and did not at once answer.

'How is Cherry?' she said. 'Is he better to-day?'

'Perhaps—a little,' said Alvar. 'But the doctors have seen him again, and they say that he must not stay here—that he must go abroad for all the winter.'

'Do they?' said Virginia; 'that looks very serious.'

'Ah yes,' said Alvar a little impatiently, 'but my father—they all talk as if it would kill him to go; he will get well away from these bitter winds—and—and the businesses that are too much for him.'

'Yes,' said Virginia, slowly, perceiving that Alvar did not quite understand how startling a sound being ordered abroad had to English ears after such an illness as Cheriton's. 'What does he say himself about it?'

'He dreads it very much; but we will go to Seville, and then he *must* find it pleasant.'

Virginia started; she changed colour, and her heart began to beat very fast.

'*Mi querida!*' said Alvar, taking her hand. 'I feel that I—affront you—I do not know how to ask you to let me go; but how can I send my brother away without me? For his sake I expose myself perhaps to blame from your father ——'

'I don't quite understand,' said Virginia, withdrawing a little, and speaking with unusual clearness. 'Did Cherry ask you to go with him?'

'Ah, no! He refused and said it must not be. But he told Jack that he hated the thought of going to Mentone or any such place alone. My father is too unhappy about him to be his companion, and Jack must go to Oxford. So, when I told him how the wish of my heart was to show him my Spanish home, he owned that he should like to see it. The climate will not cure him if he is dull and miserable.'

'Certainly you must go with him,' said Virginia, steadily, though she felt half suffocated.

'Ah, *mi reyna!*' cried Alvar, his brow clearing; 'you see my trouble. Without your approval I could not go!'

Virginia turned round and fixed her eyes on Alvar with a look never seen before under their soft fringes. The sharp agony of personal loss and disappointment, the feeling, horrible to the gentle modest girl, that the loss and the disappointment reserved all their sting for *her*, the outward necessity of the proposal, and the inward knowledge that Alvar wronged her by his feeling, though not by his act, drove her to bay at last. She would have *shared* in any sacrifice, but she instinctively knew that Alvar was making none. The vague dissatisfactions, the dim misunderstandings, the unacknowledged jealousies of many months, all rushed at once into the light. Her

love was too passionate to be patient, and her self-control broke down at last.

'Yes,' she said, 'of course you must go with your brother. I see that. I admit it quite. But—Alvar—that's not all. I have seen for a long time that our engagement was a tie to you—it was a mistake. I don't blame you—you did not understand—but it is better to end it. I release you—you are free!'

'*Señorita!*' cried Alvar, flashing up, 'I have given no one the right to doubt my honour. You mistake me.'

'No,' said Virginia, 'I do not mistake. I know—I know you mean rightly—I ought not to wonder if you don't—if you don't ——' she broke off faltering and trembling, humiliated by the sense that she had not been able to win him.

But Alvar's pride had taken fire. 'I am at your service,' he said, proudly, 'since you mistake my request.'

'I will not hold you back one day,' she answered. 'Nor do I blame you. Don't mistake *me*. You have done all for me that you could; but our ideas are different, and I feel convinced we should only go on making each other unhappy. It is better to part.'

'Since it is your wish to have it so,' said Alvar in a tone of deep offence, but with a curious pang at his heart. 'I was your true lover, and I would never have caused you grief. But since I do not satisfy you, I withdraw. I force myself on no lady.'

'Indeed—indeed,' faltered Virginia, 'I do not blame you; it is perhaps my fault, that—that we have so often mistaken each other.'

'It is that to you—as to my father I am a stranger,' said Alvar. 'I will go—it is as you wish.'

He took up his hat, paused, made her a formal bow, and went out. Virginia sprang after him; but he did not look back. She felt herself cruel, exacting, selfish, and yet she *knew* that her causes of complaint were just. She had sent him away from her, and she would never see him again. As he passed out of sight, she ran down the steps, whether after him or away from the house, she hardly knew. The trailing overgrown roses caught in her dress and held her back. She turned, and all the desolation of the untrimmed garden and unpainted house seemed to overwhelm her spirit. The wind came up in long, dismal rustles, the sky was grey and cold. As she paused, she saw her aunt's still graceful figure in its shabby dress cross the lawn, her face with its fair outline and hard, bitter look turned towards her.

'*She* lost *her* lover!' thought Virginia, and her own future flashed upon her like a dreadful vision. She turned and fled up to her own room, where every other thought was destroyed by the sense of loss and misery. It was in the middle of the afternoon that she was startled out of her trance of wretchedness by a call in her aunt's voice, 'Virginia, Virginia! Come here, I want you particularly.'

Virginia obeyed passively. She might as well tell her aunt of the

morning's interview then as put it off longer. As she came into the drawing-room, Miss Seyton left it by another door, and she found herself alone with Cheriton Lester.

'Thank you for coming down,' he said, eagerly. 'I want to explain I think there has been a great mistake.'

'No, I think not,' said Virginia, rather faintly.

'But let me tell you. It is all my fault indeed. Alvar must not be punished for my selfishness. You know, I got a fresh cold somehow, and my cough was bad again, so my father was frightened and sent for the doctors, and they ordered me away for the winter. I must not go to London now, they say ——'

'Indeed, Cherry, I am *very* sorry,' faltered Virginia, as the cough stopped him.

'No, but let me tell you. This was a great shock to me. I want to get to work—and then—my poor father! It seemed to knock me down altogether, and foolishly, I let Jack see it, and said that I hated the notion of any of those regular invalid places, and that going there would do me no good. And then Alvar came and asked me if I should not like to see his friends and Seville, and I said, "Yes, if I must go anywhere," and he tried in his kind way to make the idea seem pleasant to me, and my father caught at it because he thought I might like it. I shall never forgive myself for making such a fuss! But of course to-day—now I am in my right senses—I should not think of such a thing. If Alvar goes with me, even to Seville, and stays for a few weeks, then, if I am better, he can come home, and I shall not mind staying there alone, and at Christmas Jack might come to me, or my father—it can easily be managed. In short, Virginia,' he added, with an attempt at his usual playfulness, 'I want you to understand that I made a complete fool of myself yesterday, and that that's the whole of it.'

'Did Alvar ask you to come and tell me this?'

'No,' said Cheriton, 'he was hurt by your misunderstanding him, he does not know I am here. Jack drove me over. But I shall not agree to any other arrangement than what I have told you, unless,' he added, slowly, 'things should go badly, and then I *know* you would have patience.'

'Oh, Cherry,' said Virginia, struggling with her tears, 'I hope you don't think me so selfish as to wish to prevent Alvar from going with you. It is not *that*.'

'But what is it then? Can you tell me!' said Cherry gently, and sitting down by her side.

'I have no one to ask,' she said, 'but you will think me wrong, and yet ——'

'I know too well how difficult it is to be right in matters of feeling, if you once begin to analyse them,' said Cherry, sadly. The gentleness of his voice and the kind look of his eyes gave her courage, and she said, very low—

'I think I should not make Alvar happy, because he does not care for me. Please understand that he has done all he could; he is very *kind* to me, but he does not care for me.'

'You know, Virginia,' said Cherry eagerly, 'Alvar has different ways from ours. Indeed, he *is* loving ——'

'He loves *you*,' said Virginia quickly; then, blushing scarlet, she added, 'oh, Cherry, I think it is beautiful the way he is grateful to you, and thinks so much of you. Please, please, don't think I would have it otherwise.'

'I have far more cause to be grateful to him.'

'Yes! I like to think that. But Cherry, when you were ill, he didn't care for me to comfort him, it was no rest to him to come and see me. He never tells me his troubles. It isn't as Ruth and Rupert love each other. If I say anything, he turns it aside. It will not make him unhappy to give me up.'

'It made him exceedingly angry,' said Cheriton, too clear-sighted not to acquiesce in the truth of Virginia's words, though he was unwilling to own as much.

'I don't think,' said Virginia, 'that I should bear that feeling patiently. 'Things are very miserable any way, but I think Alvar will be happier without me. It has not turned out well.'

She spoke in a low tone of complete depression, evidently uttering convictions that had been long formed, gently and humbly, but with an undercurrent of firmness.

'I will tell Alvar what you say,' he said. 'I quite see what you mean, but perhaps he will be able to show you that you have misinterpreted him.'

'No,' said Virginia with decision, 'do not let him try.'

As she spoke, there was a tap at the door, and Jack opened it.

'Cherry,' he said, 'it is so late; are you ready?'

'One minute, Jack,' said Cheriton, 'I am coming. Virginia,' he added, taking her hands in his with sudden earnestness, Alvar will love you enough some day. I am sure of it.'

Cheriton hardly knew what put the words into his mouth; but they chimed in Virginia's heart for many a weary day, lighted up by the bright, brave smile which had accompanied them.

CHAPTER XXV.

FAREWELL.

'O near ones, dear ones! you in whose right hands
Our own rests calm, whose faithful hearts all day,
Wide open, wait till back from distant lands
Thought, the tired traveller, wends his homeward way.'

'Of course, since Miss Seyton insists, and you say you wish it, I come home for my marriage in October,' said Alvar.

'You don't understand,' replied Cheriton, vehemently, 'and you are unfair to Virginia. She is as kind as she can be. Go and show her that you really care for her as she deserves, and it will all come right. If anything could make matters worse for me, it would be to think I had been the excuse for a break between you!'

Alvar was standing in the library window, leaning back against the shutter. He looked perfectly unmoved and impervious to argument, his mouth shut firm and his eyebrows a little contracted. Cheriton, on the other hand, half lying on the window seat, was flushed and eager as if he had been pleading for himself, not for another.

'No,' said Alvar, obstinately. 'Miss Seyton has dismissed me. She tells me that I do not content her. Well, then, I will go.'

'Why make yourself wretched for a mere misunderstanding!'

'I? I shall not be wretched. I hope I can take my dismissal from a lady. She finds that I do not suit her, so I withdraw,' said Alvar in a tone of indescribable haughtiness.

'Perhaps she knows best,' said Cherry, 'and is right in thinking you indifferent to her.'

'No—but I will be so soon,' said Alvar, coolly.

'It is no good to *say* so,' said Cherry; then, starting up, he came and put his hand on Alvar's arm. 'Don't do this thing,' he said imploringly, 'you don't know what it will cost you.'

The two faces clear against the sky were a contrast for a painter; Alvar's with its rich dark colouring, and calm impassive look just a little sullen, and Cheriton's delicate, sharpened outlines, the eyes all on fire and the colour varying with excitement. Perhaps the two natures sympathised as little as the faces. Alvar's look softened, however, as he put Cherry back on the cushions.

'Lie still,' he said; 'why do you care so much? You will be as ill as you were yesterday. If I had known it, you should not have gone to Elderthwaite.'

'But,' said Cherry, more quietly, 'I felt sure that there had been a misunderstanding. It was my fault. Of course I like best to have you with me; but I could not consent to any indefinite putting off of your marriage. My father would not agree to it either. And that is not quite the point. Show Virginia that she is your first thought, and everything can be put right.'

Alvar stood silent for a minute, then said suddenly and emphatically,

'No. I have not the honour of pleasing her as I am. I can change for no one. Do not grieve, *Cherito mio*, I shall forget all when I show you Seville, and I will teach you to forget too. I take the best of my English home with me when I take my brother.'

He took Cheriton's hands in his as he spoke, with a gesture, half playful, half tender. The response was cruelly disappointing. Cherry withdrew a little and said, in a tone of extreme coldness, 'In that case Virginia is perfectly right. I quite understand her meaning.

But it will be a great vexation to my father that your engagement should be broken for such a cause.'

'My father cannot complain. I have obeyed him,' said Alvar. 'But I shall go and tell him that the proposals he so honourably made me will be unnecessary.'

He went away as he spoke, and Jack, who had been listening silently, exclaimed, 'By Jove! he doesn't know what he's in for now?'

'Oh,' cried Cherry, 'it is intolerable! If they had married, she would never have found out his coolness! It is most unlucky.'

'Well,' said Jack, 'I don't know. Alvar worships you, and has ways that suit you, yet you can't understand each other. Alvar is altogether different from us. He is outside our planetary system, and always will be. I'd like my wife to belong to the same species as myself.'

'But the occasion is so annoying,' said Cherry. 'Why must they order me off in this way—or why couldn't I have held my tongue about it? Oh, Alvar is the wise man after all.'

'You'll get well,' said Jack, gruffly.

'Well, I'll try. But——,' he paused; but the thought in his mind was that the home ties had regained their power now that he believed himself likely to leave them for ever.

'Cherry,' said Jack, turning his back, and hunting in a bookshelf, 'I know all about it.'

'Do you, Jack?'

'Yes. You ought to go away; but do you mind going alone with Alvar? Let me come.'

'Well, Jack,' said Cheriton, after a pause, 'if you know, I can tell you how it is. I've had a hard time, and I think I should like to be quiet. But it is right to give oneself a chance, and as for Alvar, I am not at all afraid of going alone with him. You know what a good nurse he is. *If* I want you, you will come to me.'

'Yes,' muttered Jack.

'But I don't want father to guess at what the doctors call "mental anxiety," nor to talk hopelessly to him. You must comfort him. I'm afraid a great deal will be thrown on you, my boy.'

Jack did not answer; and Cheriton, divining his feelings, made an effort, and said, cheerfully—

'Of course, one is no judge oneself in such cases. I am quite willing to go now, and I shall look forward to seeing you at Christmas. You must write and give me your impressions of Oxford.'

'Oh yes,' said Jack, consoled; 'and perhaps Alvar will pick up a Spanish lady, and then we should be all right again.'

Cherry smiled and shook his head, feeling that he could not wish to dispose of Alvar in so unceremonious a fashion. He was angry with him now, and felt how wide a gulf lay between their points of view; yet he had grown to be very dependent on him, and was keenly

conscious of all his unselfish devotion. He saw, too, that it would not do to talk freely even to Jack, since it frightened him and made him miserable, and resolved to keep all his confusing feelings to himself—feelings that seemed to tear him to pieces while he was utterly weary of them all.

He was afraid that he had been hard on Alvar, and still more afraid of how his father would take the revelation; but he had long to wait before the study door was flung open, and Alvar walked in, with his head up, and his face crimson. He was passing through without heeding his brothers, but Cherry's call checked him, and he came up to the window.

'*Mi querido*, this will do you harm,' he said, gently; 'you excite yourself too much.'

'But tell me ——'

'Yes, I will tell you. But we will go up stairs; you must rest.'

But as he spoke, his father came out of the study, and coming up to them, said, in a tone of strong indignation—

'I wish to know, Cheriton, how long you have been aware of a state of feeling on your brother's part which places me in a situation of which I am thoroughly ashamed; whether you were aware that, as appears from his own confession, *my* son has done Miss Seyton the disrespect of engaging himself to her as a matter of expediency, and not of affection.'

'Sir,' said Alvar, firmly, 'your displeasure is for me alone. I will not allow my brother to be questioned; he is not strong enough to bear it.'

'No, Alvar, it won't hurt me. Father, I don't think you understand. If they find that they cannot satisfy each other, it is better to part. Neither would act dishonourably by the other.'

'There is no use in talking,' said Alvar, hotly. 'At my father's wish I gave myself to Miss Seyton as I am. Well, she rejects me; there is an end of it. I can change for no one. I am myself. Well, I do not please any of you, but I do not ask you to change yourselves, nor will I.'

His words sounded like a mere defiance to his father, but as Cheriton heard them, he felt their force. Why should they all expect Alvar to conform to their standard instead of trying to understand his?

'Be that as it may,' said Mr. Lester, 'you have found an unworthy pretext. I am far from ungrateful for all your kindness to Cheriton, but it was fair on none of us to take the opportunity of his going abroad to put off your marriage. If you had had the manliness to say at once that your engagement was distasteful to you, we should have known how to act.'

'I will not stay—I will not hear myself so insulted!' cried Alvar, with a sudden fury of passion, that flared high above his father's

angry displeasure, startling both the brothers into an attempt to interfere.

'Father is mistaken,' cried Jack; while Cheriton began to say—

'Come into the study, father; I think I can explain——' when his words were stopped by a violent fit of coughing. Agitated and overfatigued as he was, he could not check it, and the alarm was more effectual than any explanations could have been in silencing the quarrel.

Alvar sprang to his side in a moment, and sent Jack for remedies; while Mr. Lester forgot everything but the one great anxiety and distress. The doctors had given a strong enough warning against the possible consequences of such excitement to make them all feel self-reproachful at having caused it; and the next words exchanged between the disputants were an entreaty from Mr. Lester to know if Alvar was alarmed, a gentle reassurance on Alvar's part, and a request, at once complied with, that his father would move out of sight, lest Cherry should attempt to renew the discussion.

It never was renewed. When Cherry recovered, he was too much exhausted to try to speak, or to think of Alvar in any light but of the one who knew best what was comfortable to him, and once more everything seemed indifferent to Mr. Lester beside the approaching parting. But though a quarrel was averted, there was much discomfort. Mrs. Lester took her son's view decidedly, and treated Alvar like a culprit, the only voice raised in his favour being Bob's, who observed unexpectedly 'that he thought Alvar was quite right to do as he chose.' Mr. Lester had an interview with Mr. Seyton, and probably made more than the *amende* expected from him, for the next day he received a note from Virginia:—

'Dear Mr. Lester,—As I find from my father that you do not entirely understand the circumstances which have led to the breach of my engagement, I think it is due to your son to tell you that it was entirely my own doing, and that I have no cause of complaint against him. We parted, because I believe we are unsuited to each other, not because he in any way displeased me; certainly not because he very rightly wished to go abroad with Cheriton. I hope you will forgive me for saying this, and believe me,

'Yours very sincerely,

'Virginia Seyton.'

Well meant as poor Virginia's letter was, it may be doubted whether it much enlightened Mr. Lester as to the point in question; but he showed it to Alvar, who read it with a deep blush, and said—

'She is, as ever, generous—but—I am a stranger to her still.'

Meanwhile, all the arrangements for the journey were being made. Cheriton received a warm invitation from Seville, and it was agreed, at his earnest request, that his father should remain behind at Oakby, but that Jack should go with him to Southampton, whence they were to go to Gibraltar by P. and O. steamer, the easiest way, it was

thought, of making the journey. In London, Cheriton was to see a celebrated physician.

He went bravely and considerately through all the trying leave-takings and arrangements, taxing his strength to the uttermost, in the desire to leave nothing undone for any one. He put aside, with a strong hand, that inner self which yet he could not conquer, with its passionate yearning, its bitter disappointment, its abiding sense of wrong; but it was there still, and gave at times the strangest sense of unreality, even to the pain of the partings, which was true pain nevertheless, though he seemed to feel it through the others, rather than through himself. Perhaps the vehement Lester temperament was not a very sanguine one, for though they were told to be hopeful, they were all full of fear, and Cheriton himself hardly looked forward to a return, or, indeed, to anything but possible rest from the strain of making the best of himself, for he suffered very much, while all the vivid and appropriate sensations with which he had once looked out on life and death had died away.

He could hardly have borne it all but for Alvar's constant care and watchfulness, and for the ease given by his apparent absence of feeling, and for the soothing of his tender gentle ways, and yet though he clung to him with ever-increasing gratitude and affection, there was a curious sense of being apart from him.

Alvar, though he had too much tact to fret Cherry by opposition, had no sympathy with the innumerable interests for each one of which he wished to provide, and thought his parting interviews with the young Flemings and with many another waste of strength and spirits. Cherry also had to go through a trying conversation with old Parson Seyton, who, between anger on Virginia's account and grief on Cheriton's, was difficult to deal with, entirely refusing to see Alvar, and more than disposed to quarrel with Cherry for going abroad with him. Even Mr. Ellesmere regarded Alvar's conduct with considerable disapproval, though he would not mar his relations with Cherry by a word.

Alvar said nothing and made no explanations, but he was exceedingly impatient of the strain on Cherry's fortitude and cheerfulness, not seeing what the memory of this sad time might one day be to them all, and least of all appreciating the value of that last Sunday's church-going and Communion, which, much as it tried both their feelings and their shy reserve, not one of the others, even Bob, would for worlds have omitted. Yet, when many an old servant and neighbour made a point that day of following the example of the squire and his children, Mr. Ellesmere thought the scene no small testimony to the value of the lives, which, however faulty and imperfect, had been led, though at different levels, with a constant sense of responsibility towards man and of looking upwards to God. Yes, and as something to give thanks for, even while his heart swelled at the thought that the best loved

of those tall fair-faced youths might never kneel in Oakby church again.

That same Sunday evening, Mr. Lester was sitting alone in the library in the dusk, sad enough at heart, when Cherry came slowly in behind him, and leaned over the back of his chair.

'Father,' he said, 'I've been thinking, and I want to tell you something before I go.'

'What is it, my boy?—don't stand—here, sit here.'

He pulled another chair towards his own as he spoke, and Cherry sat down, and said—

'Father, I think I had rather you knew as much as I ought to tell you; I don't want to have any secret between us.'

'Well, my boy?'

'And, besides, I heard you say that, if you could have found any reason for my being worse, you would be less anxious about me. Well, it is not a reason exactly, but I suppose it made me careless. I—I've had a great trouble lately—a—a disappointment. It's over now—but it cost me a good deal at the time. I can't tell you any more about it; but I thought—after all—I had rather you knew—*now!*'

Mr. Lester did not ask a single question.

'I never guessed this,' he said, in a tone of surprise; then, after a pause, 'Well, my dear boy, it's a great relief to my mind.'

Cherry nearly laughed, though his heart was full enough.

'You need never imagine that it will turn up again,' he said, decidedly.

'Ah, well, Cherry, we've all had disappointments,' said Mr. Lester, more cheerfully than he had spoken for some time; 'and I'm glad there's something to account for your looks lately. You weren't strong enough for vexations. You'll shake them off with the change of scene. But, my lad, don't go and make a fool of yourself in the reaction.'

Cherry was sufficiently acquainted with his father's history to guess at the drift of this warning; but he only shook his head and smiled, and then there was a long silence. Cherry leaned against the arm of his father's chair, and, after a long-forgotten childish fashion, began to finger the seals on his watch-chain.

'These are the first things I remember,' he said.

Mr. Lester passed his arm round him, as when he had been a slim boy, standing by his side; and though no other word was spoken, and in the darkness there were tears on both their faces, Cherry felt that after such a drawing together, this worst of all the partings was easier to bear.

(*To be continued.*)

WORKHOUSE VISITING.

BY CAROLINE M. HALLETT.

PART II.

MRS. CARDYCE'S NARRATIVE.

Behind, hopes turned to griefs, and joys to memories,
Are fading out of sight:
Before, pains changed to peace, and griefs to certainties,
Are glowing in God's light.
Hither come backslidings, defeats, distresses,
Vexing this mortal strife:
Thither go progress, victories, successes,
Crowning immortal life.'

R. E. J. A.

CHAPTER II.

My visits lasted longer than I had expected; I was detained by one cause and another, and did not reach Ellsborough again until Christmas Eve. It was pleasant to see little Ellen's bright face in the hall, and her figure already looking more womanly in a neat dark dress, refreshing to my eyes, for I had literally never seen her except in the perpetual blue workhouse print.

I had a happy feeling in my heart, that I had, so far as I could, fulfilled my darling's desire, as Ellen knelt with us at prayer that night, with a contented expression on her face, very different from the fretful one it had worn when I first saw her seven years before.

I think love had been nearly left out of her life, until that day when I took her in my arms.

Christmas-day was quietly happy, for I had leave to have all the workhouse children to tea, boys as well as girls. We had games and forfeits, and the children were very merry; yet through it all I was thinking of my two absent ones.

How were they getting on? No one could tell me, and I had had only one short letter from Nancy, and none at all from Alice, although I had written to her.

It was disappointing, and I felt a little anxious. However, the next day I resolved I would go to North Street and try and see Alice myself.

No. 9 was one of those artisan's houses, containing two sitting-rooms, but of which one, the parlour, is considered so much too fine to be used, that all the family are unwholesomely packed away in the back kitchen, an apartment probably intended by the builder only for cooking and washing.

At least, such were my reflections, as I stood in the stuffy front room, waiting for Alice to be called. (A man had opened the door, and after showing me in, had instantly vanished.) I thought with rather a longing of the wholesome, airy, brick-floored labourer's kitchen of my country home, and then wondered whether the other rooms in the house were as airless as this.

In about ten minutes Alice entered. My first glance at her gave me a sort of shock. The clean, rosy-cheeked workhouse child had vanished, and in her place stood a pale, tired-looking girl in dingy slatternly attire. She glanced round the room hurriedly as she came in, and then, without any light in her dull eyes, took my out-stretched hand.

'Missis will hear what we say,' she hastily whispered, and then stood by my side, apathetically, as I looked into her face.

Was she over-worked? was she under-fed? I could hardly ask her in her mistress's hearing, so I talked of indifferent subjects as cheerfully as I could, yet still I longed to touch upon something more interesting to us both.

At last I thought of the subject that had occupied us when we parted—her text.

'Alice,' I said, 'you have had a share now of bearing burdens for others.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'we have had a heavy wash to-day, and I have to carry the big basket out to the clothes line. And one of the children (there were eight of them) is a cripple, and I have to carry him up and down stairs, and it hurts my back very often——' And then she stopped short.

'Poor child!' I said. 'Well, it is something to feel you *are* helping him. He has a more weary burden than you have, dear, if he is lame.'

Just at this moment Mrs. Hands entered, thinking I suppose that our interview had lasted long enough. She was a short, stout woman, with a pale face that was not uncomely, yet it had an acid expression that repelled me before she spoke.

'I hope you find Alice a useful girl,' I said, civilly.

'Mr. Hands engaged her; I didn't care much about a workhouse girl myself. She seems rather ignorant,' she said loftily.

'Ignorant?' said I, a little hurt. 'Why, she used to answer Bible questions nicely, and——'

'Oh, I didn't mean such things as those. She didn't seem to know as there was a difference between our station and hers, and asked me whether I had ever been in service. (Three notes of exclamation at least were in her voice). I have been brought up differently to her—very differently, and I've friends as keeps their carriage,' said Mrs. Hands, with slow dignity. 'And when I sent her to the grocer's she couldn't tell what mixed tea meant, and at the draper's she didn't know the difference between calico and glazed lining.'

'But she can make up calico nicely,' I said, 'for she has often done an hour's needlework in my parlour, haven't you, Alice?' And I turned to the girl, who looked duller than ever at this catalogue of her enormities.

'Oh, I don't know anything about that,' interrupted Mrs. Hands; 'I don't require my servant to sew. It's the heavy work I want her for, for I'm not strong myself.'

'Well,' said I, 'she must not mind that. To learn how to do household work well is a great advantage to any girl.'

As I said this, my eye involuntarily wandered round the room. This could not be the scene of Alice's labours, for there was an uncared-for look about the furniture, and the carpet had that fluffy appearance that denotes the need of a good sweeping.

However, of course I made no remark, and contented myself with asking Mrs. Hands to allow Alice to come to tea with me the next Sunday.

'Well, no,' said her mistress, 'I had rather not allow her to go gadding about the town. It is not my custom at all.'

'But she has no relations in the world,' I pleaded, 'and I am the only person who would ever ask her to come out. You know,' I said, trying to speak with dignity, 'that I am allowed by the Board of Guardians to take an interest in the girls, and so I feel I have a sort of right in the matter. Will you look upon me as her mother or aunt, or nearest relative for the time being?'

Mrs. Hands's face did not relax, and at this moment a voice, probably the lame child's, called Alice, and she went out; and her mistress and I were left alone.

'I do not press it,' I said. 'You have a right to the whole of the girl's time. It is merely a favour to myself, and I have no claim upon you even to ask a favour.'

'Nor upon her. You are *not* the girl's mother, nor aunt, so what is the good of make-believing? I like a servant to be a servant,' she concluded, evidently thinking her chain of reasoning was now complete.

'And so do I,' I said; 'I have taken a workhouse girl myself, and I hope to make her into a good servant in time. Still, a holiday does not do anybody harm,' I said, smiling.

'That's what Mr. Hands says, and I'm sure people take advantage of him. There's our apprentice gone off to-day to his Odd Fellow's meeting, and Mr. Hands has to do double work. He must go, my husband says, if he's a regular member. I'm thankful there's nothing of the sort for girls. You want a servant for work, and not for pleasuring.'

It was useless arguing in a circle, and I rose to go. But I was resolved to say what was in my mind.

'Mrs. Hands,' I said, 'will you promise me one thing. If Alice

should be ill, or leave you, will you communicate with me? Here is my address,' I said, taking out a card. 'And one more favour. May I call and see her again, though I *am* only a friend?'

'I do not approve of visitors to my servant,' said Mrs. Hands, collecting all her dignity again. 'I can't see the good of it, and she's no time to spend in chattering.'

'I would not let her chatter,' I answered, quite humbly, for I was really anxious to gain my point.

'Well, you've seen her to-day,' said the woman irritably, as though she wanted to put an end to the discussion.

'Yes, I have,' I answered gravely, 'and I do *not* think her looking well. You know I might mention this to the Board of Guardians,' I said, firing off my last shot in despair.

'The guardians have nothing to do with me, nor my servant, that I can see. It's bad enough to have a low workhouse girl at all, without ladies coming and calling and——'

This was really too rude, and I made my escape to the door. I was resolved not to lose my temper, but I was sorely cast down.

'Good-bye, Mrs. Hands,' said I, 'I am sorry if I have vexed you,' and with that I left the house.

What a miserable failure it all seemed. It was like climbing up a straight wall to try and befriend Alice. What had I gained by my visit? Nothing, except a haunting image of her as an over-tasked drudge.

Yet surely it was better for the girl's sake to *know* this. Yet did I know it? I might lay her case before the guardians, and say I found Alice looking ill and tired, and her mistress was cross. Then it struck me how particularly feeble such a statement of Alice's woes would sound. Or even if she did leave this place, how was I sure of getting her a better one? Very likely it was true what the woman had implied, that not many people cared to take workhouse girls. There is no doubt a slur upon these rate-supported orphans, though it would be hard to define in what exactly it consists. The children of thieves and vagabonds! No doubt they are this in some cases, and so the stigma extends to all. Why had I, then, never felt any shrinking from my little girls? Perhaps it was that the forlorn little things evoked such intense pity in my heart, that there was no room for any other feeling. And, thank God, that pity is akin to Love!

But what was to be done now? That was the question that was so urgently demanding an answer, and I could not find one. Mrs. Hands and Alice passed in and out of my dreams all night. Provoking woman, I thought; why should she of all people have engaged my Alice? Alice, who is so cheerful and obliging, so ready to bear burdens for others, and now she has one laid upon her greater than she can bear. Nobody knows what that woman may do to her, and I, her only friend, am shut out as completely as though the door were barred

against me. For I cannot, in common courtesy, *demand* an entrance into another person's house.

I went and talked it all over with Mr. Trevor to ease my own mind. As usual, he was kind in his vigorous way, which I can only describe by saying that it is as far as possible removed from weak pity.

'I believe,' said I, 'that that woman won't let me see Alice for fear she should reveal the secrets of the prison house.'

'Very likely,' was his answer. 'And what she said is in point of fact true. You have no right in the matter, or rather, I should say, no openly acknowledged right to visit the girl. There is no tie between you, except the slender one of friendship, and she does not believe in *that*.'

'No, she certainly does not. Probably she considered the whole visit one of impertinent curiosity.'

'Or perhaps curiosity without the impertinence. Let us at any rate be just, if we cannot be strictly charitable towards her.'

'But could nothing be done,' I said, 'to *give* me a right? Couldn't an artificial relationship between me and my girls be invented expressly for us?'

'There is none except "All ye are brethren." That is usually enough for Christian people.'

'Yes, if Mrs. Hands would believe in it. I fear the idea of Christian membership is far beyond her. It shows what sort of woman she is, that she did not like her apprentice to belong to a Provident Society, or go to the meetings, but wanted to possess him wholly, body and soul.'

'What society did she mean?'

'The Odd Fellows, I think she said.'

'Did she let him go?'

'Yes, but only because her husband said he must go if he were a member. Young men, if they are forlorn, are always better off than girls.'

'Why shouldn't there be something of the same sort for girls? You talk of artificial relationships: what is membership with a society but an artificial relationship with people having the same ends in view as yourself? That is the principle of all leagues, societies, or guilds. It doesn't matter what name they are called by.'

'You mean on the principle of Union being Strength?'

'Yes, that is a most sound axiom, as illustrated by the bundle of sticks, of ancient memory. The idea is taking strong hold of English people, especially at the present day.'

'From co-operative grocery companies upwards?' I said. 'But, Mr. Trevor, you have really shed a new light upon the problem that was perplexing me, namely, how Alice and I are to become acknowledged friends. You mean, that if there were a society to

which she and I could both belong, we should be bound together not only by a strong, but by a *visible* bond?'

'Yes. Your interest in Alice would then be intelligible to Mrs. Hands, at any rate a little more intelligible than it is now.'

'And then, too,' said I, pursuing my own train of thought, 'Alice would be more than a mere workhouse girl despised by Mrs. Hands, she would be a member of a known society, belonging to it, not because of her birth, but because she had earned the right of membership by steadiness and goodness. She would become *somebody*, in short.'

I spoke eagerly, but the next moment it occurred to me how difficult it would be to carry out the idea, good as it seemed, of a society expressly for ladies and workhouse girls. It was a rosy dream, but would it ever be fulfilled?

For some weeks I had heard no news of Nancy, so I resolved upon an expedition to Rokeport on purpose to try and see her.

It was very strange that she had not written, so strange that I had begun to feel worried and anxious.

I found my way from the station without much difficulty. It was a black, bitterly cold morning in January, and the foggy air seemed to force down the smoke, and make the town gloomier than ever. Vere Street, in spite of its high-sounding name, proved to be a dull back street of tall houses, with the inevitable public-house flaring at each end.

I reached the right door and knocked, rather hoping, as I did so, that Nancy herself would open it.

But no, a strange girl came to the door, who, when I asked if Nancy Dillon lived there, only looked vacant. At last she said, '*I* am the gurl as lives here.'

My heart sank. Nancy had gone then, and if so, where? Friendless and alone in the great city, where could she go? I could at least make inquiries of her mistress, so begged to see Mrs. Chanter. I was shown into a front room up stairs, which was redolent of stale smoke, and in a few minutes Mrs. Chanter entered.

She was a tall, showy-looking woman, not particularly clean, but very smart. She wore a light, rather greasy, merino polonaise over a blue petticoat, her hair was done with a curled 'fringe,' and she wore long tarnished earrings. She had a high colour in her cheeks and a smile on her lips, nevertheless there was something about the eyes that I involuntarily disliked.

'I came to inquire for Nancy Dillon,' I said, 'and I find she has left you.'

'She has,' answered Mrs. Chanter, speaking with would-be elegance, in a mincing tone. 'The fact was there was a little unpleasantness.'

'What unpleasantness?' I asked. 'Would you mind telling me?'

'Oh, our young gentlemen didn't like her; she was so disobliging, and I had to discharge her.'

'May I hear more?' I asked, 'as I take a great interest in Nancy.'

I fancied the red of Mrs. Chanter's face became a trifle deeper as she said, 'She had to attend upon our lodgers that have this drawing-room, and sometimes go errands and so on for them. Of course, young gentlemen want things fetched, cigars, and sometimes other things.'

'What sort of things?'

'Spirits or wine, when they wanted it. The *Harp* is close by, very convenient, so she hadn't far to go. She never seemed, however, to like going for things. One night we found out she was in the habit of drinking the spirits she was sent to fetch, so of course I had to discharge her at once.'

'Drinking the spirits!' I exclaimed; feeling as though the room were turning round and round with me!

'Yes,' said Mrs. Chanter, 'for they called me up, and there she was, leaning against the wall quite stupid, and the bottle half empty in her hand. "We'll thank you not to keep a servant who is a thief," said they, and then they threatened they'd pack up and leave the lodgings if I didn't discharge her, so what could I do?'

I did not answer, and Mrs. Chanter went on.

'To say the truth, I didn't much like her myself. She was a hypocrite, I believe. Pretending not to touch a drop of anything, and asking to be allowed to go to church, and then this happening. I heard too, after she was gone, that she went to the music saloon at the *Harp*. The girl next door told me so. I turned her off at a few minutes' notice, I won't deny. I don't fancy workhouse girls at all, for mine is a genteel house. They're a low set, and I sha'n't have another in a hurry; but my cousin, who lives at Ellsborough, engaged this one for me. I expect you didn't really know her?' she concluded in a patronising tone.

But I could only fix my mind on the first part of her speech. 'You turned her off, you say, at a moment's notice? In that state that she was in, not—not herself?' for I could not say the odious thing she had implied about my Nancy.

'Oh, the cold air soon brought her round. She walked off pretty well with her bundle in her arms.'

'May I ask if she had her wages?'

'N—no,' said the woman, hesitating. 'I thought she'd go and get more drink if she had money,' she said, with a horrid smile. 'So I kept it, thinking she'd come back and fetch it. But she never has come back.'

'How long was this ago?' I asked, trying to speak calmly, although my head reeled, and it all seemed like some bad dream.

'About three weeks ago,' was the answer.

'How could you,' I began, 'turn her out alone and friendless in

this great town? It's fearful to think of,' and a dizziness came over me, as terrible thoughts surged through my mind. But I would not give way in that woman's presence, and I resolutely rose and walked to the door, only longing to get into the air. I believe she said something in an apologetic tone, but I did not hear. I walked on, with only one resolution burning in my mind—to find Nancy.

Why had she not written? That was the puzzle, for if Mrs. Chanter had spoken the truth, and had let her take away her things, there must have been writing materials in her bundle. She would naturally write to me before any one else; indeed she had no other friend in the world. What could possibly account for her silence? She must be either ill, or in trouble, or—I could hardly say it to myself—dead. In that first hour I believe I thought of every sort of evil possible and impossible that might have befallen her, except that I could not bring myself to believe that she was a thief and a——. No, I had too much faith in Nancy's purity of soul, for had I not known her for six years, and she *could not* become bad even amidst the worst surroundings at once.

After a time I was able to think over the affair more soberly and rationally, and as I did so, I became more hopeful. Very possibly, no harm had befallen her after all. What more likely than that all this time she was safe in the Rokeport workhouse?

Thither I bent my steps, but alas! no such girl had been taken in, nor had applied there for shelter.

'Do you think she can have got into any trouble, and is in gaol?' suggested the master of the workhouse, civilly.

'No, I'm sure she wouldn't do anything wrong,' I answered hastily.

'But surely she must have been in fault, to have been turned away from her place at a moment's notice,' said the shrewd, keen-eyed master. '*What* did you say was the cause of disagreement?'

I had *not* told him this part of the story, but felt it would be better not to keep it back. He looked grave, and, to his credit, abstained from the superior smile I had expected.

'You say she was not quite herself, when turned out, or her mistress says so. Very likely she might have been found by a policeman, and taken to the lock-up.'

'But that would only be for one night, would it not?'

'No; but still it would be a clue. I should advise you to ask at the station-house.'

I thanked him, and, weary and sick at heart, I found my way to the police-office. But it was almost a relief when all my inquiries were answered in the negative. No such person as Nancy had been seen or heard of, the Superintendent said, on referring to his books.

It was a relief, and yet it was terribly depressing too, to know that now I had no further resource left, no means of finding Nancy, except by searching for her through every street of Rokeport.

Suddenly a thought struck me. I could put an advertisement into the Rokeport weekly paper. It came out on a Saturday, and fortunately this was Friday. I inquired for the office of the paper, drew up and paid for an advertisement; and having done this I could take no further steps in my search, but had leisure to bethink me of returning home.

The last train to Ellsborough would soon be due, and I set off for the station. As I walked towards it, I thought of the very different feelings with which I had taken the same road in the morning. I had pictured to myself Nancy's joyful face, for I believed there could hardly be another mistress in the world as provoking as Mrs. Hands! And now, not only was my dream dispelled, but the reality was far worse than anything I could possibly have foreseen. I had nothing but sad surmises to occupy my thoughts as I reached the bustling station, and took my seat in a crowded second-class carriage bound for Ellsborough.

Of my three *protégées* only Ellen Brushwood was safe, or at any rate was the only one of whom I could think with satisfaction, I reflected sadly as that small maiden opened the door to me on my return home. She had begged me to take a pincushion to Nancy of her own making, and Hannah had brought me a parcel of sweets, saying, 'I daresay she'll like something to remind her of helping me to make toffee in the kitchen.' And besides the sweets and the pincushion, I had taken a story-book with me, as my own present to Nancy; and now on entering the hall I silently laid the three parcels down on the table, to Ellen's utter astonishment.

'Doesn't she like them?' was her first question; to which I answered sadly, 'I have never seen Nancy; she was gone.' Ellen's round face looked ready for a cry.

The sounds brought old Hannah out into the hall. 'Gone!' she repeated, 'where? to another place?'

It seemed just at the moment as though Hannah's words threw a glimmer of light upon the perplexing affair, or perhaps it was that I was too ready to catch at any suggestion.

'She *might* have got another place, certainly,' I said, with cheerfulness, that restored Ellen's hope and confidence directly.

But on talking it over with Hannah afterwards, there still seemed two difficulties to be got over. Why, if she had another place, did she not write? and why, too, had she not claimed her wages? It seemed still as great a puzzle as ever, turn it which way we might; and it was with heavy and sorrowful hearts that we lay down to rest that night.

'News is earnestly desired of Nancy Dillon, a young servant girl, aged fifteen, lately living in Rokeport. Address—*C. C.*, —— *Street, Ellsborough.*'

Such was the advertisement I inserted in the Rokeport newspaper, and I could not keep myself from hoping that it would produce some result.

But Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday came and went without bringing me news of Nancy. Still I waited and hoped, and eagerly scanned every missive that came by post.

At last, on Thursday morning, a hopeful-looking letter having the Rokeport postmark, and directed in the worst of writing to C. C., was put into my hands.

It was very short, and was as follows:—

'Nancy Dillon is not far from hour place very ill. Apply at 4, Storer's Court.'

Was the information true? There was only one way of ascertaining. I glanced at the time-table, found there was a train to Rokeport soon due, and hurrying on my things, set forth at once in quest of Nancy.

I need not describe my solitary journey, nor my long weary search for Storer's Court. The tortuous maze of streets and lanes in the lower part of Rokeport seemed designed for the express purpose of mystifying strangers. At last, after many inquiries, I found myself in the right court, which proved to be not a court at all, but an alley, dirty and ill paved.

How could Nancy have found her way to such a place? It seemed inexplicable. I knocked at the door of No. 4, and an old woman opened it a very little way, and peeped cautiously out. She had, I fancied, an avaricious look, and long skinny hands that suggested the idea of greed. I rallied my courage, and asked for Nancy Dillon.

'She ain't here,' answered the woman, nodding her head mysteriously; 'but I can show you where she is, if you'll give me, kind lady, for we are but poor folks, a——'

At this moment an interruption occurred. A policeman came up to the door and addressed me.

'I saw you going down here, ma'am,' he said, civilly, 'and I thought I'd follow you. You must be on your guard,' he continued, speaking in a lower tone, 'for this is the thieves' quarter.'

I was much startled, but could only think of Nancy.

'Can the girl I'm looking for be really anywhere here?' I asked, adding a few more particulars of her history, as I walked a few steps down the court.

'She may be,' he answered sagaciously, 'though it might be only a plant to get money. *I* saw your advertisement in the paper, and I said to my mate, "Depend upon it she's in some lodging-house." The woman may know which she is in, but don't offer her money, leave that to me.'

I turned back with him that he might question her.

'Now missis,' he begun, 'tell us the truth about this girl, and if we find it *is* the truth the lady will give you half-a-crown.'

'That isn't enough,' said the woman sullenly.

'Well then, five shillings,' I said hastily, for I was weary of the delay.

'Give it me,' she said, holding out her bony hand. She grasped the money tightly, and then said, 'I know all about it. Mrs. Chanter turned her away three weeks ago last Monday night, and a shame it was. No one knows but me where she is,' with a little extra mystery in her air; 'but I'll take you to her if you'll give me another shilling or two, only another shilling or two,' she concluded in a doleful whine.

'We'll see if your help is worth it first,' said the policeman sternly, as she came out into the alley prepared to lead the way.

It was a strange-looking figure, with shaking limbs, clad in flapping garments of which the original colour had long since died away, leaving a uniform muddy brown. We followed our guide through three or four streets, and at last stopped at a door over which 'Lodgings, Tibbs,' was painted.

'I thought so,' said the policeman, pleased with his own penetration.

We knocked at the door, but no one came, and there seemed no signs of life about the place. We turned to question our guide afresh. She had vanished! At last a woman put an untidy head out of a window in the next house.

'They're all out 'cept the sick gal, or perhaps the missus is asleep; but my key'ull open the door.'

She came down and unlocked the door from the outside. My heart beat as I followed her up some creaking stairs and into a room lighted by one small square window. It was growing dark, but I could distinguish several beds laid on the floor. On one of these, hollow-eyed, and with a pink flush on her face, lay Nancy.

I could not speak, but I took her hand, and she smiled a faint smile.

But the next moment she coughed violently, and I instinctively went round to the head of the bed and lifted her up. As I did so I noticed how sharp her shoulder-bones felt against my hand.

'Are you alone, quite alone?' I asked, as quietly as I could, glancing round the empty room, for the woman who let me in had gone down stairs again.

'In the daytime I am,' answered Nancy, 'but not at night. They come in about eleven, and oh! how I dread the night. I cough so, and that makes them cross, but they are kind to me generally.'

'Who are they,' I asked.

'They're Irishwomen, and go about with a barrow; but oh, ma'am!

I wanted to tell you I didn't drink the brandy—indeed I didn't,' she said in a piteous tone that went to my heart.

'No, dear Nancy,' I answered, 'I am sure of that. But I shall not ask you a single question until I get you away from here. And so saying I hurried down stairs, hoping to find my friend the policeman at the door. There he stood, and I felt cheered when I saw his broad blue back.

'Is it the right girl?' he asked, with real interest in his tone.

'Yes,' I answered; 'but I want to get her away from here as soon as possible. Will you order a fly to come at once to take us both to the station?'

He went very willingly, and I returned to Nancy. This time she was not alone. A heavy-looking woman with a flushed face was sitting by the bed, having come in, I supposed, from the inner room.

'Are you Mrs. Tibbs?' I asked.

'Yes, ma'am.' She spoke civilly, but with a thick utterance, and the whole room smelt of spirits. 'Couldn't move her to the workhus, so kep her here. I'm a poor creature myself, you see,' she said, wheezing very much, 'so I couldn't see to her as I should have liked. Ours is rather a poor place, and wants doing up a bit,' she added apologetically.

It was indeed a poor place, and needed doing up from the very foundation. The walls were nearly black, and the uneven floor looked encrusted with the dirt of ages. The woman sat staring about her with a vacant expression, and Nancy lay still, with her eyes closed. I felt oppressed and suffocated, and thought that, cold as it was, the room would be the better for a breath of fresh air. So I walked to the window and opened it. When I turned round Mrs. Tibbs was at my elbow.

'You couldn't give me sixpence, could you?' she said, dropping her voice to a whisper; 'I'm so poorly, and I want a drop of something warm. Do now?'

'How much does Nancy owe you?' I asked.

Nancy opened her eyes.

'She's pawned everything I've got, said the poor girl, beginning to cry in the weakness of illness.

'How much for?' I demanded of the woman.

'My memory is so bad I can't tell,' said she, dolorously.

'Give me the pawn-tickets, please,' I said sternly, for I feared she would collapse altogether.

She fumbled in her pocket and brought them out.

I took them and said, 'Nancy has been here three weeks and you have received one pound,'—and just at that moment I heard the wheels of the fly in the court below.

I went down and begged my friend the policeman to redeem Nancy's clothes, giving him the tickets and the money. In a few minutes he

returned with the bundle, and as there was now nothing to delay us I began to prepare Nancy for the journey.

I longed to give her some tea before starting, but no inquiries elicited that there was any in the house, Mrs. Tibbs being able only to harp upon what was probably her favourite theme, 'a drop of something warm.' I saw how Nancy shuddered, and resolved to risk the short drive to the station and give her some tea there; so after dressing her in her own clothes I wrapped my warm shawl round her, and carried her, with the policeman's help, to the fly.

A man waylaid us at the door.

'Don't give *her* any money,' he said, nodding in the direction of the stairs. 'She'd go and drink it up, every penny of it.'

'Nancy owes you nothing, for I have redeemed her clothes,' I said, resisting the temptation to bribe him to let us go away in peace.

However he only muttered something about 'hard lines,' and allowed me to get into the fly; and as it began to move from the door I breathed a sigh of relief.

(To be continued.)

KÖRNER AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VII.

WITH THE VOLUNTEERS.

'Das Volk steht auf, der Sturm bricht los.'*

On his arrival at Breslau, Körner found himself in the midst of military stir and excitement; the enrolment of volunteers and the drilling of recruits in constant progress, with all the thousand preparations needed for the commencement of a great campaign.

He lost no time in deciding as to which branch of the service he should join. Major von Lützow was rapidly organising his free corps, the Black Jägers, who became so well known during the course of the war; friends of Theodor Körner had already joined its ranks, and he entered his name upon the roll on the 19th of March, a few days after his arrival in Breslau. This corps might be said to embody the very spirit of the movement; many of its leaders had served with the unfortunate Schill, and they were closely connected with the most enterprising men throughout the country, those who had long determined, as Napoleon advanced further into Russia, to effect a rising behind him. Distinguished men of all classes were united in its ranks; officers of renown, men of science and letters, artists and officials, together with the flower of the German youth. It was in this corps that a young girl, named Eleonora Prochaska, the daughter of a retired Prussian officer, served for six months. Fired with the general enthusiasm, and eager to emulate the deeds wrought by women in Spain and in the Tyrol, she joined the volunteers, and preserved the secret of her sex undiscovered until, being mortally wounded in the battle of the Göhrde, the cry, 'Help me, I am a girl,' broke from her lips.

Körner was warmly welcomed by the members of the corps; on the 23rd he wrote to his father, 'I am delighted with my new sphere of life, and hope to see you soon.' (The volunteers had been ordered to Saxony.) 'I am not idle, and our major seems inclined to make good use of me. . . . The corps already sing several of my songs, and I cannot tell you how pleasant is the association in which I live, as men of the most cultivated minds are near me in rank and place; we could execute an extensive movement with authors alone, there are so many among the Black Jägers. The day after to-morrow we march; to-morrow we are to be consecrated in church.'

* 'The people rise, the storm breaks forth.'—Th. Körner.

The solemn consecration of the volunteers took place in a village church not far from Zobten in Silesia. Theodor thus describes the ceremony:—'After singing the hymn, the minister of the place delivered a powerful, soul-stirring address; no eye was dry; at the conclusion he administered the oath, "to spare neither life nor fortune in the cause of humanity, of fatherland, and of religion, but to go cheerfully to victory or to death"; we swore; he then fell on his knees and besought the blessing of God on His combatants. By heaven, it was a moment when the spirit of devotion unto death burned in every breast, and every heart beat heroically. The oath solemly pronounced, and repeated together by all, and sworn upon the swords of the officers, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott" * (Luther's Hymn) concluded this impressive service, after which a thundering hurrah burst from the champions of German liberty, when every sword leaped from its scabbard, and the gleam of steel flashed in the house of God. The hour had the more solemnity as most of us came away with the impression that we had met for the last time.'

The hymn, which is to be found in the section of Körner's poems entitled 'Lyre and Sword,' was written by him for the occasion, and adapted to a well-known German chorale. The following translation may give some idea of its spirit:—

'We enter now these sacred walls,
Toward Thine altar turning;
To strife and battle duty calls,
And every heart is burning;
The courage that to victory fires
The Lord of Hosts Himself inspires:
To Him alone be glory.

'Our trust shall be in God the Lord,
Though fierce the fight be raging;
For truth and right we draw the sword,
A sacred warfare waging.
And if we save our Fatherland,
'Tis God who works by our right hand:
To Him alone be glory.

'The tyrant bids his hosts arise,
In pride and power o'erflowing,
But freedom's fire their might defies,
In every bosom glowing.
Then plunge in battle's stormy sea,
God is with us, with Him are we:
To Him alone be glory.

''Tis He who for our cause imparts
The victor's hope unshaken;
His voice hath sounded in our hearts,
"Up! Germans, up! awaken."
Then let Him lead through death the way
To dawn of freedom's happier day:
To Him alone be glory.'

* 'A sure stronghold is God the Lord.'

Friedrich Förster was eagerly awaiting tidings from Breslau to determine his own course of action, and immediately on his joining the corps, Theodor wrote to him: 'Before all things, let me impress upon you, not to engage in any other corps. I have already entered your name upon the roll of the Lützow'sche Jäger. Nowhere on earth could you find so fine a set of fellows as in our black battalion. The corps already amounts to 1,000 men; it is a true camp of Wallenstein, but in a higher sense. Brought together from all regions, we have no lack of merry fellows amongst us, but whatever is coarse or vulgar is of necessity banished by the hallowed nature of our calling, and even our most careless moments are chastened by the thought of the cause to which we are devoted. That every second man amongst us must die, we are well aware, and you have here my avowal of this conviction. Of all my friends I think you and Falkenstein and I feel and think and write mostly in the same spirit; let us then form a brotherhood of song; one of us, we will presume, will survive, let it be his to preserve what the others have sung, and let him sing joyfully in the future. I have sent the appeal of our king to my lady friends in Vienna, and I leave you to distribute some of the copies in Saxony. Must not all the German princes blush for shame who read such a gospel and believe not in it? In such language has no king ever addressed his subjects since the German tongue was spoken. We must thank God that He has allowed us to live in so great, so splendid a time; all men hasten so freely, so proudly to the great struggle for the Fatherland, the whole nation has but one wish, and the hackneyed phrase, "Death or victory," acquires a new and sacred significance.

'King and people, state and nation, are here connected in the closest union; what was called court and courtly state no longer exists. If the nation offers its all to prove its fidelity and devotion, the monarch also offers *his* all in accepting these. A new proof of these altered relations is afforded by the founding of the order of the Iron Cross, an order which is instituted solely for distinction in this war, since all others are annulled. The former difference, by which the brave grenadier was presented with a medal of lead, while the courtier received a star of gold, has ceased; with this cross you are not asked how many forefathers you have had, but whether you have shown yourself a brave man. This is a principle upon which a new modelling of the entire social system may proceed. . . . . But for ourselves, let our attention be directed to the foes, the rest will follow.'

A few days later, after the consecration service, he wrote again to the same friend:—'If it has been denied me to kneel with any bride at the altar, a bride of steel has been entrusted to me, to whom I have sworn eternal fidelity. Since the time of the Crusades, no impulse like this has seized upon all hearts. Great historical recollections throng upon my soul, and again I place reliance upon my countrymen. Is it

not they who have ever been the saviours of freedom? The Roman empire of the world found its end among the woods of our fatherland, the supremacy of the Pope was conquered by the words of Luther, and the empire of Napoleon shall fall before our eagles.'

But with all the eager, joyful hopes that filled Körner's mind, and the keen interest of his duties, tender thoughts of all he had left at Vienna would often crowd upon him.

'Sometimes,' he wrote to his dear friend, Madame Pereira, 'the merriment is too much for me, and then I go into the wood and think of my dearly beloved Vienna, of the many loving faces which used to shine upon me, and which now surround me in the shadowy forms of remembrance. Did I say shadowy forms? No, with a sense of living, clear recognition, those happy hours return to me, bringing peace and joy to my heart.'

The volunteers were now on the march to Saxony. Körner had made good use of the short time spent at Breslau, the intensity of zeal with which he had devoted himself to his military duties enabling him to become rapidly proficient; he had joined the infantry, feeling qualified for its arduous duties by the active pursuits of his early life. Among his comrades he was an universal favourite, his bright, unselfish disposition making him ever ready to help any one who needed assistance, at whatever cost to himself; and he was a welcome friend both in joy and sorrow. The volunteers chose their own officers, and shortly after his entrance he was elected to the post of *Oberjäger*, a rank resembling that of sergeant-major. His leisure moments were chiefly occupied in composing those burning words of patriotic song which found an echo in the hearts of hundreds of thousands. Many of these songs were written to suit old and well-known tunes, which the soldiers could readily catch; others were set to music by Weber and other composers; he also busied himself in finding appropriate tunes for the words of other writers. Less well known to English readers than those celebrated contemporary songs of Arndt's, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' and 'Was blasen die Trompeten?' Körner's songs well deserve study; and at the time when they were written they inspired the hearts of the soldiers with unparalleled enthusiasm, amid the toils and triumphs of those memorable days.

The reader cannot fail to be struck with the lofty spirit of these songs. Belief in the everlasting justice of God, Who would in His own good time overthrow the tyrant and uplift the oppressed, the faith that can wait through disappointment and apparent denial for the answer to a nation's prayer, and the spirit of devotion which counts it a high honour to lay down this mortal life in the cause of liberty, animate the whole. They afford a striking contrast to the spirit of their opponents, as exemplified by that well-known speech of Bernadotte, after the storming of Lübeck—'How can you contend for the existence of a God? If there were a God, should I be here in Lübeck?' We cannot

wonder that with such words as those of Körner upon their lips, the young volunteers should feel inspired with a higher courage and a loftier hope.

The volunteers were ordered to Dresden, where they expected to find the French. 'We have just received the news,' wrote Körner on the 28th, 'that we are within eight days of the enemy. Davoust has strengthened himself in Dresden, and it seems as though he meant to hold the city. I count it no small favour of fortune that I am to be allowed either to help in the deliverance of my native town, or to die before her walls.'

The French, however, did not hold the city; as the main body of the Allies approached, they took their departure; Davoust withdrew to the north to regain possession of Hamburg, which had thrown off the yoke, and General Blücher occupied Dresden, where on the 8th of April Alexander and Frederick William took up their headquarters amid an enthusiastic reception from the populace, who were delighted to be rid of the French, and whose minds were relieved by the proclamation issued by Blücher on his arrival. Friedrich Förster was in Dresden awaiting the advent of the Lützow Corps. On the 1st of April he wrote to Körner:—'I have just come from General Blücher, and I would advise every one who wants to do what is effective here to apply to this old hacksword. You will laugh at my important business with the Prussian generalissimo, but I must tell you. I had written some songs in the same Burschikose tone as that I sent you, but though Davoust was off and gone, and the Cossacks in possession of the town, the censorship refused me permission to print them. Just then Blücher's proclamation appeared, in which he expressly announces return to the freedom of the press, so I took the liberty of sending him my manuscript, asking *his* permission to print, and alluding to the proclamation. Next morning I received the reply. "I not only authorise but *order* these songs to be printed; they cannot fail to promote the desired object." An orderly brought me the letter, and judge of my surprise when I recognised our old friend B., whom you will remember as a grave *Candidatus Theologiæ* at Berlin; he induced me to accompany him to Blücher's headquarters to return my thanks. I found the old soldier at breakfast, occupied meanwhile with receiving reports of all kinds. When I was presented and expressed my thanks, he clapped me heartily on the shoulder and said, "We must all join chorus now, one with a sword, another with a song." "Your Excellency," I replied, "will allow me to state that I have a sword as well as a song, and wait but the arrival of the Lützow Corps to use both." "Better and better," he said; "we can ring glasses as comrades in the cause;" and we emptied a glass together. . . . . The appeal of the King has made a powerful impression here, and will find a response in every heart. I saw at your father's a few lines in the handwriting of Jean Paul. "In this

important time," he says, "Prussia relieves one's feelings, and atones somewhat for the year 1806." Now to our speedy meeting! Thine,

'FRIEDRICH FÖRSTER,

'From this day a Prussian volunteer.

'P.S.—One thing more; as Blücher was asking me how many of our young men would be likely to join the cause, I thought at once of the brave fellows who were sent to prison for the affair of the bridge. "Oh," he said, "if they have done nothing more, they shall be free at once;" and forthwith gave the order for their release.'

The meeting between the friends soon took place. Körner arrived in Dresden a week earlier than the remainder of the corps, having been chosen to accompany Major von Petersdorf, who commanded the infantry, on a mission to the people of Saxony, with the object of proposing to the latter that they should join the common cause; the address which they issued was the work of Körner's pen. He reached Dresden on the 6th of April, early in the morning, was occupied with his duties until eight o'clock, then hastened to his father's house, where, he says, 'I saw much joy and many tears.' A few short days of happy reunion with his family and his many friends were all that could be permitted, but these few were an unspeakable comfort. His sister—who shared the talent for drawing of her aunt Dorothea—began to take his portrait in oils, which was afterwards engraved and published with his poems. The meeting with Förster was truly joyful.

'What a delight it was to me,' said the latter, writing to his sister, 'to see Theodor again. As soon as I knew that he had joined the Black Jägers, I did not hesitate a moment in my choice, he alone was more to me than a whole headquarters. Although the poet of the Court Theatre has laid aside some of the roughness of the Leipzig "Bursch," yet his inexhaustible humour remains.

'The parting from his parents and sisters was distressing, still more so, doubtless, that with his beloved bride. Truly, one must not place one's own pain in the scale beside such sacrifices. . . . . The day before I left Dresden, I spent an hour at the Körners.' Emma was engaged upon his portrait: suddenly she let the brush fall with a cry, and burst into a passion of weeping. Theodor sprang to her, entreating to know the cause; she took her handkerchief and pressed it to his forehead. "It is here," she said, "thou art wounded and bleeding, I saw it but too plainly;" then recovering herself, she said, "I was painting, lost in thought, and the scene before me disappeared, and I could only see thee wounded and bleeding; I dreamed with my eyes open." Theodor exerted himself to dispel her mournful thoughts, asked her to order coffee, and kept up a lively talk full of cheerful prophecies, until she recovered her spirits.'

A friend of Christian Körner's, who held an important post in the army under General Winzingerode, was anxious to have Theodor with

himself, but he remained firm in his preference for the Lützow Corps, and rejoined the volunteers at Leipzig, whither they had advanced; here, on the 24th of April, he was unanimously elected lieutenant by his comrades.

Förster gives a lively account of the first few days of his own military life in some letters written to his sister; Theodor being closely occupied with his duties, his letters home are short and scanty, and contain few particulars; sometimes an enclosure for Antonia and a few hurried lines are all that he can accomplish.

'I must tell you something of our first day's march,' says Förster. 'I was allotted to a company which was commanded by a venerable professor of Berlin, not as captain, but as quartermaster (we shall choose our officers for ourselves when we see who is firmest under fire). We proceeded, fifty men strong, as the advanced guard; early in the morning, as soon as we were clear of the town, a circle was formed, the aged quartermaster offered prayer, and we sang the hymn, "Despair not, O thou handful small," a touching and beautiful song, well suited to us, for it was composed by Gustavus Adolphus, and sung by his brave Swedes before the battle of Lützen. On the march we are always singing, and you may well suppose that Theodor supplies us with songs, and among others some of mine have become favourites. Our quarters for the first night were at Meissen, and you can understand that it distressed me not a little to have to knock, billet in hand, at the door of a poor shoemaker for my night's lodging. The whole family, father, mother, four children, and two apprentices, were sitting over a smoking dish of potatoes and onions; the smell was really inviting, but it appeared a guest had not been expected. "O heavens," said the wife, "what a shame it is of the Herr Bürgermeister to quarter a Herr Offizier upon poor folks like us; we have not a bit of meat in the house!" "Never mind," said I, "I am only a common man; anything will do for me."

'The children took my musket and knapsack, and when I produced a fine sausage, which Körner's aunt had packed for me, their countenances brightened. I then sent out for a measure of wine and a few rolls, so that I in fact became the host, which was more to my taste. In the evening a good shakedown of straw was provided for me, for from this day we have resolved not to sleep in feather-beds; we must accustom ourselves betimes to dispense with luxuries. At early morning we were awakened by the bugle, and soon stood in rank and file; some made wry faces, and W. said, quite seriously, "It is all very well, *With God for King and Fatherland*, but without coffee we shall never get on." Of course he was well laughed at by those who had drunk their warm cups at breakfast. I, however, am extremely thankful that my dear father, in anticipation of such a time, accustomed me never to taste coffee or any warm drink; I flatter myself also that I shall get on better for being no smoker.

'We had just sung our morning hymn before the inn where our headquarters were posted when I saw getting into a vehicle a person whose features I thought were not unknown to me, and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I recognised Goethe. With military step I advanced to the carriage, and said, "I have the honour to inform your Excellency that a detachment of the Russian Black Jägers on their march to Leipzig desire to salute you."

'Our commander gave the word "Present arms!"

'"The poet of all poets for ever!" shouted I, and the whole company responded with hurrahs and the sound of the horn. He was dressed in the guise of a Prussian officer, and acknowledged our salute in military style. I advanced again, and said, "Your Excellency, the *incognito* was of no avail; our Black Jägers have sharp eyes, and to meet with Goethe on our first day's march was too favourable an omen to pass unobserved. We beg a blessing on our arms."

'"Willingly," he replied.

'I tendered my rifle and sabre; he placed his hand on them, and said, "Go and prosper, with the blessing of Heaven, and may all good fortune attend your youthful German courage!"

'Again a loud hurrah sounded; he bowed once more, and the carriage bore him swiftly out of sight.

'During our subsequent march I had a pretty sharp contest with some of my comrades on the subject of Goethe. It seems they had not given their *Vivats* from the heart; they considered him no poet for the people, no poet for freedom and fatherland. I could only reply that I knew no higher spirit of freedom than is breathed in *Egmont*, no sentiments more applicable to the present time than those to be found in *Hermann und Dorothea*. So you see, my dear sister, with our rifles on our shoulders, we still follow our old trade of discussion; and, oh! I wish you could have seen us when, finding that discord was likely to ensue, and that my friends would hear of no poet but Schiller, I struck up with "Frisch auf, Kameraden!" from *Wallenstein*, and a threefold hurrah paid homage to his name.

'This is a splendid life. I cannot imagine how any one can remain at the writing-desk and by the fireside. What I formerly regarded as mere imagination or belonging to a time long gone by has become true and present. I feel myself transported in idea to the Crusades. . . . . And what a change has this rising for freedom and fatherland wrought in all! You would hardly recognise those old "*Renommisten*" (swaggerers) of Jena and Halle, who formerly took their only pride in having drunk so many cans of beer, fought so many duels, and so many times broken the rector's windows. They now stand in rank and file, and obey the word of command; our whole being has received a consecration of which we had no conception before.'

On reaching Leipzig, the volunteers halted for a few days while preparations were being completed. Theodor was quartered with his

friend Kunz, who had married the playmate of his childhood, Christian Körner's ward, and he found much pleasure in re-visiting the scene of his university life.

On the 26th of April they resumed the march. The enemy were advancing, and the army of the Allies pushed forward to meet them.

During those months of excitement Napoleon had not been idle; With incredible exertion he had succeeded once more in raising an immense army, and, having joined the remnant which was waiting for him on the Elbe, was advancing to crush resistance on the plains of Saxony.

It was a striking proof of the indomitable energy of that remarkable man that a few months after suffering the most crushing of reverses he was again able to take the field with an imposing host. But the strength of his country was drained, and France was wearying of war. With a shudder the news had been received in her peaceful villages. 'We are to have another conscription, and this time not even only sons will be exempt;' and the terrible effects of twenty years of warfare were made manifest by the scarcity of young men of the right age and qualifications, which was so great that Napoleon was obliged to appoint an earlier age at which they might be drawn. The young conscripts, taken from their homes often before their physical powers were fully developed, and hurried forward with insufficient training, were unfit for the great exertions required of them. Many of them succumbed to sickness and fatigue before they came in sight of their foes; but so strong was the power which Napoleon possessed of inspiring his soldiers with confidence and devotion to himself that the young conscripts, when his presence was among them, were ready cheerfully to throw away their lives, for what cause they neither comprehended nor cared, save that it was the will of the great Emperor, whose glory was the glory of France.

It is a mournful picture, that youthful host with their eager, untried hearts, inspired with an enthusiasm which we needs must pity, and cheered with delusive hopes of glory and renown; driven to death at the will of an insatiable ambition, that one man may satisfy his thirst for power, that he may strive with convulsive clutch to keep his hold upon the supremacy of Europe, which a just judgment is wrenching from his grasp.

It is so seldom that in any war we can say, the right is wholly on this side, the wrong on that, that it is a satisfaction to contemplate the host that comes to meet them, with hearts as young and untried, but burning with a hope for which they can give a reason. These men were in the right; for surely if war can ever be justified in those who are called by the name of Christ, it is when a nation takes the field, not in the thirst for conquest, nor in the spirit of aggression, but in the sacred name of duty, for something which is more precious than all riches, dearer than life itself—the freedom of her soil, the independence of her sons.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'ATELIER DU LYS,' 'FAIR ELSE,' ETC.

VI.—ALFRED DE VIGNY.

We have already named the Count de Vigny as a friend of the Breton poet Briseux and one of the leaders among the romantic school, though belonging by birth and inclination to the religious and monarchical party. He is often designated 'the author of *Eloa*,' but we should be doing him no injustice if we suspected that *Eloa* is one of the family of works which are a great deal more talked of than read, and that its name is much more familiar than its contents to the world in general. In fact De Vigny is far less known by his cold and elegant verses than by his dramas, and his historical novel of *Cinq Mars*, which was written under the direct influence of Scott, was founded on one of the most dramatic incidents in French history. Prose fiction began to flourish with the beginning of this century, springing up in a noteworthy manner in Germany, England, and France at almost the same moment. In the last-named country a very remarkable cluster of novelists appeared nearly at the same time; Victor Hugo, Dumas, Balzac, George Sand, and Sandeau created a new literature. First came novels of incident, then of character; the spread of newspapers, which published weekly instalments of fiction, at once gave scope to this development and stimulated it, leading also to a school of delicate and accurate criticism unrivalled elsewhere, of which Ste. Beuve was chief. The era of those lengthy romances which had been the event of each week ended with the revolution of 1848; by that time death had removed most of the writers who had spell-bound the public and made it eagerly read romances almost as long as *Le Grand Cyrus* of Mlle. de Scudery. A new set of writers arose, and it was manifest that French fiction had taken a downward road.

The historical novel had never found congenial soil in France, and, in spite of the fame which lingers like a halo round *Cinq Mars*, it is hardly a success. It has the fault—a very serious one for a work of fiction—of being too like actual history; it does not allow for the peculiar perspective in which the figures of a novel must be drawn, and it is too sombre. When Scott uses a historical subject it is as background, on which are drawn actors who mostly are his own creation, and the tragic and comic appear close together, as in real life. De Vigny tries to work with historic characters, and finds Cardinal Richelieu too vast for his canvas; we have but a shadow instead of the mighty statesman. The same faults appear in his play

of the *Maréchale d'Ancre*. *Cinq Mars* was followed by a fine translation of *Othello*, known until then to the French only by Ducie's version. It was acted at the Théâtre Français, and all went well until the moment when Othello demands the handkerchief, which word, translated by *mouchoir*, sounded ridiculously homely to the 'ears polite' of the audience; the voices of the actors were drowned by hisses, laughter, and uproarious disapproval. It was a foretaste of the tumults caused by *Hernani*. Many a battle had yet to be fought before a French audience would allow the *mot propre;* and it must be confessed that, as far as Shakespeare was concerned, the romantic school did their best to disgust the classicists, by failing to distinguish that in his works which belonged only to the taste of his time, holding him up as an innovator, a revolutionist like themselves, and totally misapprehending the leader whom they professed to follow.

De Vigny's great success was his drama of *Chatterton*, founded of course on an idealised version of that unfortunate poet's history. A work which hits the defects of popular taste, as did this play, is secure of a brief celebrity. The protest of a few thoughtful critics were lost in the applause and tears which it excited when acted. There is no plot. The young Chatterton is lodging in the house of one Bell, a matter-of-fact, severe man, who has a young wife and two children. Chatterton is far from prosperous; his hopes of better times rest on the patronage of that eminent official whose powers and dignity have always been unlimited in French eyes, the Lord Mayor of London. He comes, and offers the poet the post of—his valet. Then follows the suicide by which the wretched Chatterton ended his brief life, and Kitty Bell dies of grief. Acted by the fervid and passionate Marie Dorval, this last scene might well carry away the audience by its pathos. Even yet it is remembered as a masterpiece of acting how, having climbed the staircase to Chatterton's room and seen or divined what had happened, she dropped as if she herself had received a death-blow on the stairs; then, hearing herself impatiently summoned from below by her husband, rose automatically and slowly obeyed the call, dreamily opening her little Bible. The same explanation might be given of the popularity of this play as Diderot offered of that of another. 'What! you call this well written!' exclaimed a friend, astonished at seeing the fastidious critic loudly applauding what he considered a very second-rate tragedy. 'No, certainly not,' said Diderot, 'but it is well spoken.'

De Vigny has made Chatterton one of the many heroes belonging to the same school as Goethe's Werther, Byron's Childe Harold, and Chateaubriand's René—sickly, discontented, knowing nothing of that steadfast and lofty patience which characterises true genius; exasperated because the public does not instantly acknowledge his powers; taking refuge in suicide when his vanity is offended; a weak, egotistical being, whom a good woman like Kitty Bell would pity and soothe

and very probably spoil, but with whom she certainly would not fall in love. We are tempted to say to Chatterton as the missionary Souël did to René, 'Nothing in your history deserves the pity which people show you. I only see a young man in love with chimeras, whom nothing satisfies, and who has shirked the duties of society to abandon himself to idle dreams. One is not a superior being because one sees the world in an odious light!'

The great heathen critic tells us that the function of tragedy is to purify the soul. This was scarcely the result of *Chatterton*, or of the fragment *Stello*, where a sketch of it appears as one of three gloomy episodes, for it brought suicide into fashion. Numbers of would-be geniuses destroyed themselves after seeing *Chatterton* acted, probably because they saw no other way of making themselves celebrated; many others did the same, because in the fevered and exhausted state of men's minds, after the terrible suspense and dread of the Revolution and the excitement of Napoleon's career, life seemed to them unsupportably flat and empty. To an English reader, who sees only the scenes of *Chatterton* on paper, a smile comes more readily than a tear, so unconsciously comical is the fancy portrait of the Quaker, who addresses Kitty Bell thus: 'Il n'y a pas, ô Kitty Bell, il n'y a pas si belle pensée à laquelle ne soit supérieur un des élans de ton cœur chaleureux, un des soupirs de ton âme simple et modeste!' He watches with a very tolerant severity over her evident though veiled love for Chatterton; but this, which Mme. Dorval made so touching, is in fact the blot of the play. She scarcely owns her feelings even to herself, but it is on this unlawful love that all the interest is centred. Kitty calls for our sympathy, not because she struggles with herself and conquers, or because she fails, and suffers so keenly in failing that we take warning from recognising the outcome of yielding to passion and shaking off the yoke of law and duty, but because she loves where duty forbids. She is a married woman, with two young children whom she loves, and has an honourable if not tender husband, who, if he dislikes Chatterton's presence in his house certainly has some cause for doing so. What excuse has she for letting her heart stray to a peevish boy, younger than herself? The interest is thrown on the wrong side. The husband is represented as rough and brutal, in order to heighten the sympathy for his wife; the children are introduced merely as an outlet for her feelings towards Chatterton. This play is free from the coarse and flagrant immorality of many which have followed it, but it is not the less false to true art.

SHORT PAPERS ON THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

No. IV.

I do not propose, in this paper, to go exhaustively into the question of the construction and preparation of wills, for such a task would demand a volume, but mainly to confine my remarks to the necessary routine of wills and intestacies which has to be gone through after the death of the testator or intestate, as the case may be. But before entering on this subject permit me, my readers, to warn you as to the extreme imprudence of either attempting to make your own wills or of trusting to the forms of wills sold, as I believe, with the best intentions by many booksellers and stationers, but which, being drawn up purely to meet prescribed cases, cannot as a rule be safely used unless the case of the would-be testator exactly meets the form of the printed will; and how often does that occur? A simple will is a very inexpensive matter, and surely it is more worth while to incur a slight expense by having it properly drawn and executed than to entail great trouble and annoyance on those one wishes to benefit, by ambiguity in language or ignorance of the law.

'A testament,' says the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, 'is not of force until the death of the testator.' Such was the teaching of the Roman, such *is* the teaching of the English law. A will only operates from the time the testator dies; then it is irrevocable, but before can be easily revoked, destroyed, altered, or added to, which alterations or additions, if not very important, are best effected by a short supplementary will, called by lawyers a codicil.

As to the signing and attestation of a will, it may be as well to offer a few hints, for, in spite of the directions in the Prayer-book* as to the propriety, or rather duty, of having one's worldly affairs continually in order, too many men leave the task of signing or even making a will to the last moment, when legal advice or supervision cannot be obtained, and the duty of assisting the invalid falls of necessity on those about his bed, and lamentable consequences too often then ensue from their not complying with the strict letter of the law. The following directions may therefore be of service:—

The will should be signed at the end by the testator in the presence of two witnesses; he should then (though it is not obligatory) say in their presence, 'I acknowledge this to be my last will and testament,' and they (the witnesses) should both write their *names, addresses,* and *occupations* at the foot of the will, taking care that each attests in the presence of the other and in the presence of the testator. These

* See the Office for the Visitation of the Sick.

witnesses should be persons in no way interested under the will, since a person to whom any bequest is made cannot act as a witness without losing his or her bequest. An executor may so act provided he takes no legacy; but, in most cases, indifferent parties, such as the doctor and the clergyman, can always be relied on to act.

It is also of great importance to add at the foot of the will, before the witnesses sign, an attestation clause, of which I supply a form:—'*Signed by the testator A.B., and acknowledged by him to be his last will and testament in the presence of us present at the same time, and subscribed by us in the presence of the said testator and of each other.*'

In the event of there being words erased or altered in the will, the testator and the attesting witnesses should write their initials against each line containing any alteration, as the law rightly views with the utmost jealousy any alteration in a will.

Such are the requisite rules for the execution and attestation of a will in cases where no legal person is present; but if, as is too often the case, the testator is dying, it is better to get the signature and attestations rightly put, and risk the initialing of the alterations, since death or insensibility may supervene before they are completed.

The will should be put into an envelope and carefully sealed up, and the testator's name and the date of the will written on the envelope for the sake of caution; it should be then carefully put away, and not opened except in the presence of one of the executors; but in the event of a person dying suddenly, and there being a doubt whether he has made a will or not, there can be no harm in his widow or near relation making a search for it, and even opening it to find the names or name of his executors or executor, but such a search should, if possible, be made in the presence of another person to avoid suspicion.

There is a prevailing and, on the whole, well-founded notion among ladies that everything should be kept as it is after the death of a person until his will has been opened; but, unless there is danger of mischief arising from not doing so, there is no need to seal up all his things. Nor is there any necessity that the will should be read out loud on the day of the funeral, though old-fashioned people often keep up this somewhat objectionable custom; for though in old days, when means of locomotion were scant and postage expensive, the practice may have been expedient, now it always seems to jar somewhat rudely on the solemnity of the day.

We now come to the proving of the will. A will is proved in the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice, either in the Principal (in London) Registry or in one of the District or Country Registries; but it is as a rule best to prove in the Principal Registry, as it saves trouble. A will must be proved either in solemn or common form, but I need not go into the subject of proving in solemn form, as it is not of very ordinary occurrence, nor perplex my readers with any remarks on citations, warnings, or caveats.

To prove in common form is a tolerably simple matter, and can be done by the executors, without the intervention of a solicitor, through the instrumentality of the department for personal applications in the Probate Office; but it is generally best to employ a solicitor, since, though his costs are saved, the probate fees in the department above named are heavier than in the ordinary department, and the slight saving in expense scarcely compensates for the extra trouble involved.

A will is proved by the oath of the executors (if they object to swearing, as some well-meaning people do, they may affirm), and regular printed forms of such oaths are sold by most law-stationers and have to be filled in by the solicitor. The substance of such an oath is briefly this—the executors swear that they believe the will to be the true will of the testator; that they are the executors therein named; that they will faithfully administer his estate; pay his just debts and legacies, and exhibit a true account of his estate; that the testator died on such a day, at such a place, and that the whole of his personal estate does not exceed such and such a sum.

A similar paper is filled up and sworn to for the use of the Inland Revenue department, and the executors have to write their names on the margin of the will. Each oath should be sworn in the presence of a Commissioner to administer oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature (N.B. There are two or three such Commissioners at least in almost every town in England), and then all the papers, including the original will, are returned to the solicitor, who deposits them, with a copy of the will written on parchment, in the Probate Office, with an official called the receiver of ingrossed wills for probate. A probate-stamp according to the value of the estate is also deposited, and then the will is left in the hands of the court.

As I am not an official of the Court of Probate, I can only inform my readers as to what I know myself; but, to the best of my knowledge, the engrossment of the will is first left with the examiner of wills for examination with the original will, and then sent up to the clerks of the seat, one of whom examines and peruses the will and affidavits to see that they are in due form—*i.e.*, that no mistake has been made in their due execution and attestation, or in the description of the legatees, &c. &c. The papers are then sent on to the registrar of the day, who signs the proper form and remits the engrossment of the will to the sealer to have the government seal affixed, from whom the solicitor obtains it on delivering an official receipt for the same.

Intestacy is a somewhat complicated matter. No person either socially or morally has any right to die intestate, and the law so far visits his offence on the intestate as to make the Government charge for administration duty about half as much again as the charge for probate duty, and further insists on the administrator finding two sureties to be bound, each by a penalty of double the intestate's estate, to administer the same properly. This bond has further to be stamped

and deposited, with the oath and affidavit of the administrators, in the Probate Registry—hence, let no one imagine that it is not worth while to make a will. To die intestate means to put one's next of kin to great expense and trouble—indeed to far greater expense and trouble than when one has made a will, however imperfect.

Some hints as to the law of intestacy may here be given.

The division of an intestate's personal estate is regulated by two statutes passed in the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second, which are known as the Statutes of Distribution.

Under these Statutes, if the intestate leave a widow and children, or a child, the widow takes a third part of his estate, and, if there be no children, she takes a moiety or half-part. The children take two-thirds where a widow is left, and the whole, where there is no widow left surviving, and the children of any child who may have died during the intestate's lifetime, take their parents' share. If the intestate leave no children or widow, his father, if living, takes the whole of his estate, and, if the father be dead, the mother, brothers, and sisters take in equal shares. In the event of there being no father, mother, brothers, sisters, or children of brothers and sisters, the estate goes to the next of kin of the intestate, according to the civil law, with the provisions of which I need not trouble my readers.

The papers having been properly prepared and signed, they are left (the oath, affidavit and bond) with the proper clerk of the seat, and the grant of administration is in due course delivered by the sealer to the solicitor applying for the same.

Real property passes to the devisee (that is the person to whom the same is devised) under a will, and to the heir-at-law under an intestacy; but as the rules of law as to the descent of land are somewhat complicated, I will not trouble my readers with them.

The will having been proved, or the letters of administration granted, the next thing to be done is to pay the debts of the testator or intestate and to get in his estate.

No doubt many of my readers have noticed in the columns of the *Times* and other newspapers advertisements for creditors to come in and prove their debts, signed by the solicitor to the executors or administrators as the case may be. These advertisements, though somewhat varying in language, are issued under a special Act of Parliament for the relief of trustees and executors, and are, if properly issued, a good defence against unknown claims set up against an estate; indeed, as a rule, they should always be inserted in the papers except perhaps when the estate is not distributed, but goes to only one party.

Careful valuations are necessary for the purpose of assessing the value of an estate for probate duty, and these can generally be effected by local tradesmen, as far as furniture or wearing apparel are concerned; but as regards railway stock or shares, or like property, it is

best to get the assistance of the brokers of the deceased, since prices are continually fluctuating, and stocks are not always quoted in the daily papers.

The debts of the deceased having been duly paid, and the estate got in, we now come to the question of legacy and succession duty, but before entering on this subject, I will say a few words as to a possible return or increase of probate duty. It cannot be too often asserted that personal estate, which alone is subject to probate or administration duty, must be valued as it is *exclusive of debts* due from the deceased. This seems, I know, somewhat hard, but so the law stands. Still, if the property is sworn under a certain amount, *e.g.* under 5000*l.*, and the stamp duty amounts to 80*l.* in case the debts amount to a sum bringing the clear property under 4000*l.*, for which the duty is only 60*l.*, the balance of 20*l.* will be returned by the Inland Revenue on a proper affidavit being made by the executor, together with a schedule of debts affixed to the same, showing by the amount of the estate and the total of the debts that too much duty has been paid, and the same rule applies equally where too little duty has been paid by reason of property belonging to the deceased not having been included in the valuation for probate.

We now come to the important question of legacy and succession duty. Taxes are always a nuisance, but perhaps no fairer tax can be found than the duties imposed on people coming, often unexpectedly, into property. A broad rule which may be laid down is that personal property is liable to legacy, real property to succession duty. (I say advisedly a broad rule, for, in certain cases, *e.g.* under a settlement, personal property bears succession duty, and, when real estate is directed to be sold by a will, the leading case of Akroyd *v.* Smithson applies, and it is treated as money, and liable to legacy duty.)

The amount of the duty imposed by the Government depends entirely on the relationship of the legatee or successor to the deceased. Neither husbands nor widows are liable to duty. Children or direct lineal descendants, such as grandchildren, or ascendants, such as father and mother of the deceased, pay a duty of 1*l.* per cent., as do their husbands and wives. Brothers and sisters and their descendants, or the husbands and wives of such descendants, pay a duty of 3*l.* per cent. The other duties, such as those imposed on the uncles and aunts of the deceased or their descendants, &c., amount to 5*l.* per cent.; the great uncles and aunts or their descendants, pay 6*l.* per cent., and all other parties 10*l.* per cent. All these duties have to be paid before the estate can be safely distributed, but it is always best to employ a solicitor to manage such matters, as they are often excessively complicated. Legacies, however, seldom exhaust an estate, and there is generally a residue left, after payment of all debts and legacies, on which legacy duty attaches. I think I may say for solicitors in general that what are called residuary accounts (that is, accounts on

printed forms supplied by the Government of the residuary estate of a deceased person) are the plague of our lives, but I will not trouble my readers with minute particulars of these torments, beyond mentioning that the executor or administrator is bound to set out the whole of the testator's or intestate's estate with a list of his debts and the legacies bequeathed by his will (in case he has made one) as deductions from the total, to account for all dividends or interest received from the estate since the death, and to show exactly the estate remaining for the residuary legatee or next-of-kin, as the case may be. Legacies are accounted for on separate forms, as are successions to real or personal estate, and the latter especially are frequently very complicated.

I hope my lady readers will now feel not quite in the dark as to the winding up of estates, and if, unfortunately (as too often happens), they are left either sole executrixes or sole next-of-kin to a deceased relative they may feel somewhat at home as to their responsibilities. They must however understand that what I have afforded them is the merest insight into the law on these matters, and that, as Mr. Justice Smith remarks, many byeways lie beside the broad ways either of law or equity.

We will now turn to a darker and sadder subject, the law relating to lunatics. It is a common and, I hope, an unfounded notion that lunacy is on the increase among us. Undoubtedly statistics prove such an increase, but it must be remembered that until lately lunatics have not been subject to very close supervision by the law practically, however theoretically it may have intended to protect them and their property. The humane system introduced, mainly, I believe, by Lord Shaftesbury, of treating insane people as invalids rather than as possessed persons has tended to prolong the lives of these unfortunate persons, and also the exertions of the Commissioners in Lunacy have resulted in the discovery of many insane persons stowed away in private houses, especially among the lower orders, who are entitled to the benefit of the lunacy laws.

According to the excellent *Practice in Lunacy*, written by Mr. Elmer, one of the chief clerks in the Lunacy Office, the word 'lunatic' shall be construed to mean 'any person found by inquisition, idiot, lunatic, or of unsound mind, and incapable of managing himself and his affairs.' Let my readers therefore disabuse themselves of the ghastly nonsense, too often published in the form of fiction, as to sane men or women being kidnapped by greedy relations and confined in asylums, which asylums, I may observe, are always painted as places of the utmost cruelty. Allow me, my readers, as some slight authority on these matters, to inform you that it is well nigh impossible to send a really sane person to an asylum, and further, that lunatic asylums, as at present conducted, are managed with the greatest humanity, that every possible amusement is provided for the inmates, and that they

are treated with uniform kindness by their keepers and medical superintendents. I am particularly emboldened to make these remarks by the melancholy fact that more than one nervous sufferer, during the last few years, has committed suicide from fear of incarceration in an asylum, believing such a place to be a den of torture.

I may further say that what is wanted to make lunatic asylums what they should be, is an order of Sisters of Mercy, to devote themselves especially to the care of the insane. It is hard when so many devoted maidens throng our hospitals and orphanages, that none will adventure the task of caring for the many 'sufferers in mind' for whom our Church daily intercedes. Painful as the task is, I have been assured that there is little danger to be found in it. By no means all lunatics are dangerous, and those that *are*, are generally easily quieted by presence of their attendants and keepers. Indeed, in Spain, the Sisters of Charity are noted for their wonderful power of controlling even the most desperate homicidal lunatics.

My readers must excuse me for this outburst. I now proceed to describe as far as I can, in the short limit of space now left me, the law relating to lunatics.

The law, though very narrow and unduly severe on criminal lunatics, is wide awake as to those harmless maniacs who possess property, and looks after them so carefully that ill-natured people have been known to remark that once lunatics were robbed by their relations, but now they are robbed by the law. This is not true; however, no doubt, careful supervison of any class of persons demands the constant interference of the law with regard to their affairs, and in consequence the equally constant employment of solicitors on their behalf (inasmuch as no step can be taken with reference to their property without the consent of the persons charged by the crown with the supervision of their interests), is necessary.

I have already given my readers a legal definition of a lunatic according to the statute law, viz., 'a person incapable of managing himself and his affairs.'

The increase of the population, and, in consequence, the frequent occurrence of marriage between first cousins, the higher rate of education, the general rapidity of business, the stirring questions both social and religious now rife among persons little qualified to deal with burning questions have, it is useless to deny it, forced the subject of possible lunacy more prominently before the eyes of the public than heretofore, when insane persons were regarded as 'innocents,' 'crazy people,' &c., and though, as I firmly believe, lunatics have not increased among us out of proportion to our fast multiplying population, it is only right, I think, to give my readers some slight insight into the laws relating to these unfortunate persons.

The Court of Chancery, or rather the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, exercises a peculiar jurisdiction over all lunatics,

particularly those possessing property, but the business relating to their affairs is mainly conducted by the Masters in lunacy at their offices in the new Law Courts or, as they are called, the Royal Courts of Justice.

A prevailing notion among the public is, that on the certificate of two medical men, any person may be confined in an asylum there to languish in hopeless captivity. This, however, is not the case. The certificate of two medical men is enough to warrant a person being confined in an asylum, but, once so confined, the alleged lunatic has a right of appeal which cannot be interfered with, and further those who procure his commitment to an asylum must petition the Lord Chancellor for an order of inquiry into his alleged lunacy before they can touch one shilling of his property.

The proper parties to present this petition are his next of kin, except in special circumstances (*e.g.* where creditors present), and it must be fortified by proper affidavits of medical men as to the lunacy of the person in question, which affidavits must describe his symptoms and delusions in detail, and are, I need hardly say, subject to the severest scrutiny, and further affidavits are required as to the lunatic's property.

The alleged lunatic *must* be served with a copy of this petition in his asylum, and he has *a right* to demand that the inquisition into his alleged unsoundness of mind be held by the master with the assistance of a jury (what the exact value in the case of a real lunatic of the verdict of a jury composed of ordinary persons unacquainted with mental disease may be, I leave the reader to judge), but in the case of a person who is not really of unsound mind it (such a verdict) is most valuable.

As a rule, however, the assistance of a jury is not demanded by the lunatic, and the inquiry is held by the master alone, and generally takes place at the residence of the lunatic. (N.B. The Lord Chancellor is very chary of allowing an insane person to be confined in an asylum, and when his delusions are harmless, and proper restraint can be provided without difficulty, prefers that he should remain in his own house.)

Proper evidence must be produced before the master both as to the alleged insanity of the lunatic and as to the parties entitled as his heir or next of kin, and further as to the nature of his property, and the lunatic must *of course* be present. The medical men in attendance as witnesses give their evidence, as do any other witnesses, and the master examines the lunatic himself (N.B. Of course any solicitor appearing on behalf of the lunatic has a right to cross-examine these witnesses); and then the master decides as to the alleged lunacy, and if he considers that the alleged lunatic is insane he pronounces that he is incapable of managing himself and his affairs, and this decision is perfectly sound even though it appear by the evidence that he enjoys occasionally lucid intervals.

The inquisition is not, however, final; it is only *primâ facie* evidence of insanity, and may be set aside on due application to the court on the grounds either of uncertainty in its finding or irregularity in the mode of taking it.

The lunatic having been pronounced of unsound mind, further inquiries are necessary as to the custody of himself and the management of his property.

To enable the master to proceed with these inquiries, a state of facts and proposal is laid before him by the solicitor for the petitioner. This state of facts is a sort of epitome of the previous proceedings, and should show clearly on what evidence the lunatic has been found insane, and also who are his next of kin, &c., &c., and what his property consists of, and what debts he owes. A scheme for the future maintenance of the lunatic should also be included in this statement, which should end with a short proposal of certain proper persons to be appointed custodians or (as they are called) *committees* of the lunatic's person and estate (sometimes the same person is proposed for both offices). Proper affidavits must be lodged at the master's office in support of the various statements contained in the state of facts, and a written consent to act from both the committees should accompany it, also affidavits as to their fitness for their respective duties made by persons of character should be lodged with the other papers.

I am, of course, in these remarks treating entirely of an unopposed case, where the same solicitor represents all parties, as this is perhaps as ordinary an one as any, and I do not pretend to give an exhaustive account even of such a case, but simply to set out its most salient points, for often additional evidence is required by the master, beyond what I have mentioned.

We now come to an important question, the proper persons to act as committees, and fulfil the arduous, responsible, and unremunerative duties attached to such offices.

The duties indeed of the committee of a lunatic's person are not particularly arduous, though often somewhat painful, being merely to look after his health and comforts and visit him from time to time, but those of the committee of the estate are by no means easy, indeed they cannot be safely undertaken without legal assistance.

The heir-at-law of the lunatic is, if properly qualified to act, usually selected as committee of the estate, the next of kin as committee of the person, but where the lunatic's wife is living she is often chosen to act as committee of her husband's person, and it is impossible to lay down any positive rule as to the selection of committees, as so much depends on their qualifications (*e.g.* the heir-at-law may be an infant, or person of bad character, in which case he would be passed over).

The duties of the committee of the estate are analogous to those of an ordinary trustee, in fact, he has to look thoroughly after the

lunatic's property, to receive the dividends on his investments, to keep his houses in repair, to let the same from time to time, to pay his debts, to pay the allowance ordered for his support, and to render as a rule *annual* accounts of his property to the master.

We now return to the general proceedings. The master, on receiving and perusing the state of facts, prepares a skeleton report on the matter addressed to the Lord Chancellor, of the completion of which the solicitor receives due notice. He (the solicitor) attends the master from time to time until the report is properly completed (often further evidence is required), and it is then sent to the Registrar in Lunacy, who obtains the fiat or consent of the Lords Justices to the same, and delivers an official copy of the report and fiat to the solicitor. The committee of the estate then has to find security in a certain fixed sum for the due performance of his duties, and for this purpose has to enter into a bond with two sureties to the same, that he will properly perform his duties, and the sureties have to swear that they are respectively worth the sum set out as the penalty in the bond.

These papers being duly signed and sworn to, a certificate in due time is issued by the registrar, to the effect that the committee has completed his security, and this as a rule ends the proceedings.

With a few general remarks I must close this subject. First, that little or nothing can be done by a committee without the master's leave (*e.g.* the lunatic's houses cannot be let on *lease* or repaired, his land cannot be drained, mortgaged, or sold, or an annuity purchased for his life, without such leave), which leave has to be formally obtained by regular proceedings similar to those above described. Hence it will be seen that the supervision by the law of a lunatic involves constant expense, but I think my readers will admit that it is better to pay the Government to have things done properly, than to allow, perhaps, reckless management, expenditure, and even fraud, on the part of the lunatic's relations in the management of his affairs, which unhappily has been too often the case in times past.

I have not space to go further into the question of lunacy, or to explain the legal regulations as to paying money belonging to a lunatic into court (*i.e.* into the custody of the Paymaster-General, acting for the Court of Chancery); but I may mention that as far as possible, all a lunatic's money should be so paid in—that it is then invested in Government securities, and the dividends paid half-yearly to the committee; and further, that when the committee's annual account is presented any balance remaining must be paid into court.

One word more, before I close this long and I fear tedious paper, on a very grave subject, namely, the responsibility of lunatics before the law for crime. I am of opinion that as to this matter the law is in a most unsatisfactory state, and I know that many medical men will agree with me in what I say. The law says that a lunatic is responsible for a crime unless he either is in such a state of mind that

he does not know what he is doing, or his moral sense is so perverted that he does not know that he is doing wrong.

Blameless as the law is with regard to the protection of lunatics from the consequence of fraud or carelessness on the part of their friends or relatives, I cannot look with equal favour on their treatment of lunatics charged with crime. There are, I believe, many unfortunate persons now under restraint who have occasionally strong homicidal impulses—impulses they cannot account for, and which they yet know to be criminal, and yet in the present state of the law they have no right to expect mercy. Medical men are aware that such is the fact, and yet many afflicted persons, mainly, it is true, among the lower orders, even of late years, have, I fear, suffered the last penalty of the law owing to the hard rules laid down by our judges, and yet the remedy is not a difficult one. Surely we English are not so enamoured of capital punishment as to wish to see it unduly inflicted (it must be remembered too that the stigma of the gallows does not rest alone on the sufferer, but extends to his relatives).

The reform in the law I would humbly propose is this—that the capital punishment never be inflicted in any case where suspicion of the prisoner's sanity exists, but that he be remanded and placed under medical surveillance for a time, and if it be found that he is of sound mind, he then be sent to penal servitude for life. Neither judges nor juries are or can be fit authorities on the subject of mental disease—this is entirely a matter for experts; and though men ought undoubtedly to remember that they must keep their minds and bodies in subjection, and that temptation is no excuse for crime, where there exists the slightest suspicion of mental incompetence I do think and earnestly ask my readers to consider what I say—that the criminal should not be hurried into an ignominious grave, or his family left to bear the stigma of an act for which the unfortunate perpetrator *may* not have been *entirely* responsible.

R. F. J.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

"This Man, because He continueth ever, hath an unchangeable Priesthood."
"As the Father hath sent Me, so send I you."

To be, dear Lord, a Hand of Thine,
A Heart,—this is their work divine,
(Be it their daily prayer!)
To whom Thine all-constraining Voice
Has spoken, bidding them rejoice
Thy Priestly Life to share.

To work for Thee, with Thee,—ah, this
Must be their aim, their life, their bliss,
On whom Thy Hands have laid
A blessed and an awful thing,
The jewelled stole of suffering
Wherewith they are arrayed.

Yes! that must be the garb of all
Who take, obedient to Thy call,
The Priesthood's solemn vows;
Enrich them, Lord, with grace divine,
Make tongues of flame to burn and shine
On their anointed brows.

To shine and burn!—this task is theirs,
By fruitful lives and faithful prayers
To keep the Flame aglow,
Enkindled by the Spirit's Breath,
Till back from darkness and from death
God's children homeward go.

How blest a work! how great a charge!
'Tis theirs Thy Kingdom to enlarge,
A Throne for Thee to build;
To tune men's hearts to praise and prayer,
Until Thy Will is everywhere
Triumphantly fulfilled.

'Tis theirs in Thy Dear Name to bless
And fertilise earth's wilderness,
A desert-land no more;
It blooms and blossoms as the rose,
Where'er Thy saving Message goes
Thy Heralds go before.

Like bells upon Thy Garment's hem
The tongues that Thou hast given them
Speak as Thou drawest near;
And sweetly, musically tell
Thy Presence, though invisible,
To every listening ear.

Oh for an ever-open eye
Quick to discern the mystery,
And read the lesson right,
Of Love that stoops to woo and win,
Renouncing self, repulsing sin,
All mercy and all might!

Oh for an understanding heart,
To which Thy Spirit can impart
Those gifts we covet most,
Made fuel meet by keen desire
To feed the Pentecostal Fire
Lit by the Holy Ghost!

Ah, Blessed Spirit, Thine the skill
The heart to melt, to brace the will,
The soul to beautify;
A Christ-like life in all its strength,
In all its sweetness,—this at length
Must win the victory.

Bestow Thy Grace, Thy Gifts dispense,
Oh guard the avenues of sense,
And keep our garments white! *
Enrich our poverty, and make
Our weakness strength for Jesu's sake,
And all our darkness light.

Make brave and tender, pure and true,
His Priests their Master's work to do,
Empowered from above;
And all mankind at length shall see
That Priesthood means fraternity,
Self-sacrifice, and love.

A. G.

ATHENS, *June*, 1875.

* Ecclesiastes ix. 8.

THOUGHTS FROM THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

VI.—OF WHOM THERE IS LESS HOPE THAN A FOOL.

We have shown how severe is Solomon's condemnation of a fool, but he has another sentence, yet sterner in its caustic denunciation. In the twenty-sixth chapter of Proverbs, after enumerating the despicable characteristics and shameful punishments of folly, he concludes thus:—

'Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? *there is more hope of a fool than of him!*'

And the prohibition against thus entrenching ourselves in our own self-esteem, as within a rampart, occurs many times in the book of Proverbs—

'Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil.'

'The way of a fool is right in his own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.'

'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.'

'All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the Lord weigheth the spirits.'

'Every way of a man is right in his own eyes: but the Lord pondereth the hearts.'

'Labour not to be rich: cease from thine own wisdom.'

'The rich man is wise in his own conceit; but the poor that hath understanding cometh and searcheth him.'

'The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.'

It would appear from these verses that there are many and various forms of this kind of self-conceit: the chief and worst being, of course, that spiritual pride which our Lord condemned in His parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, and which He addressed unto 'certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others.' Elsewhere He plainly tells the Pharisees* 'Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly esteemed before men is abomination in the sight of God.' In the prayer of Agur, Solomon mentions the same form of spiritual pride. 'There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet is not washed from their filthiness. There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes! and their eyelids are lifted up.' This was evidently the sin of the Church at Laodicea: 'Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of

* S. Luke xvi. 15.

nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' *

It should be observed that these passages are specially addressed to the strictly religious, and by no means capable of that exclusive application to the heedless of their soul's welfare—'the ungodly who know not God'—to which they have been diverted in certain modern theology.

In the one case our Lord was speaking to the Pharisees, not by any means the 'publicans and sinners' of His audience, and rebuking them for the covetous, worldly-minded self-seeking of their lives, truckling as they did to the wicked Herod, in spite of his notorious evil life, for the sake of temporal advantage. These motives were in shameful contrast to the religious profession of their lives, and were visible enough to the searching Eye of Him Who 'pondereth the hearts.' In the other, the same half-hearted prudence, the same secret, self-interested worldliness, is rebuked—'I know thy works, that thou art neither hot nor cold,' &c. But in both alike our Lord is reproving those who openly professed themselves the servants of God, not only admitted into His Church by baptism (or—as in the Pharisees' case—circumcision, the rite enrolling them members of the Jewish covenant), but ostentatiously proclaiming their allegiance thereto by religious observances.

There are however other kinds of 'wisdom in our own eyes' to be guarded against besides spiritual pride; there is a species of self-conceit which, acknowledging sinfulness and infirmity with regard to our Maker, blindly refuses to admit the possibility of error in opinion and to listen to the counsels or reproof of our fellow men. Now although it were foolish to be swayed hither and thither by the opinions of others, like the man and his son in the fable (who ended by carrying their beast of burden to market rather than incur the criticism of their neighbours), yet, on the other hand, there is a great deal of varied truth in the adage, *Vox populi, vox Dei.* The voices of advice and reproof around us are very often—especially in our younger days—nothing else but an expression of God's will concerning us through His providential orderings. S. Paul alludes to this in the twelfth chapter of Romans—

'Be not wise in your own conceits. . . . Provide things honest in the sight of all men."

And the Prophet Isaiah denounces a 'Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight!'

Of these, again, are the slothful who will not be warned against their foolish and fatal habit, though 'ten men should render a reason' for their exerting themselves to break it off.

Such also are the rich, who imagine their wealth to be an invulnerable fortress and defence against all the ills of life.

* Revelation iii. 17.

'The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and as an high wall in his own conceit.'

'The rich man is wise in his own conceit,' &c.

Then there are the 'wise in their own conceit,' who indulge prejudice until it becomes bigotry in things political, theological, intellectual, &c.

In matters of vital faith and doctrine the Church has defined for us an amply sufficient creed, and there remains a wide field of 'things non essential' in which we should do well to remember that beautiful old motto—*

. . . . 'In things essential, unity:
In things non essential, liberality:
In all things, charity!' . . . .

We are sadly apt to make up our minds somewhat hastily, and very dogmatically, upon every subject under the sun, and then to be so excessively 'right in our own eyes,'—'*but the Lord looketh at the hearts!*' . . . He sees that small but most important truth that we have overlooked, that real but hidden difficulty that we have forgotten; and oftentimes when we seem substantially right, and our neighbour in error, it is the latter whose words and works are more pleasing in His sight, more useful to His cause, because more truly '*righteous.*' Motives are more important than clever reasoning; and with 'ways'† far more rationally and intellectually correct than those of our brother, we may be less praiseworthy in His sight Who 'weigheth the spirits.' Not that He overlooks wilful error and mistake as unimportant; having given us reason and a knowledge of His Laws and Works, we shall each be held responsible for our individual measure of this talent (and it is surprising how large a measure of *it* is given to all), and for the way in which we have employed it, even in the minutiæ of life's claims and duties. But it would be a great help towards real charity of spirit to those who differ from us, or who annoy us by acting in a seemingly foolish and mistaken manner, to guard against being 'wise in our own eyes' to the extent of ignoring what can be said from another and opposite point of view. 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others,' commands S. Paul, and reminds us that 'charity is not puffed up.' May not this be closely applied to many lesser matters of taste, opinion &c., &c.? It is pitiful to see the narrow exclusiveness of so many professing Christians in these things—the cramping the mind within infinitesimal limits of custom and prejudice, instead of giving it a broad, free range among '*whatsoever* things' are honest and lovely. In all save the vital doctrines of the faith—which are matters too serious to come under the present consideration—would it not be very

* We forget by whom first used, but surely it breathes the very spirit of Catholic Christianity!

† Proverbs xvi. 2.

useful, to young minds especially, to form a habit of reading upon both sides of any question that may interest them? History, scientific theory—whatever the subject may be—it would become doubly interesting were the arguments about it thus fairly considered, instead of acquainting ourselves with a partial knowledge of one of its aspects only.

And Solomon holds forth to us the advantages of, in our every-day life, 'hearing reproof and counsel.' His Proverbs teem with injunctions to the young to 'hear the instruction of their father, and forsake not the law of their mother,' and with promises of reward to the teachable and dutiful. But he also gives distinct advice against shutting our ears to reproof from whatsoever quarter it may come.

'Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.'

'Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee. Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser: teach a just man, and he will increase in learning.'

'He is in the way of life that receiveth instruction.'

'He that refuseth reproof erreth.'

'He that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.'

'Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction: but he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured.'

'Without counsel purposes are disappointed: but in the multitude of counsellors they are established.'

'Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.'

'Reprove one that hath understanding, and he will understand knowledge.'

'Every purpose is established by counsel: and with good advice make war.'

'Correction is grievous unto him that forsaketh the way.'

'As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.'

'The rod and reproof give wisdom.'

'Reproofs of instruction are the way of life.'

Last of all, the Preacher has not failed to set forth that opposite virtue, which will render us ready to listen teachably to reproof and counsel. Just as the Apostle bids us 'in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves,'* so the Wise King reminds us that 'with the lowly is wisdom.'

'Before honour is humility.'

'Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud.'

'A man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.'

'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; *and lean not unto thine own understanding.*'

* Phil. ii. 3.

A SUNDAY AND WEEK-DAY IN SOUTHWARK.

I FIND myself walking one Sunday morning, quite early, along one of the leading thoroughfares between St. George's Circus and the Thames —the Blackfriars Road—and turning down one of its numerous by-streets, which I grant you none of them look inviting, am ready to take note of everything which may interest me going along. Though it is Sunday morning, and comparatively quiet, and will be so for an hour or so more, for it is not quite 6.30 A.M., there are yet several occupants of this particular Friar Street, most of them with their steps bent in one direction; not a few men and women, youths and young girls, who look as if they had a purpose in this matinal excursion. Let me follow that man in a fustian coat and shabby trousers who walks along so quickly. Where can he be hurrying at this time in the morning? See, he is stopping as if about to enter what apparently is a house. Is it his? Others have gone in there likewise, so that is hardly possible. But here I am in front of it, and I can tell for myself. What is my astonishment to see, painted in large letters on the brick-work of this apparent house—for it is almost uniform with the others, and has a side door just like any of the dwelling-houses I have just passed—'S. Alphege Temporary Church.' This a *church?* I push open the inner red-baize door, which looks infinitely the worse for wear, and enter, and find myself in a long, low building resembling a tunnel, pretty nearly as dark too, except towards the centre, with bulging walls and projecting angles; and beyond, still keeping up the hemmed-in appearance, I see a chancel with a bright altar prepared for the morning Eucharist. Who would have thought to find a church in such a street, or a service in it at this time in the morning?

I kneel down, and when the service commences, join in too. There is a very fair congregation for so early an hour, and, what is always so refreshing at a service, especially at *this* service, a goodly number of men. There is an air of 'holy fear' and reverence over all, from the priest and server at the altar, to the little shaky old woman who communicates last, and is led up and down from the altar by a young girl, upon whose arm she leans for support. And before all the worshippers have departed come thronging in hosts of men, women, and children, evidently for a later similar service, which I also determined to remain to, instead of returning to my usual church 'over the water.' My feelings of interest are much increased, as, on looking up as another priest and server enter, I, who am kneeling quite at the end of this tunnel-shaped building, can hardly see one empty chair

or form. The service goes on, and I am forcibly struck by the hearty way all the responses are given—one great body of voice from the men and boys on one side, and women on the other, rising up to the Most High in *Kyrie*, *Confiteor*, and *Sursum Corda*. There hardly seems to be one well-to-do person in the congregation—men in shabby coats, and women in battered bonnets, and troops of girls, who kneel beside the sisters (of whom I am rejoiced to see not a few) with reverence and devotion through the really long service. I was agreeably surprised, when the men had communicated, to hear the organ begin, and again the great body of voice took up the strain, and the beautiful hymn of thanksgiving after Communion, 'Jesu, gentlest Saviour'—some ten or eleven verses—was sung most lustily from loose, printed leaflets, which had been handed to each person as they entered the church. It was essentially a devotional service; no ritual, except for the lights and flowers on the altar—for I have since learnt that vestments have been disused by the desire of the diocesan; but I felt, as I knelt there, that there was throughout that large congregation a realisation of the Presence of Jesus, so that one's very personal faith seemed elevated and aided by it.

What a mass of people it seemed, to be sure, as it streamed out of the church about 8.40 A.M.! and separating into sets of twos and threes, passed out of sight into the numerous courts and allies and by-ways of Friar Street, in the midst of which the church stands.

I am feeling so interested in this wonderful little church and its occupants, that as I too pass out I ask when is the next service. A nice, bright, intelligent young man, who seems to act as verger, tells me at 11.30, matins and sermon. This is a little later than is usual for this service in London, and I venture to ask my kind informant why? He tells me on account of the Sunday schools, which open at 10 A.M.; and the service has necessarily to be late in order to get in the instruction before the service. The schools? I inquire. Oh, there are no real schools. There is a large adapted room in a street close by which is used for one half of the children, and the vicar rents the neighbouring Board School for a similar purpose for the other half. My friend tells me there are about 700 children belonging to these schools.

I cannot stay now and talk, but I walk away with an interest deeper than before, and, hurrying home, take a hasty breakfast, and wend my way back to S. Alphege Church, intending to ask how to get to one of the schools, and, if I can, to gain a little insight into its working and organisation. I feel a little doubtful about being allowed to go in—stranger as I am—but when once my mind is made up I am very determined, so I reassure myself, and alighting upon a likely-looking little fellow who is walking along the street in the direction of the church, and seems dressed for school, I ask him, 'Can you show me where the S. Alphege Sunday Schools are held?'

He looks at me inquisitively, and answers, 'Be it the Board or Nazareth you wants?',

I answer, 'It makes little difference, so long as it is a school in connection with the church against which we are standing.'

'If you'll come along o' me, I'll show you the Nazareth. I'm a-going there,' my little friend vouchsafes; and he was soon trudging along the streets with me with all the importance of a child on such an occasion, making sundry funny remarks, and pointing out various notable places going along.

'This here's the place,' he says, stopping at last in front of some green doors. 'You'd best come up stairs.'

We pass together up the (rather dilapidated) stairs, and find ourselves in a good-sized low room, filling fast with children of all ages; while the teachers sit in front of classes arranged like the three sides of a square, themselves occupying the fourth.

My first feeling is, 'Dear me, there isn't half room enough for all these numbers!' And no more there was.

My little guide had disappeared; he evidently thought he had quite done his duty, having landed me safely in the 'Nazareth.' I stand at the door, feeling quite uncomfortable; for all the teachers seem so engrossed with their classes that they do not notice me; nor does the priest, who evidently acted as superintendent.

This state of affairs does not last long, however. Some small urchin called the attention of the priest to the stranger at the door, and with a kindly smile he comes forward and asks me my business.

I soon told it, and asked leave to be allowed to see the working of the school, and was told I was very welcome to stay, but that the 'roughs' *were* very rough, and that the noise would presently probably terrify me.

I prepared myself for a good deal, judging from the looks of most of the scholars; and having heard so much of the intractability of the Southwark young gentleman and ladies, I am agreeably surprised at the discipline of the school. The singing is hearty. Every voice joined with a good-will in 'I love to hear the story,' with which the school opens; prayers were read, followed by another hymn, and teaching begins.

All the while I keep thinking how sorely more space and a larger band of teachers are needed. Each teacher seems to have far too many children; but I am struck deeply with the wonderful effort each seems to make to keep his or her class in order; the strain it must be to keep fifteen or twenty of those children in anything like order! School finishes with another hymn, and the classes march out to church. I follow, walking at some distance from the children, but keeping them in sight, admiring as I go along the skill of the teachers in their endeavours to keep that vast heaving mass of children in their rows.

As we are about to enter church, we meet another similar detachment of children and teachers, who come, as I afterwards learn, from the 'Board.'

I shall not easily forget that morning service. I have never seen *so* many men in a congregation before; and I am told afterwards that most of them, if not all, had attended a Bible-class held by the vicar before service. The singing was fair, and beautifully congregational; but I mentally determine that *good* singing would not be possible in that tunnel-shaped building.

'When is the next service?' I again inquire of my kind friend at the door, who, I think, seemed a little amused at such devotion to his church on the part of a stranger.

Litany and baptisms at 2.45, I am told, followed by a children's service at 3.45. Evensong is at 7.

Well, there is nothing like 'doing' a thing thoroughly while one is about it, so I make up my mind I will come to the children's service and to evensong as well.

That children's service will never be forgotten by me. If the children were rough and fidgety, what a world of good it did me to hear them sing! and how breathlessly almost I listened to the skilful catechising, which was the main feature of the service, will hardly be credited. It was on a portion of the Apostles' Creed; and some of the answers showed how really well the children had been taught. I learn afterwards that this wonderful parish has no elementary schools. Alas! it had—both for boys, girls, and infants—but the premises where they were were so bad, Government would not recognise them at last; and because funds were not forthcoming to build new ones, they had to be given up. Their loss is supplemented by what are called 'Christian Instruction Classes,' held in the church twice a week, after the regular Elementary School hours, at mid-day. I have learnt since that the plan—only adopted, that I know of, in this London parish—succeeds admirably.

I go out from that children's service impressed to a degree! I have heard of the work of S. Alban's, Holborn, and seen a good deal of that at S. Michael's, Shoreditch, but I was invested with a feeling of interest in S. Alphege and the organisation of its work which I had never felt in any parish before. I suppose it was its poverty which won my heart—its poverty and unobtrusiveness. A parish without church or schools! and yet—well, what the work was and is I am daily learning, and daily valuing more and more.

I felt tired enough, for I had had a long day of it, but I determined I would go through with it, and 6.40 P.M. found me again in S. Alphege Church. It was *crowded*—densely crowded—closely packed! (And now I know that Sunday after Sunday numbers are sent away for want of room.) My only chance of getting a seat was to wait till more chairs were placed down the narrow passage, which was all the

space that could be afforded out of the anything but wide nave as a division between the men and women's sides. I had plenty of time to look about me. It was a congregation the like to which I had never seen before. Men enough to rejoice one's heart, women, girls (very few children, for I knew afterwards that there is a special service for them in a room, in order to leave space for fathers and mothers in the church proper), all seemingly perfectly content to sit half an hour in their places—which only the fact of having come all that long time before the service would commence had ensured their getting. What—oh, what!—I kept asking myself, *was* the secret of the attraction at this church? No particular ritual: steaming heat, closely-confined limbs—these were the body's experiences. Surely the attraction must be deeper down—low in the needs of the soul.

I had not to ask myself the question again after I had heard the sermon. It *was* a sermon! I had heard once a celebrated Mission preacher preach a Gospel sermon in a town-hall; I thought that grand; but it was nothing compared to this. Thank God! since then I have over and over again heard the like at S. Alphege, and I can only say, no wonder the work is what it is, and its results what they are, if this is the teaching these people get. I felt as if my faith and religion were on a totally different footing by the time the sermon was done, and I was standing to sing the last hymn. I couldn't help it, but before it was over I was on my knees thanking God for that Gospel message.

The choir passed out, the organ ceased, but most of the congregation waited on. I inquired of my neighbour what was coming. A prayer-meeting, was the answer; and by that time I had placed in my hands a little red Mission hymn-book, and soon the clergy came from the vestry, unsurpliced, and a Mission hymn was given out, followed by an extempore prayer from one of the priests. I never felt before as I did then! I positively *felt* the earnestness of that prayer to the very depths of my soul. I knew the suppliant must be gazing into the Face of the Most High, it was so teeming with love and faith, and the consciousness that every soul around was joining in and praying too, was almost frightening to me. But I know this, I went away from that prayer-meeting a more thoroughly converted man than I had been before.

Coming out I had a kindly grasp of the hand and a word from the parish priest. He said—'Come and see me,' and after a time I went, and S. Alphege, Friar Street, has, since this Sunday and then, been my spiritual home.

But I am forestalling.

Another priest offered to take me over the parish to see its various institutions, one day, if I liked, and, as may be supposed, of course I *did* like.

Each day is begun at S. Alphege in *the* best way, *i.e.* by a celebra-

tion of the Holy Eucharist at 7.30 A.M. I was told that one of the hardest things to do was to get the people to attend on week-day celebrations. *I* was agreeably surprised at the goodly number of worshippers the first morning I was there; but it did not seem to satisfy the workers of S. Alphege.

I think my guide was a little puzzled as to which work to take me to see first. It was rather early, but we risked it, and attacked the Crèche. This institution is presided over by a Sister with a matron and girls under her. Everything was so bright and clean; the very children seemed cheerful and happy under the influence of that good kind gentlewoman who spends her whole day from eight to eight in sight and hearing of the varied cries of human beings graduating in age from three weeks to four years. Any one who has had any kind of dealing with the School Board knows that an institution such as this is imperatively necessary to a Christian parish. Compelled as the elder children are by law to go to school, the mother's only alternative is to stay at home and see her children starve, or else go out to work and leave them under the care of some one who charges exorbitantly, and neglects them shamefully. Here they pay threepence per day for food and the kindest of attention. I was told, both by the Sister and my kind friend, that the work here has been wonderfully blessed in bringing numerous children to Holy Baptism; none are received who have not or will not subsequently be baptised.

The premises are not nearly as good as they might be, but infinitely better than they were; and now the forty or fifty babies and children assembled here have at least the benefits of cleanliness and good food, and kind, loving attendance. Last year I was told the attendances amounted to 6,843!

I should have liked to stay there and have seen the children dine, but we had not time, so we passed on to the *Working Boys' Home*, which is held in a house next door to the church and crèche. This institution is to save poor hard-working boys from the miseries of the low London lodging-house—and only those who have dealt with this class of the human race can conceive of the depths of the iniquity which these dens abound in. Here the boys get a kind home, good food, cheerful society, Christian instruction and supervision. Boys of good moral character are received here from the ages of thirteen to eighteen, and on admission to the Home are placed under the care of the superintendent and wife. Two-thirds of their earnings go for board, lodging, washing, and mending, the remainder being placed to their credit in the Post Office Savings' Bank, for clothes, &c.; and when out of work through sickness, or any other just cause, they have the benefit of the Home as usual.

All the boys of course were out when we went in, but I saw over all the premises—dining hall, kitchen, lavatory, superintendent's room, common room, and three splendid dormitories, capable of holding

thirty beds. These latter were fitted up so nicely, each bed bright with crimson coverlid, and each boy's box by its side. The common room was bright and cheerful with pictures, books were on the tables, and it all looked so homelike and wholesome that I rejoiced greatly over the good work. The superintendent told me that about 100*l.* were needed yearly to meet the deficiencies of boys' wages and to maintain them in times of sickness; and I gathered that it was often a hard struggle to make both ends meet. I felt as if I should like to go into every great house in Belgravia and deeply pick the pockets of all the grandees there on behalf of this institution. I learnt then that all the boys I had seen in front of me at the celebration on Sunday—and a goodly number there were—belonged to this institution. Indoor games are urgently needed for the boys — chess, bagatelle, draughts, &c., as also coverings and clothes for bedding, blankets, quilts, clothes, books, &c. The Home is duly supervised by one of the S. Alphege clergy.

On our way to the next work, we had to pass down some of the very dirtiest streets I had ever had the pleasure—or pain?—of walking along. Gun Street and Martin Street, I was informed, were the two most low in the parish, and it was one of these we passed through. Oh, the odours! Fish curing is done inside almost every house, and outside it as well; but though the dirt and the smells made me shudder, I could not help being gladdened by the kindly way many of the people saluted the priest by my side; several of the children attached themselves to his coat or hands, and he had a good word for each. Some of the things I learnt then of this parish I could hardly have credited had I not known that there could be no mistake in such reliable authority as that of one of the clergy; but I was actually told that when the Mission was first started it was no uncommon thing for the women who had got drunk on the Saturday night, and had quarrels with their neighbours, to come out into the street on Sunday morning, almost unclothed, and there fight it out. 'We do not have those sort of street brawls now,' said my guide; 'I don't mean there are no fights—for we get plenty on Saturday nights, but rarely now on a Sunday; and the very police declare the parish hasn't been the same since this Mission was started.' He then added that before they came, the very police were afraid to go down some of the streets! And in this atmosphere, not only physically pestilential, but spiritually so, too, the good, patient Sisters and clergy work fifteen or sixteen hours daily! Well, one could not be long in company with any any of the S. Alphege workers without feeling oneself at best a selfish wretch.

Turning a corner presently, we came upon a large piece of land boarded round, which my guide told me was the site of the new Mission church. For two years, he said, had they been legislating for

the land, and when at last all had been thought to be satisfactorily arranged with the Corporation of London, difficulties were raised in the Court of Common Council about the value of the land, and the whole matter was debated over again, while the vicar almost feared he should lose in the matter altogether. At last it had been determined in his favour, and the foundation stone, it is hoped, would be laid on the next anniversary of the festival, April 20th. How glad they would be to get into larger, freer premises, none but themselves could know. And then I learnt, for the first time, that the present church had once been a public-house and skittle-alley, and in the very place where the Holy Name was only uttered in oaths and bad language, there had been for seven years offered up, morning by morning, the 'Remembrance of the Sacrifice of the Death of Christ.'

At last we came to the *Working Men's Club*. This, I find, I must visit some evening when the men are all here, and see for myself the success which has attended this Institution ever since it was started. How gladly men, who have only one wretched room for themselves and a whole family of children, embrace the opportunity of a resort such as this, may easily be imagined. Many a man who finds the bit of a room he calls home, hung all over with wet clothes to dry after the 'wash' of the week, has been driven to seek comfort and shelter in the gin palace or public-house, younger men in a music hall or low theatre; while if more parishes started these admirable clubs, morals which are otherwise so easily contaminated, would be raised and elevated by the friendly wholesome intercourse provided in such institutions. The S. Alphege Men's Club has 485 members, and in connection with it are started educational classes, a labour loan society, a co-operative society, and a registered benefit society. Subscriptions are earnestly needed to help on this good work.

We then visited the *Boys' Club*, where also I felt I must go some evening if I wanted to see it properly. Here a comfortable and healthy resort for working lads is substituted in counteraction to the penny gaffs, low music halls and theatres which abound in Southwark. Games, books, and papers are here provided for the use of the members, and classes are held in various educational subjects.

In connection with this wonderful Mission of S. Alphege, Southwark, I would like to enumerate the following charitable institutions:—1. The Crèche. 2. The Boys' Home. 3. The Men's Club. 4. The Working Boys' Club. 5. The Soup and Meat Kitchen. 6. The Sunday Schools. 7. The Southwark Theological College.

About this latter I would just add a few words. The S. Alphege aims are wide and high. Mission work at home is its grand hobby, and in order to train young men in their duties as Mission priests this college has been started. It needs funds urgently, as all the works here do; but as this is the mainspring, strictly speaking, of all the

work, the centre, too, from which so much more, it is to be hoped, in other parishes is to radiate, it has perhaps a still stronger claim on the help and goodwill of Churchmen.

I feel I must not trespass any more upon your space, so I will not add a longer description of this valuable institution, but ask your readers to come and see for themselves.

Brothers and sisters who read these details—and they are a true and real description of a true and really grand work going on in the midst of our great London at this present time—will you not give of your substance to aid S. Alphege, Southwark? It needs help—as I think these pages testify—sorely. The new Mission church has to be built somehow, and there are no rich people in the parish to help to do so. I do not think any work could be dearer to the heart of the Lord than this; but its every branch is terribly crippled and hindered by want of funds. Crèche, boys' home, kitchen, clubs, church, maintenance of clergy and workers—all are crying out for aid. Weighed down by cares innumerable other than those immediately relating to money matters, the vicar, the Rev. A. B. Goulden, who has organised and set on foot this wonderful work, has grievous difficulties to contend with, and the pressing burden of the question, how to get funds to continue the works begun is one of his heaviest. Can one appeal in vain to those sympathies so largely developed in the Englishman's heart, when one is reminded in our Lord's own words—'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me'? I pray earnestly that it may be said by Him of each reader of the *Monthly Packet*—'He hath done what he could.'

Subscriptions, donations, and gifts will be thankfully received and acknowledged in the *Monthly Packet* by the churchwarden, *Charles Teons, Esq., Old Barge House, Upper Ground Street, Bankside, Southwark, S.E.*

UP AND DOWN IN FOREIGN PARTS.

A CHEQUERED life we Britons lead
  In travels Continental,
With struggles, through this world to wend,
  Both physical and mental:
How large the track on Bradshaw's map
  O'er which our wandering stretches,
And in how many lands we take
  Renseignements and sketches!
Let me a few brief notes set down
  Of all these changeful phases
In climate, cookery, nature, art,
  And foreign realms and races,
Ere the prevailing *Grand Hôtel*
  Eradicate identity,
By the sole number of one's room
  Accounting one an entity!
Still here and there we find a shade
  Of local tint prevailing:—
Where all is internationalized,
Languages and customs nothing prized,
But 'how to do it quick' devised,
Nobody'll ever look surprised,—
  What horrible plain sailing!

In southern France the winter sun
  We dearly love! and pay for
In *chambres au midi*—while perchance
  'Tis rain the natives pray for.
We lend our purse (if not our heart)
  To meet their needs distressing;
Fragile exotics, should they count
  Us for a bane, or blessing?
We colonize these genial shores,
  Bring in our own devices,
Lawn-tennis, saddle-horses, clubs,
  Cleanliness, and high prices;
We get up concerts and picnics,
  By donkeys, breaks, or 'busses;
'Mid philanthropic schemes and gay
  The world of England fusses;

We care not greatly whether France
Have President or Emperor,
So the Express by Lyons runs
Without too *red* an uproar:
And still the Southern dwells serene
Con smells and *senza* noses;
His garlic's banished from our board,
Yet fragrant 'mid his roses!
The double stream flows side by side,
But rarely intermingles,
Though *politesse* from-day to day
Its small-coin language jingles.
While fixed abroad by act and will,
The Briton is the Briton still,
No foreign love his heart doth fill,
Although his conscience tingles.

Onward to lands more richly fair
The flowery spring entices;
We pack our furs in trunks away,
And live on fans and ices.
Where in great gaunt *Alberghi* reign
The soft tongue and hard pillow,
With grand old furniture supplied
By pre-diluvian Gillow.
Ah, warm May moonlight steeped in scent
Of rose or orange-flower!
Ah, lovely bays and lakes and slopes
Flushed by chromatic shower!
Houses in yellow, crimson, blue,
With painted draperies flaring,
With windows, where gay maids and cats
At passers-by sit staring:
A land, where beauty grows unsought,
E'en in that rampant colour
We laugh at, yet more genial feel
Than soberer tones or duller:
A land that to the rest has poured
Its bounties in full measure,
Where life of *comforts* oft devoid,
But ever full of pleasure.
Where true antiquity and art
Nourish the *genus homo*,
Down to our Brown—Jones—Robinson,
Who Murrayfies his Duomo;

Where culture's in the ambient air
  Or songs of shepherd '*Tirsi*,'
But 'to want *books*, O stranger! here
  'Folks come *per divertirsi!*'
Where roads are rough and trains are slow,
  And seats are blocks of marble
That do not rest our limbs, but chill,
  While *rosignoli* warble;
Where time is of no count at all,
  Nobody's sure of nothing,
The locks don't shut, the bells are crazed,
  But manners—ah, how soothing!
They always hope to see again
  Her—that most gracious fiction—
And we, though oft we scold, yet end
  With smiling valediction—
But now the climate's waxing hot,
We hasten from each darling spot,
Plan packings, routes, dates, and what-not,
  That annual infliction!

Ah, when we quit those wreathing vines,
  And haunts of gracious dalliance,
'Tis hard to say farewell, ye dear
  Unpractical Italians!
We shiver and resume our wraps,
  Passing to lands Teutonic,
Whose constitution, if less sweet,
  Is orderly and harmonic:
High art (at other founts imbibed)
  Makes cities Athenæums,
Statues and pictures crowd around,
  Libraries and museums,
Dienstmen and droschkys everywhere,
  And seats with backs commodious,
Gardens that brim with oakes and beer,
  And music so melodious!
A paradise where thrushes trill
  'Twixt Wagner and Beethoven,
In warm, June days—but when 'tis cold,
  Stifling, beside that *ofen!*
Houses, with double windows stuffed,
  Where fresh air's at a discount;
And soup, some thrice a day, sustains
  That Baroness and this Count;

Where spectacled pipe-puffers thrive,
And girls with chubby faces,
Dame Nature, with one day's work more,
Had polished into Graces.
A practical-æsthetic land,
Where pudding tends to sonnets;
Cheap operas, that end at nine,
To which we go in bonnets,
And hear some charming Gretchen sing,
Or gold-deprived Rhine-daughter;
Trinkhalls on every bridge, with cups
Of penny seltzer-water.
Perchance we halt and make a *Kur*
At Brunnens more effectual,
Aided by music, thrice a day,
Sparkling, or intellectual:
From downy-pillowed nests we rise
At early morning, pacing
The promenade 'twixt glass and glass,
Medicinal or bracing.
Life in such pleasant grooves doth run,
We're almost sorry when we've done
Our drinking—but the thread is spun,
And soon away we're racing.

The summer heats oft lead us up
Where snows on high Alps glitter,
And elevated pensions stand,
Some worser and some better;
Cheap educational resorts,
Where scales all day long jangle,
Trim *chalets*, where the tourist goes
To botanize or angle,
And pleasant homes, where genial folk
Get speedily acquainted;
The strong ones climb and cull the flowers
By others pressed, or painted;
Hungry athletes drop down to dine
At Kandersteg or Zermatt;
Talk of Col This, and Glacier That,
And overcharges storm at;
Red to their eyebrows' high-hat-mark,
Seamed o'er with straps and pouches,
By three A.M. they tramp again
Above our harassed couches!

Milder excursions we, too, make,
On mule-back, or *trag-vessel*,
Or over fair lake-waters float,
In gaily-painted vessel,
To where some nature-born cascade
In careful preservation
Is shown through green and crimson lights
For francs and admiration.
Ah, wondrous land where all's devised
For easy pleasures cheaply priced,
Yet never to be vulgarized
By any million Cookneyized
Snobs of our generation!

Some few achieve 'untrodden peaks'
In regions dolomitic,
Where food is scarce and beds are hard
For unexcited critic;
But ardent fancy upward soars,
With rose and crystal spires,
Till bony fowls ambrosial taste,
And soul (not *sole*) ne'er tires.
The tourist from those heights sublime
Comes down quite hoity-toity,
To cavil at the used-up tracts
So fatally *exploités*,
But ne'er the less is sometimes found
To enjoy a generous diet,
Pillows *ad lib.* and leave to lie
Prosaically quiet.
Some dearly prize (and dearly pay)
For damaged lungs or livers,
The Engadine's midsummer-iced
Invigorating shivers.
Prescribed by doctors, found 'the thing'
By jaded fashionables,
Six thousand feet we upward post
To sleep, perchance, o'er stables,
To wake when cow-horns blow at dawn,
Chew meat of awful hardness,
And into narrowest space compress
Our much-becrumpled smartness.
The climate is a kill-or-cure—
Magical, when the latter;
Was ever known so fine an air
To make the starving fatter?

But folks who can't assimilate
  Its too rare charm, succumb to fate,
Drop down-hill at a piteous rate,
  Or run—mad as a hatter!

At last, somehow, we all get home
  By way of France or Flanders;
Parisian sojourn sadly fast
  The Briton's sovereigns squander;
Strange city, tossed from fate to fate,
  Distraite to-day, distracted
To-morrow—scenes (or fierce or gay)
  Superlatively acted!
One year a threatening *coup d'Etat*,
  Next, a grand Exposition,
Where, with goloshes sunk in mud,
  We took up our position
Amid a chaos of the works
  And fruits of all creation,
Where, to be fleeced and fleeced again,
  Trooped flock of every nation.
Lo! on the stage *now* re-appears,
  With acclamations *fêté*,
    That sect sublime,
    Whose Gospel's crime,
    Who burnt their town
    To win renown,
The *pétroleurs* of seventy-one—
  What part to play in eighty?

The other route meanders mild
  By quaint high-gabled cities,
With belfries tall, and ancient chimes,
  Reset to modern ditties;
From trains that rack our joints and ears
  'Tis sweet to rest, where showers
Of silvery music from above
  Refresh Earth's harassed hours.
But on we press to gain that boat
  That bridges over the chasm;
Our souls are vexed about our goods,
  Hoping the right man has 'em:—
A toss—a paroxysm—a gasp,
Escaping from old Neptune's grasp,
And left behind the Continent,
  With its delights and worries;

This is at length the final stage
  Of all our fears and flurries.
Oh, blissful moment, when we drop
  Our multifarious *colis*
In the true British porter's arms—
  So radiant, prompt, and *poli*.
Who welcomes not his native tongue
  (With or without its H's),
After long floundering among
  Perplexing foreign speeches?
Italian, where, desiring spoons,
  A *coachman* we've requested,—
German, where twixt *ab*, *auf*, and *zu*,
  Our meaning got quite twisted,
In sentences of long, long ends,
  Spun from beginnings hazy;
The sense (as best) was kept for last,
  Just when our brains got mazy:—
Dutch, where a flabby shred we croaked
  Of *Deutsch* profusely watered;
And (worst of all) our own dear tongue,
  By Continentals martyred!
Oh, most unkindest cut, when we've
  Jerked out a meaning shady,
To have *that* jargon flung at *us*,
  Whose key-note is 'Yiss, Lady!'
Happy at length we settle down,
  With toast-racks and slop-basins,
Whole chickens—strange to see and carve—
  And puddings crammed with raisins.
Our next (sensation long, long lost)
  Is palpable beef or mutton,
Some liveried John, or aproned Jane,
  Doth it our tables put on;
Soon round those tables faces shine,
  To dear old times belonging;
The cant of foreign travel wanes,
  The home things come in thronging.
Why quit them? Oh, could march of Time
Teach to calorify our clime,
  The *patrie*, no more wronging,
In sanatoriums sublime
That England's Laureate should berhyme,
  We'd satisfy our longing!

A. F. F.

Spider Subjects.

ARACHNE is disappointed that only four Spiders have attempted the escape from prison. Bog Oak's is comic; Bubbles and Karshish take the Nithsdale escape; Bath Brick, Lavalette's. What has become of Albany's Hugo Grotius, Latude, Baron Trenck? The question had better be attempted next month.

THE legends of birds are so delightful and varied that Arachne has tried to collate a few, but this will take space. Meg, Bog Oak, Nightingale, Lambda, Little Bo Peep, Chipmonk, Muffin Man, are all excellent. We give three extracts and will put in other curious bits next time if space serves. Wakatu's Conquest of Ireland is given this time.

LEGENDARY STORIES OF BIRDS.

A WARM evening in June; the day had been a busy one, winding up with a game of tennis, and we were all glad of half an hour's rest; most of our party had gathered round the piano for some music in the twilight.

I sat in a low chair in the window of an adjoining room, enjoying the fading colours of the sunset, watching the robins quarrelling in the laburnum, and listening to the dear old ballad, 'Follow, follow, follow me; whither shall I follow?' when all at once the question was unexpectedly answered by the appearance of the traditional rather than legendary 'little bird' of undefined species, who, quite orthodoxically whispered in my ears, 'Follow, follow, follow ME!' and suddenly I found myself transported to the region of the song's 'greenwood tree'—a vast wood it seemed—the air deliciously scented with wild flowers, and full of melody from the songs of birds—a very bird paradise, so secluded was it.

Here my companion again whispered, 'You have been puzzling over those Spider questions for this month (how DID he know?); just use your wits, and I will help you while you rest here.' The whisper finished, and there appeared before me that most wise, most solemn, most comical of birds, the *owl*; and I called to mind how he, with the *cock*, shared the august patronage of Minerva. With how many churchyard stories he is associated one could not stop to think, as his hootings were soon changed for the ill-omened croak of the *raven*, subject of numberless superstitions and stories, not the least strange of which tells how, in shape of a raven, the spirit of George I. appeared to the Duchess of Kendal after the monarch's death.

A *vulture* next recalled strange stories of the old heathen world, of the terrible punishment inflicted on Prometheus, and how, on the flight of these birds of prey it is said the fate of Romulus hung, and in him, of embryo Rome.

With the incongruity customary to dreams, and the kindliness of my little friend, who cared nothing for the laws of habitat, a *stork* put in an appearance, bearing muddy traces of his beloved marshes, and

reminding me not only of his own great popularity in Holland, and of his supposed preference for republics or free states, but also of the veneration in which a relation of his, *sacred ibis*, was held in Egypt, perhaps because his coming told that the welcome inundation of the Nile was not far off.

A great deal of chatter, and a *magpie* hopped forward—that wicked old mag! the witch's aide-de-camp, whose curiosity, it is said, led her to stay outside the ark when the other birds went in, and whose thievish propensities, Longfellow says, caused the death of an innocent girl.

A vision of bright plumage, and I was reminded how the old folks believed that a dead *kingfisher*, if hung up, would show which way the wind lay; moreover, that it would renew its feathers annually as if alive.

A *blackbird* came next, and I thought how he won his golden bill by his persistent pleading at the gate of justice for the penitent Magdalen.

Far away in the distance I could hear a *cock* crowing — sound associated with saddest sacred things! and I remembered too how the cock, with his crowned head, spurred feet, wakeful spirit, and warning voice, has been long regarded as a fitting type of the faithful parish priest, and so has been raised to the eminence of the church-steeple.

Following the *woodpigeon*, who urged Taffy to 'take too-oo,' came a little brown *sparrow*, recalling the pretty legend which tells how our Blessed Lord, as a child at play with His little companions, some of them afterwards His Apostles, moulded some sparrows out of clay; all made the sparrows, but those fashioned by one of those pairs of little hands, flew away at their Maker's bidding.

My attention was next arrested by the plaintive cooing of a *dove*, which I looked upon with a sort of reverence as I thought how in that shape the Holy Ghost had been pleased to manifest Himself; and an old church legend recognised by painters tells how in that form He sat on the shoulders of the Evangelists, literally breathing into their ears the holy truths. And yet the sweet gentle dove is associated with melancholy; a faint memory of childhood comes before me, of a dove, or white pigeon, hovering over the house, and the servants in low tones declaring it to be a sure sign of death; and how I considered the omen duly fulfilled a few weeks later by the death of an aged relative.

Through the branches of the trees I could see the waters of a small lake shining; on its banks were some *geese*, associated in England with Michaelmas, some say even before the time of the Armada; on the Continent with Martinmas.

On the water were some pure white *swans*. Bird of a thousand memories! into whose shape the soul of Orpheus entered, as did doubtless—in the Celtic belief—that of many a pure hero; bird under the especial care of Apollo, and subject of many of the beautiful northern legends, similar to which, an Irish one relates how a wicked woman changed four of her step-daughters into swans. They lived on the loch, and reverently attended mass daily, till, through the prayers of S. Brandon, they were turned into children, baptised, and died. The ancients believed that swans sang before their death, a belief, now, in part at least, scientifically accounted for.

Lastly, there appeared two small birds—the *robin*, whose ancestor had perhaps performed the kindly office for the murdered children, and the *crossbill;* and these two homely birds brought to my mind the sweetest, most touching stories of all, of—'that darkest hour that ever dawned on sinful earth;' when the Saviour dying that agonised death, unpitied and forsaken, awakened in those birds feelings unknown to the crowd of human hearts; the robin trying to pull one thorn from the painful crown, and in memory of its loving endeavours the stains of blood have never left its breast, says the legend; and the crossbill vainly trying to extract the nail from the bleeding palm, and thenceforth bearing in token—

'Marks of Blood and Holy Rood.'

MEG.

THE legend of King Solomon and the hoopoes is as follows:—King Solomon was once travelling through the air on a carpet, when the rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from the heat. He could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, and seeing a flock of vultures flying past, he called to them: 'O vultures! come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me.' The vultures refused to perform this service to the king, as their course lay in a precisely opposite direction. Solomon therefore pronounced this sentence on them: 'Cursed be ye, O vultures! and because ye will not obey the commands of your Lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your neck shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers, like the necks of other birds. And whereas ye have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world!' A flight of hoopoes next passed by, and the king exclaimed: 'O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings.' The king of the hoopoes replied: 'O king! we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size.' The hoopoes then assembled themselves together, and flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun. As soon as the journey was over Solomon commanded the king of the hoopoes to appear before him; and he asked him to choose some reward for the hoopoes of his race as a memorial of this deed. The king of the hoopoes asked leave to consult on this matter with his queen and his counsellors. Many different suggestions were offered; but at last the queen, taking the king aside, proposed to him that, as they had preserved the head of King Solomon, their most fitting recompense would be to wear crowns of gold on their heads, that they might be superior to all other birds. The king of the hoopoes accordingly went before King Solomon and informed him of his decision. The king granted the desire of the hoopoes, although he told them he considered it a foolish request. The hoopoes were for a time very proud of their ornament, but they soon found that they were continually being killed or captured for the sake of these crowns of gold. The king of the

hoopoes at last resolved to present himself again before Solomon and tell him of the misfortunes which had befallen his race. Solomon reminded him that he had warned him of the folly of choosing crowns of gold; but as a memorial of the service they had rendered him, he would change their golden crowns into crowns of feathers, which he did accordingly, and from that time forward the hoopoes have flourished and increased.

NIGHTINGALE.

THERE is a tradition that birds of Paradise have no feet, but that they live in the air, and bask in the sunshine, being wafted about without using their wings.

'Robinets and jenny-wrens
Are God Almighty's friends.
The blackbirds and swallows
Are God Almighty's scholars.'

It is said that if swallows are disturbed, the cows will give blood instead of milk, and bad luck is sure to follow if you take their eggs, while something good will happen to the family round whose house these birds build. I have been told there is a tradition which accounts for the swallow's forked tail, from the fact of his having stolen the scissors from the Virgin Mary's work-basket. A Scandinavian legend derives its name from its having hovered round our Lord's cross calling out, 'Svala, svala!' (Console, console); so hence, svalow (the bird of consolation). It is also said to bring home a stone from the sea-shore that gives its young sight.

The stork's name is supposed to be derived from 'Styrka, styrka' (Strengthen, strengthen), which it is said to have cried out as it flew round our Lord's cross. In Germany the stork is treated with great veneration, and it is considered most lucky for the inmates for a pair to build on the roof of anyone's house.

The crossbill is supposed to have tried to pull out the nail from one of our Lord's hands on the cross; and, wounding its beak in the attempt, has ever since had a red cross on its bill. As Longfellow tells us—

'And that bird is called the crossbill,
Covered all with blood so clear;
In the groves of pine he singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.'

THE MUFFIN MAN.

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND UNDER HENRY II.

IRELAND, styled Iernis, is mentioned in a Greek poem five centuries before Christ, and by the names of Hibernia and Ierne by various writers. Little is known with certainty of her inhabitants before the fourth century after Christ, when, under the appellation of Scoti, they became formidable by their descents on the Roman province of Britain.

Although Christianity had been previously introduced in some parts, St. Patrick, about 430 A.D., encountered great obstacles, and the new faith was not fully established until about a century later. From the earliest period each province appears to have had its own king, subject to the Ard-Riagh, or monarch of the central district called Meath, who usually resided at Tara.

The first step towards an Anglo-Norman descent upon Ireland was made by Henry II. At the time of his accession, Ireland was full of Englishmen who had been kidnapped and sold into slavery. This trade afforded a sufficient pretext for war, had any been needed by the ambition of Henry, and shortly after his coronation John of Salisbury was despatched to obtain the Papal sanction for Henry's invasion of the island. The enterprise as laid before Pope Adrian IV. took the colour of a crusade.

The absence of learning and civilisation, the scandalous vices of the people were alleged as the ground of Henry's action. It was the general belief that all islands fell under the jurisdiction of the Papal See, and it was as a possession of the Roman Church that Henry sought Adrian's permission to enter Ireland. Adrian, by his bull, approved the enterprise as one prompted 'by the ardour of faith and love of religion,' and declared his will that the people of Ireland should receive Henry with all honour and serve him as their lord. The island at this time was divided into six provinces, Leinster, Desmond or South Munster, Thomond or North Munster, Connaught, Ulster, and Meath; the last being specially attached to the O'Connors, Kings of Connaught. A feud arose between Dermot Macmorrough, King of Leinster, and O'Rourke, Prince of Breffni or Leitrim. Dermot had carried off O'Rourke's wife; but she had been recovered by the aid of O'Connor, the Ard-Riagh. War ensued, and Dermot was driven from the island. From Henry he obtained leave to enlist soldiers in England.

Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke (surnamed Strongbow), Robert Fitzstephen, and Maurice Fitzgerald accepted his terms. Fitzstephen landed at Bannow Bay (Co. Wexford) with forty knights and three hundred archers, and Wexford fell before him. Fitzgerald followed. Then came Strongbow with 1,200 men. The united forces of the Earl and King marched to the siege of Dublin, which was taken by surprise, and the marriage of Earl Richard with Eva, Dermot's daughter, left him soon afterwards, on the death of his father-in-law, master of Leinster. He had, however, to hurry back to England to appease Henry by the surrender of Dublin to the Crown, and doing homage for Leinster as an English lordship.

Henry then crossed to Ireland by the usual route, from Milford Haven to Waterford, and at Dublin he received the homage of the chieftains; the princes of Ulster alone disdained submission. Had Henry been able to carry out his projects, the conquest might have been completed, but the troubles which followed Becket's murder recalled him. He intended to establish his son, John, as Lord of Ireland, but his levity compelled his recall, and the adventurers held Drogheda, Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, and Cork under the title of the English Pale, and penned up in this narrow limit they fell rapidly to the level of the Irish barbarians.

There are many ways in which a conquered but still reluctant people may be dealt with when the interest of the conquerors is rather in the country itself than in the inhabitants who occupy it. The Irish, when the Normans took charge of them, were, with the exception of the clergy, scarcely better than a mob of armed savages. They had no settled industry, and no settled habitations, and scarcely a conception of property.

The only occupation considered honourable was fighting and plundering. The religion of the Irish Celts, which three centuries earlier had burnt like a star in Western Europe, no longer served as a check upon the most ferocious passions. The Normans, in occupying both England and Ireland, were but fulfilling the work for which they were specially qualified and gifted, and the grant of Adrian was but the seal of approbation by the spiritual ruler of Christendom. But the true justification of the conquest lay in the character of the conquerors. Nor did Ireland fail in the outset to profit by their presence. The Celtic chiefs were driven into the mountains; Fitzgeralds, Lacies, De Burghs, De Courcies, Blakes, Butlers, Fitzroys, took the place of M'Carthies, O'Neils, O'Briens, &c. Those of the old race who remained in the homes of their fathers were compelled to conform to some kind of rule.

The progress was slow. The prospect seemed often desperate. Unstable as water, the Irish temperament wanted cohesiveness to bear the shapes which were imprinted on it, and the work was harder because the effort of the conquerors was to govern the Irish, not as a vassal province, but as a free nation; to extend the forms of English liberty to a people essentially unfit for them; and, while governing Ireland, to teach her at the same time the harder lesson to govern herself.

WAKATU.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

The most curious escape from prison you can find.

Names of flowers used by the country people of your own county.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

Only thirty-one notes on Jemima Murrell's character have been received, and of these two are unsigned. Some are very neatly done. The Champion penholder is silver, and very pretty and convenient. Who will win it next year? Copy the six last lines of the second stanza of Gray's *Bard*

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Vertumnus has received specimens and descriptions of *Orchidaceæ* from twenty-four members. He is again disappointed at the smallness of the number of contributors, as well as at the absence, from most of the packets, of the rarer species of the tribe. On the other hand, it is pleasant to note that, in spite of inevitable discoloration, many of the specimens sent are admirably set out, and can be readily identified. *Vertumnus* has to acknowledge the receipts of several letters of apology from members who were unable to send specimens. This is, so far, gratifying; but what is to be said of those who send neither specimens nor apology?

The subject for August (packets due September 15th) is *Malvaceæ*, a tribe of which only three families are natives of our islands. What important article in domestic economy is derived from a malvaceous plant, and from what part of the plant? There are no vacancies, though several applications for admission.

The Post Office authorities have decided that our monthly parcel, if open at the ends, is only chargeable with Book Postage. Members must be careful *not* to write the words 'Botanical Specimens' on the address. In fact the form of address should be exactly that which the parcel bears when it leaves *Vertumnus'* hands. The addition of the above words naturally leads the local postmaster to conclude that the parcel contains only *plants*, and to tax it accordingly. Hence one member was charged last month 3*s.*, and another 1*s.* 8*d.* additional postage.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The French equivalents for 'A wet blanket' and 'Queen Anne is dead' are wanted by *Major Drummond* and *Miss Stanton*.

Could any one kindly tell *S. S. V.* the author of a little German story called *Christingles?*

B. is very grateful for the kind contributions of crests she has received in answer to her appeal, which will be quite sufficient to enable her to finish her scrap-book.

A lady has a packet of flax (6 lbs.), which she would be very glad to send to any one who could spin and make use of it.—Address *Miss Abbott, The Farlands, Old Swinford, Stourbridge.*

Scrutator evidently does not know that the laws of average are recognised by arithmeticians.

The sermon on the 'Expulsive Power of a New Affection' is contained in a volume of sermons preached by Dr. Chalmers, at S. John's Church, Glasgow, published in 1823, sold by Whitaker. 'Miss Jennings, Wanstead,' possesses the volume and forwards the information in case *A. E. J.* does not obtain it elsewhere; perhaps it was sold by Longman. Miss Jennings does not know whether it is out of print; it appears to have been in her family more than fifty years.—*Wanstead, E.*, 18*th June*, 1880.

Major Drummond.—The persimmon is an American fruit found in the States. Probably De Quincey used a proverbial expression, but perhaps some American correspondent can tell us what it is to 'pass my persimmon.'

Stanton.—*Rejected Addresses* is by Horace and James Smith.

Sweetbriar.—The custom began among the Teutons before the Saxons came to England; witness the legend of Vortigern and Rowena. The Romans likewise had something like it.

B.—The custom is an ancient one, not distinctively Roman, but an act of homage to 'Holy is His Name,' accentuating it, as it were.

H. L.—It is true that Sully lays claim to Paré, but the register of his parish church shows that he and his family died in communion with the Church of Rome. Probably it was a case of final conformity, such as is common in France.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'Think that to-day shall never dawn again.'

These words are quoted by Longfellow, in English, in *Kavanagh*, and he says they are Dante's; but I want to know in which of Dante's works they occur, as I wish to find them in the original Italian. Can any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* inform me?

Subortna.

The lines quoted in a note to Bunyan's *Holy War*:

'Oh, I do pray Thee, Lord, to lead Thy child
Safe from this doubt, this anguish, and this pain.
Whatever way Thou pleasest through the wild,
So it but take me to Thy home again.'

Major Drummond.

Can any of your readers kindly inform me where I can find the poem commencing

'Old Ocean does not care
For men of faith and prayer'?

Simpson.

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

Is the poem wanted by 'Mollie' the one by Emma Hooper, mentioned in *Monthly* of October 1877?—*Nina.*

Alba.—The Dream of Gerontius is by Cardinal Newman.

CHARITIES.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window, now erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore (*The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames*) acknowledges, with best thanks for the above—Miss Levett, 10*s.*; Anon, 5*s.*; H. (Harrogate), 5*s.* 412*l.* received. 53*l.* only required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXVIII.

THE TIMES OF KENILWORTH.

1573—1576.

THE horrible deeds in France and Flanders could not but strengthen the anti-Catholic feeling in England, and add tenfold to the difficulties there had always been in dealing with the Puritans. The people of England were in three great divisions—the Roman Catholics, the Anglo-Catholics, and the Puritans. All were forced to yield a species of outward conformity, appearing at times in the parish church, or being fined if they omitted to do so; indeed, for this and the two next reigns, fines from wealthy Romanists were a source of revenue to the crown. Those who could afford it sent their sons abroad for education. Dr. William Allen, a priest of Queen Mary's time, had taken up his abode at the University of Douay and commenced a college, where he had at one time a hundred and fifty young Englishmen preparing for the priesthood, and returning from time to time, in the spirit of missionaries and martyrs, to minister to their families. These were called Seminarists, and were as much dreaded by the nation at large as they were cherished and revered by their own people. Scarcely an old Roman Catholic family was without a priest's chamber, devised in the thickness of the wall, where the guest could be hidden from all dangerous eyes. For though they might be holy, humble, devout men, yet it was certain that they came bound to blind obedience to a hierarchy that sanctioned all means of destroying a heretical, illegitimate sovereign, and which had approved wholesale butchery in France and savage persecution in the Low Countries.

The Anglicans were divided into those who cared for ancient

Catholicity, with Archbishop Parker at their head, and the Puritans. On the latter side ranged themselves all those persons who were either anxious to keep Elizabeth as the avowed champion of the Reformation, or who abhorred the Spanish and French corruption and cruelty so as to fly to the opposite extreme. Burleigh and Leicester were political Puritans; Philip Sidney and his friend Edmund Spenser, chivalrous ones; and among the clergy, Thomas Cartwright, the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was the most noted. He had been at Geneva, where he became intimate with Theodore Beza, and came home in 1570 full of objections, declaring Bishops on a level with presbyters, denouncing fast and festival days, declaring the cross in Baptism, and the kneeling at the Holy Communion, the ring in marriage, the surplice of the minister and the churching of women, remnants of Rome to be proscribed and renounced, in fact reinforcing the old Calvinists notions brought home originally by the Marian fugitives.

He lost his professorship in 1570, but Cambridge had been thoroughly imbued with his doctrine. While the Master of St. John's College was absent, 300 of the members came to the chapel in their ordinary dress, and in the country there were many persons who endeavoured to omit all these rites and observances. Oxford was for the most part free from these errors, but every day the Church was becoming more and more markedly divided into these two camps, and the Puritan one was the stronger, both as the most aggressive, and because the outrages on foreign Calvinists threw generous feeling upon their side. In 1571 the Puritans began to form secret congregations, and their party was so strong that in the Parliament of 1571 a petition was presented to the Queen for a reform of the Prayer-book, leaving out all these things, and also the consecration of Bishops. The Queen and Archbishop Parker however stood firm, and the more violent Puritans actually formed a separation. At Wandsworth, in May 1573, began the first Nonconformist congregation. Eleven clergy calling themselves elders were enrolled in its registry, but they kept their proceedings secret as being a statutable offence. At the same time in Northampton, Norfolk, and Suffolk, the magistrates licensed prophesyings—namely, expositions in the churches of some text, by one person after another, each for an hour at a time. They were apt to be on controversial subjects; the Queen thought them perilous, and ordered their suppression by the Archbishop; but the diocesan, Dr. Parkhurst, resisted his authority, and when Parker appealed to the Privy Council, Leicester stood up for the prophesyings, and persuaded the Queen to withdraw her support from the Archbishop, though the brave old man declared that he should carry out her Majesty's commands against her apparent wishes. She was affronted at first, but the Earl of Sussex upheld Parker, explained matters, and pacified the Queen, who had really been only talked over by Leicester.

She respected Parker more than any one else, and he ventured more with her, even daring to show his disapproval of those follies with regard to Leicester of which her enemies made such a scandal; but he was grievously harassed by the open attacks of one set of Puritans, the flat disobedience of the other—to whom he gave the name of Precisians—and the vacillating support the Queen gave him. She expected him to keep them down, yet, partly in jealousy of her prerogative, partly in deference to her Precisian minister and favourite, partly in dread of alienating her people, she failed him in the hour of need; and the old man was almost worn out, though he had a suffragan for the episcopal requirements of Kent. He had recently lost his wife, an excellent woman, for whom he had waited seven years, and had married as soon as in Edward VI.'s time, the celibacy of the clergy ceased to be enforced. So excellent was she, that Bishop Ridley was said to have asked whether she had a sister, as if one like her would have overcome his intention of remaining single. A year or two later the Archbishop lost his eldest son, and it was long before he again aroused his energies.

Elizabeth did not love Bishops' wives, and it was not till after Mrs. Parker's death that she first came to visit the Archbishop, at Lambeth, where she spent the Wednesday in Holy Week, the 2nd March, 1574, and she and all her court heard an open-air sermon in the quadrangle, the Queen in a gallery overlooking the Thames! The next day she went to Greenwich and kept her Maundy, washing the feet of thirteen poor women with her own hands, and giving them clothing and silver pennies.

She visited the Archbishop again at Croydon, his summer palace, where Bowyer, the comptroller of her household, had much ado to squeeze in all her ladies; and in September she made him a visit at Canterbury, when she was making a progress through Kent. The head boy of the Canterbury Grammar School welcomed her in a Latin speech, and there were splendid festivities and addresses everywhere; but the tradition of Folkestone is that the Mayor, having prepared a poetical address, sat down on a joint stool to deliver it at his leisure, and had gone as far as

> 'Thou great Queen!
> Welcome to Folksteen,'

when she cut him short with

> 'You great fool!
> Get off that stool.'

She was much annoyed by a secret marriage being disclosed between Charles Stewart, brother to Darnley, and thus her next heir after the little Scottish James, and Lady Elizabeth Talbot, the daughter of Mary's keeper, Lord Shrewsbury. Mary had been fond of Lady Elizabeth, and the intrigue was ascribed to her; but the marriage was

probably due to the ambition of Bess of Hardwicke, the Countess of Shrewsbury, a proud, violent woman. Some beautiful lace nightcaps of Mary's work were sent through Fenélon to be presented to Elizabeth, and after a little hesitation were accepted with this speech: 'Tell the Queen of Scots that I am older than she, and when people come to my age they take all they can, and only give with their little finger.'

The Anabaptists had excited so much alarm by their violences at Münster that there was great dismay at the detection of a congregation of them, Dutch by birth, at Aldgate. Seven-and-twenty were arrested, four recanted and carried faggots, and three were condemned; but only two suffered, the others being exiled. The two were to be burnt in Smithfield. It was the first of these horrible executions after seventeen years, and Elizabeth received a Latin letter urging her to mercy from John Fox, the owner of a prebend at Salisbury, who had, when he was required to sign the canons, produced a Greek Testament, saying, 'To this will I subscribe.' He was a good man, and so much respected that his signature was dispensed with, and Elizabeth was wont to call him her father Fox, but she paid no attention to his letter, and the Anabaptists suffered with 'horrible roaring and crying.'

Good old Matthew Parker was sinking under a mortal disease, of which he died on the 17th of May, 1575. A good, though not a great man, scholarly, learned, wise and firm, he had done much to repair the breaches of our Church and lay foundations which were built upon in later times.

The Queen kept the metropolitan see six months vacant, and then bestowed it on Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of York, a north countryman, born at St. Bees, who had been a pupil of Ridley, a friend of Bucer, and a fugitive at Geneva. He was of the party of Puritans within the Church, whom it may be convenient to distinguish by his predecessor's title of Precisians, and was a good, earnest, peace-loving man, willing to maintain order and obedience for duty's sake; but the loss of Parker's influence, together with ever-increasing dread of Romanism, made the Queen much more inclined to drop the old remnants of the ritual of her childhood than she had been at her accession.

She never liked Grindal, and disliked him the more for making a bold resistance to her way of helping herself and her courtiers to bits of Church property. Whenever she made an appointment, she nibbled off an estate, as her father and her brother's guardians had done, and she was much affronted by his faithful, fearless resistance. Moreover she insisted on the Archbishop silencing the 'prophesyings,' which had begun again on Parker's death. Grindal would not suppress them, but laid them under strict regulations; and when she insisted, he maintained his right as Archbishop to judge for himself. This made her furious, and though he wrote her a high-minded letter, she sequestrated

him in 1577, though it is not clear what that involved, since he administered the affairs of his see, and officiated at the consecrations of four suffragan Bishops. It is quite possible that no one did know what the sentence meant, and that it was only an outbreak of her wrath. Edmund Spenser, the young poet growing up at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, honoured him much, and commemorated him in his *Shepherd's Calendar* by the name of Algrind, comparing his disgrace at the hand of Queen Elizabeth to the death of Æschylus.

'He is a shepherd great in Grece,
But hath been long ypent.
One day he sat upon a hill,
As now thou wouldest mee;
But I am taught by Algrind's ill
To love the low degree,
For sitting so with bare a scalp
An eagle soared hye,
That weening his white head was chalk
A shell-fish down let flye:
She weens the shell-fish to have broke
But therewith brused his brayne,
That now astonied with the stroke
He lies in lingring payne.'

The Irish Church was of course in a far worse condition. Adam Loftus, the Primate, exchanged Armagh for Dublin, because the whole country had been so ravaged by the O'Neils that it afforded him no maintenance, and even the See of Dublin was so poor that the Queen granted him permission to hold any other benefice with it. The other Bishops were equally poor, but so utterly careless and heedless in their appointments that Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord Deputy, made complaint in 1568, and enactments were made that no one should be preferred to any benefice who could not at least read and speak English! Sidney's description of the state of things was frightful. The English Pale was overrun by thieves and robbers, the soldiers had no pay, and lived by plunder. Leinster was ravaged by the O'Tooles and Byrnes, Munster by the great Butler and Geraldin feud, Connaught by the De Burghs; Ulster was reeking with the blood of the O'Neils, and the Irish Parliament, in hopes of spoil, granted it to the crown. 'As for religion, there was small appearance of it, the Churches uncovered, the clergy scattered, and scarce the being of a God known to those ignorant and barbarous people.' Orders were reiterated from Council for the teaching of the Scriptures, the building of schools and appointing of masters, but nobody carried them out. The only really wise men were Nicholas Walsh and John Kearney, Chancellor and Treasurer of St. Patrick's, who set to work to translate the Prayer-book into Erse, had Erse types cast, and actually obtained an order that in one Church in every shire-town prayers should be read in the vernacular. Where this was done, the effect was excellent; but it was carried out in few places, although Walsh became Bishop

of Ossory in 1577, and worked hard at reclaiming the Irish of his own see; until he died the death of most Irish improvers, being stabbed at Kilkenny by a wretch whom he had cited for the crime of adultery.

The translation of the Bible was not finished at the time, but it was completed after his death. Ulster, being a desert, was thought by Elizabeth a good place to plant an English colony. She had been interested in Irish affairs by Sir John Perrot, who had so much of the Tudor in him as to be thought to be a son of Henry VIII., and who was fighting away in the south, trying to produce some order. So she made grants of the lands in Ulster to whomsoever would undertake to subdue the rebels therein, and bring them into due obedience. Among the foremost of these was Walter Devereux, Viscount Hereford, a descendant, through females, of the old Bohuns, and a gallant young nobleman. His wife Lettice, was a daughter of the Queen's much-trusted cousin, Sir Francis Knollys. She was very beautiful, and Leicester himself had fallen in love with her, and was thought by many to have suggested this dangerous expedition in hopes of ridding himself of her husband. Devereux was created Earl of Essex, the Queen herself putting the coroneted cap on his head, and across his shoulders the sword-belt which was the special badge of an earldom; and he was also made a Knight of the Garter. He mortgaged his English lands to the Queen for 10,000*l.*, and sailed with four of his wife's brothers, and many other gentlemen. He was appointed Governor of Ulster under the Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, and he was warmly attached to the accomplished Philip; but Sir Henry, being married to Leicester's sister, was thought to be unfriendly to him.

Leicester was in higher favour than ever just at this time. It was in the summer of 1575 that he entertained Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, with a mind ill at ease indeed, not on account of poor Amy Robsart, who had been in her grave fifteen years, but because of the double entanglement he had fallen into with Lady Essex, on the one hand, and on the other with Lady Douglas Howard, another cousin of the Queen, being daughter to Lord Howard of Effingham. She had married Lord Sheffield, but was early left a widow, and she believed herself secretly married to Leicester, to whom she had borne a son, who went all his life by the name of Robert Dudley.

Leicester disowned the marriage, and, as she declared, tried to poison her; and her sister, Lady Frances Howard, was also thought to be in love with him, and was keenly watched by the Queen. This was the anxiety that gnawed upon the Earl while for a fortnight he acted the splendid host, and found pageants and devices innumerable for her Majesty's amusement, from the time the huge porter received her with—'What stir, what coil is here?' prompted as all the world must think, by Flibbertigibbet, on through the brilliant masques of the Lady of the Lake in her watchett coloured silk, and Arion on his dolphin. It *is* true that Arion was too tipsy to repeat his part, and

merely assured the Queen that he was himself; but that was not Michael Lambourn, but honest Harry Goldinghame.

However, the revels of Kenilworth had better be read in the pages of Scott, who has taken liberties with history, in order to throw the most touching tragedy of the villain Leicester's life in juxtaposition with the culmination of his splendours.

Two tragedies were working out: Douglas Howard was biding her time, and so was Lettice Knollys likewise. The gallant husband of the latter was met by the usual fate of Englishmen attempting to improve Ireland, when he settled in Clanhuboy; the O'Neils hated and deceived him, his money wasted, his men fell away from him, Leicester maligned him, and the Lord Deputy gave his voice against the enterprise. Essex had to give up his government. He went home to plead his cause. But it was not convenient to keep him in England, and he was sent back with the title of Earl Marshal of Ireland. He is said by some not to have been blameless, but to have caused an O'Neil to be put to death after inviting him to his house on friendly terms; and, unhappily, the English were only too apt to treat the Irish as out of the pale of humanity.

On the 30th of August, 1576, he fell sick at his house at Clanhuboy, and died in his thirty-sixth year, after lingering twenty-two days, in much suffering. His latter days were closely described by his chaplain, Thomas Knell, who 'blurred the paper with tears as he writ.' He wrote earnest petitions to the Queen and Burleigh for the welfare of his family, wishing his eldest son, Robert, then eight years old, to be bred in Burleigh's household, and praying the Queen to be as a mother to his children. He talked with much affection to Philip Sidney, expressing a hope that his mind might be drawn to a marriage with his daughter, Penelope; and there was in fact so strong an attachment between them, that it was most unfortunate for the lady that his wishes did not take effect.

He received the Holy Communion, lamenting that he had neglected it for three years, through multiplicity of business, saying, 'Three years have I lived very negligently, and have not served God, but have lived soldierlike. Although a soldier should fear God, and serve Him, yet I have not served Him, but have spent my time vainly. I beseech Him forgive me.' He also cried aloud to be forgiven, as even from the bottom of his heart he forgave all who had wronged him. Comfort then came to him; he asked for music on the virginals, joined in the song, and so died.

He had indeed much to forgive. He had reason to suspect that he had been poisoned by Leicester for his wife's sake, since two ladies, who supped with him the night he was taken ill, were also unwell for some days; but they recovered, and so did a page who had likewise partaken of the same sugared wine. The poison was said to have been prepared by an Italian surgeon, brought over by Lloyd, Leicester's

secretary, and administered to Essex by Crompton, the yeoman of the bottles, who had been corrupted by Lloyd. So serious were the reports, and so strong a representation did Knell write, that Sir Henry Sidney had the matter inquired into, and wrote to Walsingham that he had convinced himself that there was no appearance of poison, but that the Earl had died of a disease then prevalent in Ireland, and that he should have made Knell retract his foolish inconsiderate speech and writing, had not the chaplain himself died of the same malady. Now the paper quoted above could not be called foolish and inconsiderate, so that another must have been destroyed. Sir Henry Sidney was a good man; but his wife was sister to Leicester, and he may have been willing to close his eyes for her sake to the circumstantial evidence leading to such a conclusion. Soon after, at what time is not known, Lettice, Countess of Essex, was privately married to Leicester, and her father, Sir Francis Knollys, caused the wedding to be publicly solemnized a second time as soon as he discovered what had taken place.

Two sons and two daughters of Essex were left, and, young as they were, gave great promise. Robert, the little Earl, wrote an answer to Lord Burleigh's letter of condolence without help, very well expressed, and he could already speak Latin and French; and his younger brother, who had been his father's favourite, Walter Devereux, was thought to excel him. They had an excellent tutor, and little Robin, as he was called, was treated with kindness that showed the Queen's tardy regret for the father whom she had allowed to be sacrificed to the schemes of her unworthy favourite.

Sidney was a really good man, and it is a curious testimony to the regard in which he was held in Ireland that his god-daughters have made the name of Sidney a recognised one for ladies, especially in Ireland. His gifted son was chiefly at Court, treated as the pattern of scholarship and chivalry, but wonderfully little spoilt by the Queen's favour. Much grieved at the sad state of religion in Ireland, Sir Henry wrote a long and curious letter to Elizabeth 'as to the only salve given to this sick and sore realm.' Then he goes on to describe 'the lamentable estate of the most noble and principal limb thereof, the Church, as foul, deformed, and cruelly crushed as any other part thereof.' He describes a visitation of Bishop Brady of Meath, who, out of 225 parish churches, found 105 leased out to farmers, and a 'very sorry curate' appointed to serve them. Only eighteen of these curates could speak English, 'the rest Irish priests, or rather Irish rogues, having very little Latin, less learning or civility.' It was in this 'little Latin,' however, as we know from other sources, that they ministered unto the people; but their whole maintenance was from 'the bare altarages,' namely, fees and offertories. No one house was standing for any of them to dwell in, many churches were down, others mere walls, few chancels covered in, and only fifty-two

of the churches in the whole diocese had resident vicars, and these were 'better served, though but badly.'

This was the state of the 'best governed diocese' in Ireland. Of others, the Deputy says: 'It hath been preached publicly before me, that the Sacrament of Baptism is not used among them, and truly I believe it.'

This letter met with some attention. A commission was sent to put matters in better train, but in vain. Everything soon fell into the former hopeless state of ruin, and in fact the English Church was not yet alive enough to foster her expiring sister while yet it was in her power.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN ELDERLY LADY.

BY ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

CONCLUSION.

IT is usual for a writer to state in a preface the object of his work; such prefaces are, however, proverbially seldom read, and as I particularly desire that this should not be the case in the present instance, I have thought it better to reverse the usual arrangement, and state my object in writing the foregoing chapters of the 'Note-book of an Elderly Lady' at their close.

They were begun in the hope that what I have done, others may be inclined to do also—that is, put forth, in some form or other, the results of their educational experiences. This is a transition period. We can none of us expect to arrive at any perfectly satisfactory conclusion as to the various schemes which are at present on foot until several years have passed, and the pupils of this generation have become the teachers and parents of the next. Prophecies will then have been tested by their fulfilment or their failure. We shall then have had experience of the value of High Schools and Local examinations, and shall be able to judge how far society has gained or lost by their influence upon the intellect, morals, and manners of the young people who are now under instruction.

But in this period of transition, though we can arrive at no conclusion as to permanent results, we can, by careful observation, see the direction which the efforts of the day are taking, and even a limited experience may be valuable in enabling us to regulate a movement which we are unable to check, even if we wished to do so.

The fact, for instance, that influential voices have been publicly raised to protest against overwork and undue excitement from examinations, is a warning that we may be rushing on too fast. Privately, in every direction, the necessity of such a warning is corroborated. It may not be listened to, but it is well that it should be given. And so with other risks and difficulties. Time will prove whether they are real or imaginary, but it must surely be useful when those who have had a fair opportunity for the formation of an opinion will state it, if only that it may be discussed, and possibly controverted. It is really with this view that I have said many things in the preceding pages. The opinions may or may not be sound deductions or well-grounded fears, but they are based upon facts—limited no doubt—but still facts.

Let others put forth their views likewise, based upon facts, and—taking it for granted that all who are interested in education desire the benefit of the young generation, and not the glory of carrying out any pet theories—we shall, I think, be likely to assist each other in

arriving at satisfactory results in the end. We may all form some mistaken opinions, we may ultimately be obliged to own them, but the candid, free discussion of differences will only at last bring us nearer together.

It was because I did not feel that I had a right from experience to do more than *suggest*, that I chose the conversational form in which to put forth my opinions. It prevented—or at least I hoped it would prevent—the appearance of dogmatising. But in concluding in my own person, it may perhaps be desirable to state rather more definitely one or two points which may have been passed over lightly, or have scarcely been alluded to in the more general discussion.

And first I would say that experience has considerably altered an opinion I once entertained as to the superiority of day schools over boarding schools for girls. The supposed advantage of a day school rests upon the idea that the superior care, and tenderness, and good example of the home, are of more importance than the discipline of school. This is a very natural, but I am convinced it is in many instances, an illusory, idea.

If all parents were wise, if all homes were well-ordered, if the engagements of the elders of the family never interfered with the regularity of the children's lessons, it might be perfectly true that the home-life would be the more valuable of the two. But taking homes as they are—more especially the homes of tradesmen and professional men with small incomes—in which the claims of business and housekeeping, to say nothing of amusements, will generally, and almost necessarily, be considered before those of the children, it is, I think, hopeless to expect that a girl's studies will be as diligently pursued, and her character as carefully watched and moulded, through the medium of a day-school as through that of a good boarding school. I say, of course, a *good* boarding school. There was at one time (and I think there often is now) such a prejudice against boarding schools that it was considered impossible to find a good one, in the true sense of the word good. I do not share that opinion now. I did so once. From experience I believe it quite possible to establish schools for a *moderate* number of girls, in which the tone will be quite as high as in private families, and often higher. I have learnt to think that frivolity and absence of refinement, and the untold evils which result from bad companionship, exist quite as often in homes as in schools. No external watchfulness will, however, be a complete safeguard in either case. It may be said of a girl as of a woman, that if she cannot protect herself no one else can do so.

But in connection with the subject of schools, a fact—which must before long be forced upon the attention of persons interested in the spread of education—is that the rush to large High Schools is sapping the foundation of the smaller and less pretentious schools by diminishing the number of their pupils. This need not, however, in itself be an

evil. If High Schools can meet all the needs of the day, we cannot do better than bend our efforts to their establishment. But—it was a remark made to a friend of my own, only a few weeks ago, by a very clever and successful mistress of a large middle-class day school—the High Schools are no doubt a direct help to the clever girls, but those who are not clever must be left to get on as they can. Any one who has looked behind the scenes in schools, any one indeed who uses his reason, can see that this is and must be so. High Schools must pay interest upon the money invested in them; to do this they must attract numbers; numbers can only be attracted by reputation; reputation can only be gained by results which the public can estimate. A young lady who gains an honour certificate in the Local examinations is an advertisement for the school at which she has been instructed. Five certificated young ladies will bring additional pupils; ten will secure numbers; twenty will bring too many to be admitted. Therefore, necessarily, without any fault, the attention of the governesses must be given to the girls who are likely to secure them this reputation. The routine of the school must be guided by their requirements. No complaint is made on this account, for their companions share their honours by reflection. To have been taught in the same class with the winner of an honour certificate, must in itself be a distinction. The dull girls, swamped by the talent which surrounds them, fall back unnoticed, and indeed are at last liable to be absolutely excluded. Where numbers flock, a preliminary examination is insisted upon. If it cannot be passed, admittance must be refused. Again, this is from no fault; it is only a necessity.

But what are the dull girls to do? And there are a great many dull girls in the world, and not only dull but penniless, and they come forward more prominently than boys, from the fact that they are not looked upon as the bread-winners of the day, and therefore are less carefully taught from the beginning. Many girls are ignorant because they are dull; many more are dull because they are ignorant. Anyhow they require to be taught, for their ultimate provision is a more difficult matter than that of boys, because their dulness is a greater stumbling-block in their path.

A boy may fail in Latin and Greek, but send him to the colonies and he may make a fortune as a sheep farmer. There is no such opening for girls. Their physical constitution alone prevents it. All the more reason therefore is it that they should be carefully instructed, encouraged, aided, and set forth on the perilous path of life with every precaution taken for them that love and Christian kindness can provide. An unprotected, ignorant, friendless girl is in tenfold greater danger than a boy. Statistics are forced occasionally upon our notice revealing most awful secrets concerning the ultimate fate of some of these friendless, helpless girls of different classes. We look and shudder, and pass on. We can do nothing for them, so we say to ourselves; and

we are thankful for the opiate to our consciences. The pain of thinking would otherwise be too great. But even if it were true that we can do nothing for the actual outcasts—a conclusion which I by no means accept—the great question, how to save others from the possibility of a like fate, still remains.

These unhappy ones, whom we shrink from contemplating, were perhaps—were very probably—only dull and friendless. They had no money, and they did not know how to get any—that was their temptation. If they had been clever they might have done well, but talent was not theirs by nature; and the world, society, art, demand talent, and will accept nothing less. What could the unhappy ones do?—Man must condemn; but God is merciful.

I say all this advisedly, from circumstances brought before my own notice. I have known what a little help may do for an ignorant girl. I have seen the value of patience with dulness, of encouragement given to a talent which will never rise to eminence. I have thought to myself—what would these young people have done if thrown into a large school which could only reward powers above the average?—and then I have said to myself that if the worship of intellect should become—as it threatens to become—our only worship, the moral stain which even now rests upon us, will inevitably be deepened; and if deepened, it must be our degradation and ruin.

The words may perhaps seem graver than the subject demands. They may be an unfulfilled prophecy. God grant it to be so. But let those who are now employing the whole weight of their influence to stimulate talent and offer prizes to ambition, at least pause for a moment and ask, Is this all that we require? If we only help those who can help themselves, are we really providing for the educational needs of the middle classes? There is indeed a mode of guarding against the swamping power of talent in large schools; it is possible to supplement the instruction by teaching at home, which may enable the backward girl to compete with her more fortunate companions. But this involves a governess in the house, and few persons can afford the double expense. The special advantage of High Schools is indeed supposed to be that they give such first-rate instruction for such low fees. Shopkeepers, and persons with limited incomes, would never be able to afford the extra superintendence. Their girls go to the school for actual teaching in the morning, and prepare their lessons at home in the afternoon or evening. The parents can undertake nothing more. The clever girl works and gains her certificate; the dull or backward girl never tries for it. We hear of the clever girl perhaps in after days. We may even see her name, coupled with laudatory mention, in the *Times*. But the dull girl, what becomes of her?

It must not, however, be thought from what has been said that I have any wish to disparage High Schools. Far from it. They are doing good work in raising the standard of instruction, and in their place they are very valuable. All I would call attention to is the

fact—or what appears to me to be the fact—that they cannot fully meet the educational needs of the various grades of the middle class of English girls; for they can only do a half work. They can instruct, but they can never educate. And that they are superseding other schools is certain. Even boarding schools suffer, because the present theory is that home in a boarding-house, and instruction in a High School, are all sufficient. But what is meant by home in a boarding-house? It may no doubt be a very good home. The mistress may be a lady, high-principled, well-bred, with an insight into character, and a talent for domestic government. She may be a valuable friend and helper to her young charges; but, on the other hand, she may be merely a good-natured housekeeper, anxious only 'to make both ends meet,' and thinking her duty fulfilled when she sends a servant to take the children to the school in the morning, and bring them back in the afternoon. A boarding-house, guaranteed by the school authorities, may indeed be safe; but any person can open a house in connection with most of the High Schools, and ordinary comfort and kindness will, by many persons, be considered all that children require when out of school. It is the school itself which is generally deemed of importance—offering as it does the hope of passing the Local examination, and gaining an honour certificate.

When a young girl, who seeks a situation, for instance, can offer such a testimonial to her ability, few will trouble themselves to ask where did she live whilst she attended the High School? What was the training of the boarding-house? How did she pass the Sunday? What amount of religious instruction did she secure?

It is this all-important training or *education*—as distinguished from *instruction*—which is fast passing out of the hands both of parents and of the school authorities. I call attention to the fact, because it may become a serious evil. Boarding-houses not guaranteed may prove an injury rather than an advantage to the young generation. The temptation is—I have felt it myself—to suggest the establishment of such a home to ladies who cannot meet the intellectual requirements of the day, but who may be good housekeepers. At first sight the plan seems easy and desirable. For the ladies it may be a great boon. For the children?—— each house must stand upon its own merits. But those merits should certainly include a good deal more than bodily comforts; and it would surely be well if the managers and trustees of the High Schools could in some way guarantee the home supervision which is so invaluable.

For it must be remembered that fashion is paramount with the class whom we all recognise as most needing education. The well-to-do tradesman in the country, when he has given his daughter what he deems a sufficiency of elementary teaching in his own neighbourhood, thinks that he is doing the right thing in sending her for a year, or a year and a half, to a High School. As a necessity he places her in a boarding-house, and just at the age therefore when personal influence

is most important, she is probably removed from it, and thrown into a scene of eager competition and excitement. What intellectual profit she may obtain is but little considered by the parents. She is sent to school not so much to be instructed as to be *finished*, that is, to be able to say with truth that she has been at such or such a school which has been so successful in the Local examinations. The year and a half over, and the girl returns to her home. What has she gained? Little, if anything, probably in principle and motive, because those are not the direct aim of a day school. Little also in actual information, because there has been no time to give special lessons, and she was not quick enough or forward enough to profit by the teaching which was suited to the clever girls. She has seen indeed something of the intellectual world. She has obtained an insight into its interests, its temptations, its prizes; but they have no particular charm for her. They are not in her line. She comes back to her parents rather less simple, rather more bent upon making a show. Books are put aside, and she comes out, in her sphere, just as the daughter of a nobleman comes out in hers. She can, in her grade, make as good a display, and excite as much admiration. The large world and the small world—both are circles, both contain the same number of degrees.

But is this result what the advocates of higher education desire? Is it what they are aiming at? Is it anything better than the frivolous insipidity of the days gone by? Or, to put the question in other words, In what respect are the majority of the High School pupils benefited by the stress and strain which are put upon them, mainly for the encouragement and the intellectual ambition of the few who attain to honours?

But it will be said, It is easy enough to find fault, and the advocates of higher education do not profess to meet all the requirements of life. They aim at giving a stimulus, and in this they have succeeded.

I grant it—fully, thankfully. The standard of instruction has, as I said before, been greatly raised by them. The elementary teaching is far better than it used to be. It would be the height of ingratitude not to acknowledge it. All that I dread is the fatal mistake of confounding instruction and education, and lauding ourselves for the successful efforts we have been making, and are still making, for the former, when we are leaving the latter to its fate.

Still more will there be reason to dread this confounding of things in their nature distinct, if, as report has whispered, there is an idea of adopting the foreign plan of making examinations and certificates *compulsory* upon all persons who undertake to teach.

It may probably be that the attempt will be restricted to teachers in schools; but even then I cannot but think it would be a grievous error. If the Oxford and Cambridge examiners will undertake to give ordinary certificates of moral worth—truth, honour, temper, justice, good judgment, and add honour certificates of religious principles and refinement, we shall all know what we have to expect when we send a

child to a school taught by a guaranteed governess. But until that superhuman power of judging our fellow-creatures is bestowed, like a miraculous gift, upon the gentlemen who hold the office of examiners, we shall find ourselves—should such a change be carried out—not only compelled to accept, in many cases, the shadow for the substance, the form of instruction for the spirit of education; but we shall even be deprived of a choice between them.

How the compulsory system works in Germany was, not very long ago, brought before my own notice. A friend of my own—a German lady who had spent a large portion of her life in England—had an idea of opening a house in Dresden, in which she might receive English girls who required instruction in the language, and the benefit of good masters. She was a person of remarkable natural gifts. She had been a highly esteemed governess in England. She was accomplished, refined, absolutely trustworthy, and religious, and possessed of rare judgment and common sense, which had been tested with her pupils under most difficult circumstances. We were discussing the probability of her success in the new undertaking; but when I spoke of the advantage which the young girls we hoped might be entrusted to her would derive from her own instruction, her reply was, 'You must not reckon upon that. I may receive boarders who will have masters, but if I give lessons myself, I must go through an examination, which I am not equal to undertake, and when I have passed it, I shall have to pay a tax for the license to teach.' So my friend was excluded from the list of governesses in her own country. As it happened this was of no consequence to her. Ill health prevented her from attempting to carry out her plan, and other prospects opened to her; but I have never forgotten the difficulty which she raised, and which would at once be felt most painfully in England if certificates were made compulsory. How many women are there who have the high principles, and the natural talent which will make their influence over young minds invaluable, and who yet, from insufficient training or nervousness, would infallibly break down in an examination! And how many others are there who would pass the ordeal bravely, and with distinction, and whom nevertheless one would shrink from placing one's children under, because there is some want of refinement, or of religious principle which would render their influence injurious.

And if *compulsory* intellectual certificates would be a danger in schools, they would be fatal as regards private governesses. The needs of English home education are so various, that to establish a standard which all governesses must pass, would be not only to prevent many ladies from obtaining situations, but many mothers of families from obtaining the help which they actually require. The middle classes of England, of all grades, may well be left to settle these matters for themselves, without the interposition of government. Inducements to study, prizes for successful work, are no doubt most valuable. The stimulus they give is felt throughout the land; but

anything beyond this would be as burdensome as the infliction of sumptuary laws, which might prevent extravagance and be excellent as cultivating a better taste in dress, but which would end in the injury of trade.

Whatever is done for the improvement of female education in England can in fact only be originated wisely by women themselves, supported and aided by men.

It is women who know what women require; women who know the difficulties of the governesses and the needs of the parents. I cannot but believe that an examination by well-educated ladies would, in the case of girls who have no remarkable talent, often be a better test of future usefulness than an examination by men. I say usefulness as distinct from intellectual ability, because there is no doubt that an Oxford examiner as a rule knows more about mathematics, algebra, and logic, than an English lady. But the English lady knows better than the Oxford examiner what is wanted to make girls intelligent home-companions, cultivated sharers in social amusements, or good assistants in the management of a household. And many a girl who would utterly fail if brought before a public examiner, may give proof of most important acquirements and excellent qualities when tested by persons of her own sex, who know how to bring out what she knows and to give her confidence. It is a helping hand which these young people need, and men cannot give it. Why do we throw upon them a burden which they were not made to bear?

I write this sadly, because I feel that my words can be little more than words. I have no plan to propose except that of smaller schools, patient instruction, and personal superintendence and influence, and a standard of excellence which shall be able to guarantee other merits besides those of the intellect; but I have neither the time nor the strength to carry out these ideas. I can but vaguely suggest them; but again and again I would urge upon the leaders in the movement for raising the standard of female education to remember the Incapables. There is a place for them in God's world, but only women can show them how and where to find it.

And one more suggestion I would venture to make for the benefit (or what it seems to me would be the benefit) of those who are not Incapables—the industrious girls who have good abilities, and are anxious to take advantage of the 'aids to improvement' held out to them.

I have already touched upon the point in the preceding papers, but I cannot conclude without more definitely drawing attention to it.

Is it impossible for the Local Examiners to extend the age for the Senior girls' examination to twenty?

I believe this would considerably increase the number of the candidates. Perhaps the examiners have as much on their hands as they can well undertake, and an increase of numbers might not be

tempting. But what I think might weigh with them would be the following considerations:—

As the age is now fixed, a girl of seventeen, who is, it may be, clever, but has had few advantages, feeling herself sadly deficient in elementary knowledge, and having only one year before her, looks upon it as impossible to pass the examination, and therefore makes no attempt to do so. Yet this is just the age when a sense of the importance of instruction is dawning upon the mind, when lessons are no longer looked upon as a task, and when the hope of a certificate would be a stimulus most fully appreciated.

The Woman's examination, no doubt, offers itself, but few girls have the courage to attempt *that* without some preliminary experience; and fewer still have the opportunity presented to them. I am speaking of those who are obliged to provide for themselves, and to whom an Oxford or Cambridge certificate is in fact money.

The appointed time being passed, the friends who have hitherto been providing for the young girl's education, say—and very naturally—'she is eighteen, she must do something for herself.' She has no certificate, and in these days it is not easy to take the place even of a pupil teacher without one. She must therefore be a nursery governess; dress and undress children, teach them to read and spell, give them first lessons in music, walk and play with them. Where are then the time and the energy to be found, which are needed before a girl of eighteen can grapple with the difficulties of the Woman's examination? And how can she obtain the help which she needs?

If it had been the Senior examination for girls which lay before her, some effort would have been made to keep her a year longer at school, and she might have been accepted as a pupil teacher, because it would have been for the advantage of the school to give her the opportunity of gaining a certificate, and thus bringing credit to her instructors; or, even as a nursery governess, she might, if really clever, have managed to work by herself. The aim would have seemed attainable, and she might have had the spirit to try. But to pass the Woman's examination is hopeless. She has lost her opportunity, and as in the case of a man who fails to take his degree at college, it cannot be regained.

And I would say the same of the young girls who are not *obliged* to work for themselves—who go from school to quiet homes, where they have no particular excitement, and for whom study would have many charms if it had only a definite object. Eighteen is a trying age for many of these girls. They have no excitement before them. School-room competition is over, and home cares have begun. The society of a country town, or even of a life in London restricted by a small income, is not enough to satisfy them. Brothers are absent, sisters are only too plentiful. There is not enough work for all, and, even if there were, the intellect which has been cultivated in the school-room requires something besides the performance of home duties to

satisfy it. And they are too young to be actively employed in works of benevolence, and too enterprising to be contented with seeking out opportunities for small kindnesses.

'There is so little to be done.' That is the undertone of their thoughts; and it is a very weary thought, and often the parent of much that is destructive of home happiness.

The craving for sisterhood life is often mainly the outcome of this sense of weariness and aimlessness in a young religious mind. Naturally, parents object to their children undertaking solemn engagements before they have had sufficient experience of life to understand what these engagements involve. And thus it is that the idea of a sisterhood becomes a subject of discussion, and controversy, and disagreement. The parents think the daughter wilful; the daughter thinks the parents unsympathetic.

The young people in fact want employment, and they cannot make up their minds to wait for it. Give them a present object of interest, and they will be contented for the time being, and with increasing years will come (it may be hoped) increasing judgment, which will enable them to decide wisely as to the comparative claims of seemingly conflicting duties.

And—another advantage which it appears to me would accrue from giving a later date for the Senior examinations—it would afford an opportunity for a wider sphere of study. The young girls who are not likely to be called upon to teach, and who are devoid of the spirit of intellectual enterprise which makes them sigh for a university degree, care little for algebra and mathematics, and the classics. Such subjects of conversation are rather tabooed in society. Their interest lies rather in art, music, Continental history. They would be willing to undertake studies likely to open their minds to the interests of every-day life, and increase their pleasure in travelling; but the Woman's examination, followed by a university degree, confers an honour they are probably a little shy of. Some would scarcely like to acknowledge the degree even if they could obtain it. They may be very foolish in indulging their shyness, still more foolish in failing to see the advantage of the manly studies; but the folly exists, and their parents very often share it, and as a consequence, the education of the young ladies stops when they are emancipated from the schoolroom. It would, I cannot but think, conduce much to the higher education of women if—when the ground has been carefully prepared by elementary work—a stimulus could be given by proposing to young girls subjects of study which are peculiarly within their own sphere, and which can be pursued without any risk of pedantry. It is in this way that possibly a stimulus might be given even to that fashionable class which at present is probably farther removed than any other from the attractions of direct intellectual effort. The young girls of this class have had indeed a certain amount of cultivation, and they have learnt to

spread their acquirements and accomplishments, like gold leaf over a wide surface. And this they find sufficient for the ordinary purposes of the society in which they move, and in which the fact that they are superficial is not perceived. Novels, light biography, innumerable magazines, give them subjects for conversation; they keep up the needful supply of gold-leaf. But thought is—where?

This frittering away of mental power is not only in itself to be regretted; but it is alarming when we consider the influence which the tone of the upper classes has upon those beneath them. That which is accepted by them will be accepted generally. And what is it which these girls accept? What is it which they tolerate? Is it severe to say that a large number are so little accustomed to real study, and so totally unable to think, that they receive anything which is offered to them without giving themselves the trouble to criticise? Infidelity and immorality are in the literature which is their mental food—and they imbibe both unconsciously. Sensation, excitement! give them these and they want nothing more. I would ask again, might not something be done to raise their taste, and arouse their judgment by giving them an interest in intellectual work, and leading them to devote their spare moments to studies embracing subjects which not only form part of the topics of the day, but which are in themselves ennobling?

It is a wide question, and proposed simply as a matter for consideration. Only it will scarcely be doubted that if we can raise the tone and cultivate the minds of the young English girls who are born to rank, and wealth, and outward refinement, we are at the same time helping to improve the inferior grades. There is no country which is so leavened from the upper surface as England is. This may be a blessing—it may be, alas! does it not too often prove, a curse?

The higher education ought surely to include the education of the highest grade. If the young girls—the butterflies of fashionable life—could be kept a little longer in the schoolroom, and have their attention directed to a more enlarged sphere of literary and artistic interest, and their minds strengthened by books of real thought, we might hope to find them less likely to be led away by the frivolities and temptations of the life to which they are afterwards admitted; and be less frequently startled and scandalised by revelations which seem to show that at the present day the standard of morality is equally low with those who are above, as with those who are below, the criticism of a sound public opinion.

Outward moral respectability is indeed but a poor substitute for inward religious principle; but it is not to be despised, for there can be no religion without it. It is always the *few* who will be led to be earnest in their devotion to God's service; but the *many* may be induced to shrink from the degradation of fashionable vice; and what does higher education mean—what are its aims and its triumphs—if it cannot effect a reformation such as this?

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART III.—SEVILLE.

'Wo die Citronen blühn.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

FIGHTING THE DRAGON.

'Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.'

'So, papa, here we are, off at last! I can hardly believe it, and nothing left behind! Isn't it delightful? Such lovely weather and so many people! I wish we were going to India right away! I wonder how many of those people are good sailors.'

'A very small proportion, my dear, in all probability.'

'How I do like to look at people and imagine histories for them! And you cannot start for India without a sort of story; can you? As for you and me, *we're* just going to enjoy ourselves!'

The speaker looked capable of enjoying herself and all around her. She was a girl of eighteen or nineteen, dressed in a tightly-fitting dark blue dress with a little black felt hat, very becoming to her small, slender shape, and dark glowing complexion. She had pretty features and very white teeth, which showed a little in her frequent smiles; dark hazel eyes, bright, clear, and penetrating; and curly wavy hair, as black as an English girl's can be. She had quick, decided movements, a clear, firm voice, and the sweetest laugh possible.

Among all the anxious, hurried, fidgety people on the deck she looked perfectly happy and at her ease—not careless, for a variety of small packages were neatly piled up beside her, but entirely content; for was not the desire of her heart in process of fulfilment? Ever since Elizabeth Stanforth, always appropriately called Gipsy, had been a little girl, she had delighted in sharing her father's expeditions when the great London artist sought new ideas, new models, or a cessation from ideas and models, in the enjoyment of natural beauty. These expeditions had not hitherto been long or frequent, for Gipsy was the eldest of seven, and holiday trips away from the old house at Kensington were generally made in company with her mother and the children, with occasional divergences of Mr. Stanforth's. Gipsy, too, was but newly released from the thraldom of lessons and classes, though a week once at the Lakes, and another in Cornwall, had shown Mr. Stanforth

that Gipsy possessed various requisites for a good traveller—a great capacity for enjoyment and a great *in*capacity for being bored, good health, a good appetite, and a good temper.

Therefore, when a long-cherished wish of Mr. Stanforth's own was put in practice, and he set out for a three months' tour in search of the picturesque in Southern Spain, he took Gipsy with him, and this warm, sunshiny September morning found them on the deck of a P. and O. steamer, just about to leave Southampton on its way to Gibraltar.

They had arrived on board early, and were now watching the approach of their fellow-passengers, the farewells and last words passing between them and their friends: Gipsy simply delighted with the novelty of the scene, and her father watching it with a peculiarly acute and kindly gaze of accurate observation.

Mr. Stanforth, with his slender figure and dark beard, looked young enough to be sometimes mistaken for his daughter's elder brother; she resembled him in colouring and feature, but keen and sweet as her bright eyes were, they had not looked out long enough on life to have acquired the thoughtful sympathetic expression that gave to her father's face an unusual charm—a look that seemed to tell of an insight that reached beyond the artist's observation of form and colour, or even of obvious character, and penetrated the very thoughts of the heart, not merely to note but to understand them. Perhaps this was why Mr. Stanforth's portraits were thought such good likenesses, and why his original designs never wanted for character and expression.

He was not thinking purposely of anything but his holiday and his daughter, but the blue sky and bright sunshine of this unusually summer-like September helped his sense of enjoyment, and every face as it passed before him interested or amused him, from the bright, fresh-faced school-girl just 'finished' and looking forward through a few parting tears to incalculable possibilities in her unknown life, to the climate-worn official who had been bored during his leave at home, yet was far from regarding India as a paradise. Brides blushing and smiling, mothers with eyes and hearts sad for the children left at home, young lads with the world before them—the deck offered specimens of all these. Some were surrounded by groups of friends, but most of the sadder partings had been got over elsewhere, and the passengers were coming on board with a sense of relief, and minds chiefly full of their luggage and their state-rooms, their places at the table, and their chairs for the deck.

As Mr. Stanforth's eye travelled over the various groups he observed two young men sitting close together on one of the benches at a little distance. The one nearest to him sat with his face turned away towards his companion, a tall, powerful lad, with fair hair, and features of an unusually fine and regular type, now pale and half sullen with a pain evidently almost beyond endurance. The other's hand lay on his knee, and he seemed to be speaking, for the boy nodded

and murmured a word or two occasionally. 'That's a bad parting,' thought the artist; 'I wonder which is the traveller.'

'Look, papa,' said Gipsy, 'there's a model for you! Isn't that an uncommon face?' She pointed out to him a tall, dark young man, with a peculiar oval face of olive tinting, who stood close to them making inquiries of some officials. 'There's a distinguished foreigner for you,' she said.

'Yes, a foreigner of course; a very fine fellow.'

Something restrained the kindly-natured artist from drawing his daughter's attention to the parting moments that were evidently so painful; but the 'distinguished foreigner,' as the last minutes approached, drew near to the pair and touched the lad on the shoulder. He started up; the other rose also and turned round, showing a face like enough in type to suggest the closest kinship, but white, thin, telling a tale of sickness as well as of present suffering. They grasped each other's hands. Mr. Stanforth involuntarily turned his eyes away, and in a moment the lad pushed through the crowd, evidently unseeing and unheeding, passed close by them and knocked over all Gipsy's bags, shawls, and bundles, pushed on, never knowing what he had done, and turning, gave one last look at his brother, who met it with a beaming, resolute smile, and a wave of the hand.

The olive-faced foreigner who had followed, saw the accident, and made a gesture of apology, then bid the boy farewell with clasped hands and some rapidly-uttered sentences, watching him over the side, and, coming back to the Stanforths, hastily replaced the fallen articles.

'Pardon,' he said, 'my brother could not see.'

'Don't mention it; no harm done,' said Mr. Stanforth kindly, and as the young man moved away, other groups came up and separated them, and he was seen no more till dinner time, when he appeared, but without his companion.

In the intervals of making acquaintance with her fellow passengers and of beginning the letter which was to tell her mother of *every* event of their tour, Gipsy Stanforth speculated as to how the 'distinguished foreigner' came to call such an unmistakable Englishman his brother.

The three days that the Lesters had spent in London had been trying and fatiguing. Judge Cheriton and his wife had come up from the country to their town house on purpose to receive them, but the very kindness and interest which had prompted them to inquire into all the causes of Cheriton's illness and to question the prudence of some of the home measures had fretted both Cheriton and Jack, the latter being a little disposed to resent any interference. But the right of the Cheritons to a share in their nephews' affairs had always been admitted, and Mr. Lester, little as he felt himself able to bear the further strain, would hardly have let them go to London without him

but for his brother-in-law's assurance that they should not start till every arrangement had been made. The Judge was surprised at the confidence reposed in Alvar, and though he had too much sense to try to shake it, had caused Mr. Lester to insist that they should be accompanied by a servant experienced in travelling and in illness, instead of the Oakby lad at first chosen—an arrangement which Cheriton secretly much disliked, though he acquiesced in it as sparing his father anxiety.

Judge Cheriton also undertook to give Mr. Lester a full report of the physician's opinion, which was not, on the whole, discouraging. He said that though the illness had left manifest traces, and that he considered Cheriton in a critical state, there was nothing to prevent entire recovery, of which the winter abroad offered the best chance; and if he wished to go to Southern Spain, Spain it might be, as rest and change were as much needed as climate. There was no use in thinking of any profession or occupation till the next summer. Some overstrain had resulted in a complete break-down, and the cough was part of the mischief. Fatigue, cold, and anxiety were all equally to be avoided, but as there was no predisposition to any form of chest disease in the family, they might look forward hopefully.

This verdict entirely consoled Alvar, who, indeed, had never looked much beyond the present, and brightened the anxious hearts at Oakby, especially when accompanied by a note from Cherry himself, which he had made Jack read to 'see if it was cheerful enough.'

He and Jack clung to each other closely during those last few days, and till they parted, Cheriton never ceased to be the one to uphold and to cheer; but when Jack was out of sight, he broke down utterly, and while Alvar was beginning to make acquaintance with the Stanforths, Cheriton lay fighting hard with all the suffering which he had so long held at bay. He was not passive, though Alvar thought him so, as he lay still and silent, unwilling to speak or be spoken to. He was struggling actively, strenuously, with all the force of a strong will against a passionate and rebellious nature. He was sufficiently experienced in self-control, and unselfish enough to have succeeded in behaving well and courageously under his various troubles. But Cherry's notions of self-conquest aimed higher and went deeper. He would be master of his own inmost soul, as well as of his outward actions. His eyes were pure enough to see as in a vision what was implied in saying honestly, 'Thy Will be done,' and clear enough to know that he could not say it; while, on the other hand, there was scarcely any form of wrath and bitterness to which memory did not tempt him. Why must he suffer in so many ways? Perhaps the moments of softer yearning for the lost love of his boyhood, sad as they were, were the least painful part of his suffering. The loss of health and strength, and of the power of substituting some other aim in life for those earlier and sweeter hopes, came as a separate, but to

so active a person, an exceeding trial, while he was separated from all the lesser interests which had the power of custom over him, a power in his case unusually strong; yet in these he felt lay the hope of salvation, at least from those intermittent waves of utter despondency which made all alike worthless and blank. Cheriton had all his life tried to choose the better part, to follow his own higher nature, and seek what was lovely and of good report, had all his life looked upward. Had he not done so, these present temptations would have attacked him on a far lower level, or, set apart as he was just now from all outward action, he would more probably not have recognised that he had a battle to fight at all. But to Cheriton it was given to see the issues of the battle that has been fought by all true saints, and perhaps by some sinners; and his chief mistake now was that he was young enough to think that, like the typical dragon fights of the old world, it could be won by one great struggle. This was his inner life, of which no one knew anything, save perhaps Jack, who was like-minded enough to guess something of it.

Alvar only saw that he was weak and weary, and suffering from a great reaction of mind and body. He was a very judicious companion, however, and after a day or two of repose succeeded in coaxing Cherry on to the deck; where the fresh air sent him to sleep on the cushions that Alvar had arranged for him, more quietly than for some time past.

When he opened his eyes, and began to look about him, it was with a refreshing sense of life and circumstances apart from himself and his perplexities. The blue sky, the dancing waves, the groups of people moving about, the unfamiliar sights and sounds amused him. He looked round for his brother, and presently discovered him sitting at a little distance, smoking his unfailing cigarette, and looking both comfortable and picturesque in the soft felt hat, which, though not especially unlike other people's, always had on him the effect of a costume. He was talking to a young lady, with an air of considerable animation and intimacy. She was knitting a gay-striped sock, the bright pins twinkling with the rapid movement of her fingers, and she laughed often, a particularly gay, musical laugh.

Alvar glanced round, and seeing that Cherry was awake, sprang up and came over to him.

'Ah, you have had quite a long sleep,' he said.

'Have I? I feel all the better for it. This is very comfortable. And pray who is the young lady with the knitting-needles?'

'Why, that is Miss Stanforth. Did I not tell you how kind they have been? You see, Jack nearly knocked her down, and so we made acquaintance; and just now I was teaching her some Spanish.'

'Did Jack create a favourable impression by that mode of introduction?'

'Why, yes,' said Alvar, delighted at hearing the shadow of a joke

from Cherry; 'for I explained how it was that he was in trouble, and they were interested at hearing of you. Now you must have some breakfast, and then perhaps you will like to see them.'

'Oh, no,' said Cherry, 'I don't feel up to talking; but I am glad you have some one to amuse you.'

However, Cherry began to be amused himself by watching his brother. He felt the relief of having nothing to do and no one to think of, and as he lay looking on, was surprised at perceiving how sociable the stiff, reserved Alvar appeared to be, how many little politenesses he performed, and how gay and light-hearted he looked. Evidently Mr. and Miss Stanforth were the most attractive party, though Alvar seemed on speaking terms with every one; and at last Cherry, seeing that he wished it, begged that Mr. Stanforth would come and speak to him, and their new acquaintance, having the tact to see that he was shy in his character of invalid, came and sat down beside him, and talked cheerfully on indifferent topics.

'And where are you bound for,' he asked presently, 'when you reach Gibraltar?'

'For Seville,' said Cheriton; 'Don Guzman de la Rosa, my brother's grandfather, lives there at this time of the year. He has a country place, too, I believe, for the summer. But Alvar thinks the journey would be too much for me yet. I hope not; he must want to be with his friends.'

'My daughter and I,' said Mr. Stanforth, 'have some friends at Gibraltar, and they have recommended us to join them at a place on the coast, San José, I think they called it. Afterwards our dream has been to spend some weeks at Seville. Can you tell us anything of ways and means there, for we are trusting entirely to fate and a guide-book?'

'I'm afraid,' said Cherry, smiling, 'that I am trusting with equally implicit faith in Alvar. I haven't asked many questions. Alvar, can you tell Mr. Stanforth what he must do, and how he must manage in Seville?'

'All I know is at his service,' said Alvar, sitting down at Cherry's feet; 'but he will, I hope, visit my grandfather, who will be honoured by his coming. My aunt, too, and my cousins would be proud to show Miss Stanforth Seville.'

'Oh, papa,' exclaimed Gipsy, impetuously, catching these words as she approached, 'to know some Spaniards. Then we should really see the country.'

She broke off, blushing; and Alvar, springing up, offered her a seat, and introduced her to his brother, while Mr. Stanforth said—

'Thank you, we could not refuse such a kind offer; but I want to make Seville my head-quarters, and make excursions from thence. What sort of inns have you? Are they pleasant for ladies?'

'Papa, you know we settled that I was not going to be a lady.'

'Did we, my dear? I was not a party to that arrangement. You are not *quite* a gipsy yet, you know.'

'There are inns,' said Alvar; 'but the best plan is to take a flat in what we call a "*Casa de pupillos*," a *pension*, I suppose. I know one. Dona Catalina, who keeps it, is an excellent lady, most devout, and she once received an English family, so she knows better how you like to eat and drink.'

'I don't mean to eat and drink anything that is not Spanish,' said Gipsy, laughing.

'Indeed,' said Alvar, 'you will not often find anything that is English. I sometimes fear that my brother will not like that.'

'You have a lively remembrance of being asked to eat oat-cake and porridge, and drink what we call sherry,' said Cheriton.

'But I will not expect that you shall like things that are strange to you, *querido*,' said Alvar, a speech that revealed a little of the family history to Mr. Stanforth's sharp eyes; while Gipsy said earnestly—

'Oh, the strangeness is what I expect to enjoy.'

A good deal more information of different kinds followed, and Cherry wondered at his own ignorance of Alvar's former surroundings.

'Why, I did not know that your cousins lived with you,' he said.

'I did not speak much of Seville to *you*,' said Alvar, with ever so slight an emphasis, the first reminder he had ever given that there had been one to whom he could talk freely.

'We were all too much occupied with teaching you about Westmorland, and lately I think I have been too stupid to care. But you must give me some Spanish lessons soon.'

'Have you been long in England?' said Mr. Stanforth to Alvar.

'I came at Christmas. Ah, how cold it was! The boys and Nettie laughed at me because I did not like it. They ran out into the snow without their hats that I might feel ashamed of sitting by the fire,' said Alvar, quaintly.

'Ah, we were a set of terrible young Philistines!' said Cheriton. 'Do you remember the snow man and the wrestling?'

'I wish you could wrestle with me now, my brother,' said Alvar, affectionately.

'That must be the effect of Spanish sunshine, instead of Westmorland snow; and in the meantime we must not tire you with talking,' said Mr. Stanforth, perceiving that Cherry hardly liked the allusion. 'Come, Gipsy, isn't it time for one of the innumerable meals we have on board ship?'

'Oh, papa, I am sure you are always ready for them,' said Gipsy, following him.

Mr. Stanforth, on discovering more clearly the whereabouts of Oakby, recollected having visited Ashrigg some years ago, when engaged on a portrait of some member of Sir John Hubbard's family. He perceived with some amusement that Alvar attached no ideas to his name or

to his profession; and Cherry had scarcely realised either, so that when the next morning Mr. Stanforth came up to speak to him, with a sketch-book in his hand, he said, quite simply—

'I see you have been drawing; may I look?'

'If you will not think I have taken a great liberty,' said Mr. Stanforth, giving him the book.

Cheriton laughed and exclaimed at one or two exquisitely outlined likenesses of their fellow passengers, hitting off their peculiarities with a touch, then admired a little bit of blue sky and dancing wave, with a pair of sea gulls hanging white and soft in the midst, while under were written the lines—

'As though life's only call and care
Were graceful motion.'

'How lovely!' he said; 'how wonderfully well you do it! Ah, that is Alvar—yes, you have caught that grave, graceful look exactly. Alvar is just like a walking picture; he can't be awkward.'

'I am afraid I have not been so successful with Alvar's brother; but the contrast was irresistible,' said Mr. Stanforth, as Cherry turned another page, and saw a sketch of himself lying on the deck, and Alvar, leaning over him, and pointing out something in the distance.

'That is just Alvar's look.'

'You are a much more difficult subject than your brother,' said Mr. Stanforth.

'I? I don't think I'm fit to sit for my picture. We tried in London to get a photograph taken; but it made me look worse than I am, so we did not send it home.'

'You must let me try again. As an artist I may be forgiven for rejoicing in the chance of studying such a likeness beneath such a contrast as there is between you two. See, your faces are in the same mould; it is the colour, and still more the character, that differs.'

'I think that may be true of more than our faces,' said Cherry, thoughtfully; 'but I see what you mean, at least when I think of Jack, and we were alike when I was well. I will show you.'

Here Cheriton caught sight of the name on the first page of the book, 'Raymond Stanforth,' looked at the drawings, and then at his new friend's face with a rush of comprehension.

'How stupid I have been!' he exclaimed, colouring. 'I beg your pardon. Of course I ought to have guessed who it was at once. Pray don't think I am so ignorant as not to know your pictures. And I have been presuming to praise your sketches.' Mr. Stanforth laughed kindly.

'You must not leave off doing so now we have found each other out. Don't imagine that appreciation is not always pleasant.'

'You have a great many admirers at Oxford,' said Cheriton, a little stiffly and shyly. 'Some of the fellows prided themselves immensely on

their appreciation of all sorts of modern art; but I'm afraid I don't know very much about it.'

'You employed your time, your brother tells me, to better purpose?'

'I don't know. I thought so then. And it seemed more worth while to get a ride or pull on the river. I don't see what a fellow wants in his room but an arm-chair and a place for his books, and a good fire. One had better be out of doors when one isn't working. I don't care to have my rooms like a lady's drawing-room. But of course,' he added, apologetically, 'I always like to go to the Academy and see the pictures.'

Mr. Stanforth looked very much amused, but he was interested too. It is not uncommon in youth that considerable powers of mind may be exercised so entirely in one line, as to leave many fields of intelligence completely blank, and there were many points on which Cheriton simply accepted the code of his home, which, put into plain language, was, that study was study, and recreation out-of-door exercise of different kinds, intellectual amusements being regarded with suspicion. But there was much more than the boyish 'Philistinism' of this last speech written on the face of the speaker, and Mr. Stanforth felt inclined to draw it out.

'What did you say you were going to show me?' he said.

'I wanted you to see the rest of us!' said Cherry. 'Where is Alvar? he would get my photograph case.'

Alvar was near at hand, talking to Gipsy Stanforth and to some other ladies, and he soon brought Cheriton a little leather case which contained a long row of handsome Lesters, and ended with the favourite dogs and horses, and a view of the front door at Oakby, with Nettie holding Buffer on the back of one of the stone wolves.

'There is a ready-made picture,' said Mr. Stanforth.

'My brother loves that little animal,' said Alvar smiling, 'he would like his picture better than that of any of us.'

'I am sure some of our dogs are worth painting,' said Cherry, 'but Alvar does not appreciate Buffer's style.'

And so, brightened by the fresh companionship and new scene, the days slipped by; till Cheriton wished their sameness could continue for ever.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SAN JOSÉ.

'The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps,
The purple flowers droop.'

At Gibraltar the new acquaintances parted, and Mr. Stanforth and his daughter went at once to join their friends at San José, with many

hopes expressed of soon meeting at Seville; whither Cheriton, unwilling to detain Alvar from his friends, wished to go immediately. Mr. Stanforth's holiday was not an idle one. Every walk he took, every change of light and shade was a feast of new colour and form for him, to be perpetuated by sketches more or less elaborate, and the enjoyment of which was intense. But the pair of dissimilar brothers had afforded him interest of another kind, and it was with real pleasure that he thought of a renewal of the intercourse with them, which came about sooner than he had expected.

His friends, the Westons, were a brother and two sisters, lively people approaching middle age. Mr. Weston had a government appointment in Gibraltar, and his sisters lived with him. They were enterprising, cultivated women, and very fond of Gipsy Stanforth; who possessed that power of quick sympathetic interest which of all things makes a delightful companion. She was always finding 'bits' and 'effects' for her father, or suggesting subjects for his pencil; and she was almost equally pleased to hunt for flowers for the botanical Miss Weston, and to look out words in the dictionary for the literary one, who was translating a set of Spanish tales.

A propos of these, she related with much interest their acquaintance on board ship, describing the two Lesters with a *naïveté* that amused her friends, and prompted Miss Weston to say—

'You seem to have been very fortunate in your travelling companions, Gipsy.'

'Yes, we were. And it will be such an advantage to know a native family at Seville. That sounds as if they were heathens; but——I declare that *is* Don Alvar, buying oranges! Oh, I am so glad to see you! So you have come here, after all.'

'Yes. Cheriton was so ill at Gibraltar that it was plain that he could not bear the journey to Seville. It is cooler here, and he is a little better; but he can do nothing yet, and I am very unhappy. I do not know what to write to my father about him.'

'Oh, I *am* sorry,' said Gipsy warmly. 'He seemed better on board. And this place is so lovely.'

'Yes,' said Alvar, simply. 'I could feel as if I was in heaven in the sunshine, and when I hear the voices of my home; but when he suffers, it darkens all. But I must go back to him.'

'Papa will come and see you,' said Gipsy; 'and this is Miss Weston, with whom we are staying. Good-bye. I think your brother will be better when he has had a rest.'

Gipsy's cheerful sympathy brightened Alvar, who had expected that Spanish sunshine would make a miraculous cure; but Cherry's cough had been worse since they came on shore, and his spirits had failed unaccountably just when Alvar had expected him to recover them.

Alvar had all along declared that it would be better to go by a Cadiz packet and thence by rail to Seville; but Mr. Lester believed in

Peninsular and Oriental steamers, and in the English doctors and hotels of Gibraltar. But there the heat and glare were hateful to Cheriton, the servant they had brought proved more of a hindrance than a help, and Alvar thought himself fortunate in obtaining leave from some Gibraltar acquaintances to use their house at San José for a month, after which Cheriton might be better able to encounter the strangers whom he really dreaded more than the travelling. Certainly if change was what Cherry had needed he had obtained it thoroughly. Nothing could well have been more unlike Oakby than San José, and when Cheriton had had a little rest, had been teased by Mr. Stanforth for comparing the marble-paved *patio* of the house to the Alhambra at the Crystal Palace, and, moved by the fortunate sympathy that had enabled him to 'take a fancy' to the kindly artist, had confided to him that he was very homesick, and longed for Jack, though he did not like Alvar to know it, he brightened up and grew rather stronger. He was soon able to sit on the beach and try to learn Spanish, insisting on understanding the construction of the language, and asking questions sometimes rather puzzling to his tutor; while Gipsy set up a rivalry with him as to the number of words and phrases to be acquired in a day, in which she generally beat him hollow. Nor had he any real want of appreciation of the new and beautiful world around him, and Mr. Stanforth helped him to enjoy it. Life would be very dull but for the involuntary inclinations to acquaintance and friendship that brighten its ordinary course, and 'fancies' are more often things to be thankful for than to put aside. This one roused Cheriton from the dulness that accompanies sorrow and sickness, and enabled him to turn at any rate the surface of his mind to fresh interests.

Mr. Stanforth, on the other hand, whose sympathy had been quickened by the practice of a most kindly life, found much to interest him in the bright, tender nature, evidently struggling under so heavy a cloud, and did not wonder at the affection with which the young man was obviously regarded—an affection made pathetic by the sad possibilities that were but too apparent.

Gipsy was on very friendly terms with both the brothers, and was a new specimen of girlhood for them. She was quite as clever and as well educated as either Ruth or Virginia, and had been in the habit of living with much more widely cultivated people—people who talked, and had something to talk about, so that she had a great deal to say; while there was a quaint matter-of-factness about her too, and she talked art as simply as she would have talked dress; and while she was very much interested in the two young men, she never troubled herself at all about her relations towards them. She scolded Cherry for walking too far, and discoursed on the suitability of his appearance for artistic purposes with equal simplicity; fetched and carried for him, and triumphed over his deficiencies in Spanish. She received Alvar's courtesies and compliments with the greatest delight, and

proceeded to return them in kind, till she actually rendered him almost free and easy, and he talked so much of her that Cheriton grew half-frightened, unknowing that his own remark, that he wished Nettie could know so nice a girl as Miss Stanforth, had inspired Alvar with the notion that Ruth might find a successor in La Zingara, as he called her. But Gipsy was perfectly unconscious, and was moreover carefully watched over by her father and her friends. By the end of the month Cheriton was able to undertake the journey to Seville, and the Stanforths proposed to start at the same time, but to go by a different route, which enabled them to see more of the country.

'But,' said Gipsy, one evening when they were all together on the beach, 'we *must* get to Seville in time for a bull-fight, and Don Alvar says there are none in the winter.'

'But, Miss Stanforth,' said Cherry, '*you* surely would not go to a bull-fight?'

'Wouldn't you?' said Gipsy mischievously.

'Well, yes—for once I think I should.'

'You would not like it, Cherito,' said Alvar.

'Don't you?' echoed Cherry, with a glance at Gipsy.

'Oh, yes; it is grand! When the bull makes a rush one holds the breath, and then—it is a shout!'

'I suppose it is a wonderful spectacle,' said Mr. Stanforth. 'I hope to have a chance, but I think Gipsy will have to take it on trust.'

'Jack desired me not to encourage them,' said Cherry, 'but I must own to a great curiosity about it.'

'But I shall not let you go,' said Alvar; 'it would tire you far too much; and besides you are too tender-hearted. My brothers,' he added to Mr. Stanforth, 'cannot bear to see anything hurt, unless they hurt it themselves; then they do not mind.'

'Of course,' said Cherry, 'there is an essential difference between incurring danger, or at least fatigue and exertion yourself, and sitting by to see other people incur it. I have no doubt it is a barbarous sort of thing, and there is something dreadful in the idea of a lady being present at it; but it would be stupid, I think, to come away without seeing anything so characteristic.'

'The Spanish ladies do not mind it, nor I,' said Alvar, 'any more than you mind killing your foxes, or your fish; but it is different for foreigners. They do not like to see the horses, though they are mostly worthless ones, torn in pieces. You would be ill, *querido*, you might faint.'

'Nonsense,' said Cherry. 'I might hate it, but I should not be so soft as that.'

'You do not know,' said Alvar, evidently not disposed to yield. 'Some day,' with a glance at Gipsy, 'I will tell you. You shot the old horse yourself for fear the coachman should hurt him—but it made you cry; and if a dog whines it grieves you.'

'Old Star that I learnt to ride on!' said Cherry, indignantly. 'What has that to do with it?'

'And besides,' resumed Alvar, perhaps a little wickedly, 'bull-fights are always on Sunday, and are quite as bad as billiards or the guitar, which you say in England are wrong.'

'These are frightful imputations on you, Cheriton,' said Mr. Stanforth: 'a tender heart and too strict a sense of duty. No wonder you are obstinate. But if what I have read be true, a bull-fight is a hard pull on our insular nerves sometimes, and I doubt if you are in condition for one.'

'I don't want to see a bull-ring at Oakby,' said Cherry; 'but Alvar is mistaken if he thinks I should mind it more than other people do. There is enough of a sporting element, I suppose, to keep one from dwelling on the details.'

'I see, Mr. Lester,' said Gipsy, 'that you don't believe in the rights of women.'

'No, Miss Stanforth, I certainly don't. I believe in my right to protect them from what is unpleasant.'

'But not to give them their own way! Papa, don't look at me like that. *I* don't want to go and see horses killed on a Sunday, if Mr. Lester does. But a bull-fight—the national sport of Spain—and the matadors who are so courageous—ah! it makes such a difference the way things are put.'

'You must learn to look at the essentials, my dear. But now shall we have a last stroll to the point to see the sunset?'

'You need not tell Granny if I *do* go to the bull-fight,' whispered Cherry, as Alvar helped him up, and gave him his arm across the rough shingles.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SEVILLE.

'Golden fruit fresh plucked and ripe.'

'AND now, my brother, you see Seville. At last I can show you my beautiful city!'

'Why—why, you never said it was like *this!*'

The Lesters had finally settled to go to Cadiz by sea, and thence by rail to Seville, again breaking their journey at Xeres. The Stanforths were making the journey across country; but Cheriton was not equal to long days on horseback, nor to risking the accommodations or no accommodations of the *ventas* and *posadas* (taverns and inns) where they might have to stop. He was quite ready, however, to be excited and patriotic as they passed through the famous waters of Trafalgar, and curious to taste sherry at Xeres, where it proved exceedingly bad. They arrived at Seville in the afternoon, and were driving from

the station when Alvar interrupted Cherry's astonished contemplation of the scene with the foregoing remark.

'Ah, it pleases you!' he said in a tone of satisfaction, as they passed under the Alcazar, the Moorish palace, with its wonderful relics of a byegone faith and power—the great cathedral, said to be 'a religion in itself'—and saw the gay tints of the painted buildings, the picturesque turn of the streets, the infinite variety of colour and costume, and over all the pure blue of the sky and the glorious intensity of Southern sunlight.

Cheriton had no words to express his admiration, and only repeated—

'You never told me that it was like this.'

'You did not understand,' said Alvar; 'and perhaps I did not know.'

He did not show any emotion, but his face smoothed out into an expression of satisfaction and well-being, and he smiled with a little air of triumph at Cherry's ecstasies. This was what he had belonging to himself in the background all the time, when his relations had thought him so ignorant and inexperienced, and Alvar, like all the Lesters, valued himself on his own belongings.

They drove up to the door of a large house, painted in various colours, and with gaily-striped blinds and balconies; while through the ornamental iron gates they caught glimpses of the *patio*, gay with flowers.

Cheriton thought of the winter's night, the blazing fire, the shy, stiff greetings that had formed Alvar's first glimpse of Oakby. The great gates were opened, and as they came in a tall old man came forward, into whose arms Alvar threw himself with some vehement Spanish words of greeting; then, in a moment, he turned and drew Cheriton forward, saying, still in Spanish—

'My grandfather, this is my dear brother.'

Don Guzman de la Rosa bowed profoundly, and then shook hands with Cheriton, who contrived to understand his greeting and inquiry after his health, and to utter a few words in reply, feeling more shy than he had ever done in his life; but then he was at fault.

'My grandfather says you are like what our father was when he came here; that is true, is it not? And now come in.'

Don Guzman showed the way into an inner room, which seemed dark after the brilliant *patio*, and was furnished much like an ordinary drawing-room; and here Cheriton was introduced to Dona Luisa Aviego, a middle-aged lady, Don Guzman's niece, and to two exceedingly pretty young girls, and a little girl, her daughters. He felt surprised at seeing them all in French fashions. Here also was their brother, Don Manoel, a tall, dark, solemn-looking young man, who exactly fulfilled Cheriton's idea of a Spaniard, and enabled him to understand Dona Luisa's remark that Alvar had grown into an

Englishman. The old grandfather was like a picture of Don Quixote, a very ideal of chivalry, which character a life of prudent, careful indifferentism entirely belied.

Alvar would not let Cherry stay to talk, telling him that he must rest before dinner, which was at five, and soon took him upstairs into a very comfortable bedroom, looking out on a pretty garden, and opening into another belonging to himself.

Cheriton laughed and submitted, but the novelty and beauty had taken his impressionable nature by storm and carried him quite out of himself. When left alone, he had leisure for the surprising thought that his father had gone through all these experiences without their apparently leaving any trace except one of distaste and aversion; next, to wonder whether it was Alvar's fault or their own that they had remained so ignorant of Alvar's country; and lastly, that spite of the similarity of colouring to his Spanish kindred and something in the carriage, Alvar *did* look like a Lester and an Englishman after all.

Cherry had got used by this time in some degree to the Spanish eatables, and as he liked the universal chocolate and was as little fanciful as any one so much out of health could be; he got on as well as his bad appetite would let him, with the *ollas* and *gazpachos* spite of their garlic, and at any rate he liked omelettes and the bread, which was excellent. Their servant, Robertson, had, however, regarded everything Spanish with such horror, and had proved of so little use and so disagreeable, that Cheriton finally cut the knot by sending him back to Gibraltar, where he hoped to find a homeward-bound family, Alvar being certain that there would be sufficient attendance at his grandfather's.

Conversation at dinner was difficult. They all understood a little English, which was rather more available than Cheriton's Spanish, and Don Manoel spoke tolerably fluent French, to which, as Cheriton had in his time earned several French prizes, he *ought* to have been able to respond more readily than was perhaps the case. Cheriton did not mind seeing grapes and melons eaten after soup, though he thought the taste an odd one, but he could not quite reconcile himself to the universal smoking after the first course in the presence of the ladies. The young ones were very silent, though they cast speaking glances at him with their great languishing eyes; till after dinner the little girl, whom Cherry thought the softest and prettiest thing he had ever seen, produced a great blushing and tittering by whispering a question, which, while apparently reproving, Dona Carmen was evidently encouraging her to repeat to Alvar, who sat on her other side.

Alvar laughed and shook his head.

'No, Dolores; I think there is not one like him,' he said, adding to Cherry—'She wants to know if all Englishmen are like you—white and golden like the saints in the cathedral. It is true, she means the painted statues.'

'I am pale, because I have been ill,' said Cherry, in his best Spanish, and holding out his hand. 'Little one, will you make friends? What shall I say to her, Alvar?'

But Dolores, with an ineffable expression of demure coquetry retreated upon her sister, and would not accept his attentions, though she peeped at him under her long eye-lashes directly he turned away.

The family met at eleven for a sort of *déjeuner à la fourchette*, but every one had chocolate in their own rooms at any hour they pleased, with bread or sponge-cake, which they called *pan del Rey*. Alvar brought some on the next morning to Cheriton, and while he was drinking it proceeded to enlighten him a little on the family affairs and habits.

'I perceive that the prayer-bell does not ring at half-past eight,' said Cherry, smiling.

'No, the ladies all go to church every morning. In the country my grandfather is up early, and Manoel too, but here I cannot say—we meet at eleven. It is usual to write letters or transact business in the morning on account of the heat.'

'Does Don Manoel—is that what I ought to call him?—live here? Has he anything to do?'

Alvar then explained that Manoel had no regular occupation, having a little money of his own. He smoked and played cards, and went to the casino, 'that is what you call a club.' Moreover he was a very good Catholic, and though he had not openly joined the Carlist party—the Royalists as Alvar called them—he was thought to have a leaning towards them; but Don Guzman never allowed politics to be discussed in his house—neither politics nor religion.

'Is he a "good Catholic," too?' asked Cherry.

Alvar shrugged his shoulders.

'He conforms,' he said. 'You understand that I am English. I have no part in these matters, otherwise at times my grandfather might have suffered for allowing me to be brought up as a Protestant; but I was taught to see that they did not concern me. But, *querido*, you must not talk and "discuss" as you do with Jack at home, or you might make a quarrel.'

'No, I understand that. But if I were you I should not like to be supposed to be an outsider.'

'In both countries?' said Alvar. 'No; but you see I had been taught that I was an Englishman.'

'Yet your grandfather would not let you come to England when you were a boy.'

'My grandfather,' said Alvar, 'hates the priests. He would rather have me for his heir, though I am a heretic, than Manoel. That is true, though he would not say so. Look, he has seen many changes in this country, one is as bad as the other; he would rather be quiet and let things pass. So would I.'

'The Vicar of Bray,' murmured Cherry. 'That creed is born of despair,' he said aloud. 'I should be miserable to think so of any country.'

'Yes?' said Alvar, with a sort of unmoved inquiry in his tone. 'You have convictions. In England they are not difficult. But, besides, my grandmother loved me very much, and not only was she religious like all women, she was what you call good. She would not part with me, and I loved *her*.'

Alvar paused and put his hand across his eyes, with more emotion than he often showed.

'She thought,' he continued, 'that I should perhaps become a Catholic if I married a *Sevillana*, and that my father's neglect would make me altogether a De la Rosa. Forgive me, Cherito, it is not quite to be forgotten.'

'I think it was very likely to be the case,' said Cheriton.

'No, it was not the part for my father's son, nor for an Englishman, nor did my grandfather wish it. I am no Catholic—never!'

'I suppose your tutor was—was a strong Protestant?' said Cheriton, rather surprised at the first religious conviction he had ever heard from Alvar's lips.

'Well, I do not think you would have approved of him nor my father if he had known. He, what is it you say?—did no duty—and I do not think he was much like your Mr. Ellesmere. He told me that he was paid "to put the English doctrines into me and teach me to speak English;" and he would say, "Remember it is your part to be a Protestant because you are an English gentleman."'

'But,' said Cherry, 'when you came to England you must surely have seen that we did not look on it in that way?'

'I did not much attend to your words on it,' said Alvar. 'As you know, what my father required of me I did, and I saw that English gentlemen thought much of their churches and their priests—or at least that my father did so. I conformed, but I had not expected that in England, too, I should be a *foreigner*—a stranger. And I would not be other than my real self.'

'I'm afraid we were very unkind to you.'

'You? Never!' said Alvar.

'But why did you never tell me all this before? I should have understood you so much better.'

'I did not think of it till I considered what would seem strange to you here—what you would not comprehend easily.'

Cheriton remained silent. That Alvar had all his life considered himself so entirely as a Lester and an Englishman was a new light to him, and he could fully appreciate the check of finding himself regarded by the Lesters as an alien, for he knew that even he himself had never ceased so to look upon Alvar.

'We understand each other now,' he said, affectionately. 'I am

glad you have told me this. But, Alvar, though "convictions" may seem to you easy in England, you would make a great mistake if you imagined that the religion of such a man as my father was for the sake of what you call conformity, and that it did not influence his life.'

'No,' said Alvar, 'I did not think so of my father and you. I did not comprehend at first, but I see now that—it interests you.'

'Never doubt that,' said Cheriton, earnestly. 'You have seen all my failures, but never doubt that it is the one thing "interesting," the one thing to—to give one another chance.'

He paused as a look of unspeakable enthusiastic conviction passed over his face; then blushed intensely, and was silent. Like most young men, whatever their views, he was in the habit of talking a good deal of 'theology,' and could have rectified Alvar's hazy notions with ease; but personal experiences in such discussions were generally left on one side.

Alvar did not follow him; but perhaps that look made more impression than a great many arguments on the status of religion in England.

'Don't imagine I underate your difficulties, or my own, or any ones,' Cherry added, hurriedly.

'I have no difficulties,' said Alvar, simply, 'I believe you—always—— Now, do not talk any longer—Rest before you get up.'

Cheriton now perceived that the sort of separation that had been pursued with regard to Alvar accounted for much of his indolence and indifference. He recognised how deeply his pride had been wounded by his kindred's cold reception, and he in a measure understood the sort of loyalty, half-proud, half-faithful, that held him to his own. He found that Alvar had never written a word of complaint of his family home to Seville; he perceived that as time went on he dropped nothing that he had acquired in England, either of dress or speech, attended the English service at the Consulate regularly, even if Cheriton was unable to go, and preferred to be called Mr. Lester. Cheriton saw that he intended no one to think that his English residence had been a failure.

But there was one phase of this feeling of which even Cheriton had no suspicion. Alvar did not forget that one thing had belonged to him in England, to which Spain offered no parallel. He refused to answer any questions from his grandfather as to his engagement or its breach. He had not been brought up to think that romantic passion was a necessary accompaniment of a marriage engagement, but rather as a thing to be got through first; and it had been with a very quiet appreciation that he had given his hand away at his father's request. And when Virginia was once his, he was thoroughly contented with her, her rejection had wounded him exceedingly, and now he missed her confiding sweetness increasingly, he felt that a

good thing was gone from him, and he would not now have attempted to console Cheriton as he had done at Oakby. But he never spoke of his feelings, and as Cheriton could not think that he had acted rightly by Virginia, the subject was never mentioned between them.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EL TORO.

'The ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid and cheers the Spanish swain.'

One of Alvar's first occupations was to find a lodging for the Stanforths, and for one of the Miss Westons, whom they brought with them, and he succeeded in obtaining a flat in a *casa de pupillos* or *pension*, not far from the De la Rosa's, in a picturesque street, with a pleasant shady sitting-room, where Mr. Stanforth could paint. There was a delightful landlady, Senora Catalina, who went to mass with the greatest regularity every morning, but afterwards was ready to spend any part of the day in escorting 'the ladies' wherever they wished to go, only objecting to Gipsy's dislike to allow her dress to trail on the pavement, a point on which neither could convince the other, Spanish ladies considering the looping of the dress improper, and Gipsy not being able to reconcile herself to the normal condition of the pavements of Seville. Mr. Stanforth, however, frequently accompanied them, and they did a vast amount of sight-seeing in which they were joined by the two Lesters so far as Cheriton's strength would permit; and as sketching often made Mr. Stanforth stationary, Cherry liked to sit by him, enjoying a great deal of discursive talk on things in general, and entering with vivid interest into the novelty and beauty around. Cherry asked a great many more questions about Moorish remains, and ecclesiastical customs, than Alvar was at all able to answer; and as his Spanish improved, endeavoured to pick the brains of every one with whom he came in contact; was so intelligent and so inquisitive about the arrangement of the different churches, that old Padre Tomè, the ladies' confessor looked upon him as a possible convert, and though solemnly warned by Alvar never to talk politics with any one, could not always resist teasing him by hovering round the subject. He got on very well with Don Guzman, and listened to a great deal of prosing about the best way of breeding young bulls for the ring, and about all the varieties of game to be found on the old gentleman's country estate, and soon perceived that he had considerably underrated the sporting capacities of the peninsula. He was not a favourite with Don Manoel, who suspected himself of being laughed at; and though Dona Luisa was very kind to him, he was hardly allowed to exchange a word with the young ladies, and to his great amusement perceived that he was considered likely to follow his

father's example, and make love to them. Little Dolores, however, was less in bondage to propriety, and became very fond of him, making vain endeavours to pronounce 'Cherry,' and teaching him a great deal of Spanish. Miss Weston, who was a hearty enthusiastic woman, with rather an overpowering amount of conversation, approved of what she called his spirit of inquiry, and was possibly not insensible to his good looks and winning manners. He did not now shrink from home letters, and indeed spent more time that Alvar thought good for him in replying to Jack's voluminous disquisitions on his first weeks of Oxford. Alvar thought that he had entirely recovered his spirits, and indeed Cheriton was one whose 'mind had a thousand eyes,' and they let in a good deal of surface light, though he was himself well aware of colder, darker depths whose sun had set for ever, and which could only be reached by the slowly penetrating rays of a far intenser light. Though no word of direct confidence ever passed between him and Mr. Stanforth, the latter knew perfectly well that mental as well as physical change had been sought in the sunny south. His health improved considerably, though with many ups and downs, he felt fairly well and did not attempt to try the extent of his powers.

He was very anxious not to be a restraint on Alvar's intercourse with his friends or on his natural occupations; but except that he sometimes went to evening parties which Cheriton avoided, Alvar generally preferred escorting Gipsy and Miss Weston to the tops of all the buildings which Mr. Stanforth sketched from below, or into every corner of the Alcazar, and every chapel of the cathedral, both of which places had a wonderful charm for Cheriton.

Miss Stanforth was allowed to make friends with Alvar's cousins, Carmen and Isabel. She had once gone to a fancy ball, dressed in a mantilla, and had been told that she looked 'very Spanish,' with her dark eyes and hair; a delusion from which she awoke the first time she saw her new friends dressed for church (they did not wear mantillas often on secular occasions); and great was their amusement at Gipsy's vain endeavour to give exactly the becoming twist to the black lace, and to flirt her fan in the approved style. Gipsy was a bit of a mimic, but she could not satisfy herself or them.

'It is of no use, Miss Stanforth,' said Cheriton, when she complained to him of her difficulties. 'Alvar does not like walking out with me in an "Ulster" when the wind is cold, so he endeavoured to teach me to wear one of those marvellous cloaks which they all throw about their shoulders; but I can only get it over my head, and under my feet, and everywhere that it ought not to be.'

'Well,' said Alvar, 'you would not let me go to Hazelby in my cloak; you said that the little boys would laugh at me.'

'But a great coat,' said Cherry, 'is a rational kind of garment that can't look odd anywhere.'

'That is as you think,' said Alvar; 'but I do not care what you

wear, if you like it. You will not certainly look like a Spaniard even in the cloak.'

'A great coat,' said Mr. Stanforth, 'is one of those graceful garments which have commended themselves to all ages. I do not know what early tradition was followed by the inventors of Noah's Arks in the case of that patriarch——'

'Now, Mr. Stanforth, that is too hard,' interrupted Cherry. 'At least it has pockets.'

'So many,' said Alvar, 'that what you want is always in another one.'

'Alvar, that cloak is your one weakness. You clung to it in England, and you put it on the moment you landed in Spain.'

'Cheriton thinks it is a seal-skin,' said Mr. Stanforth, smiling.

'Seal-skin,' said Alvar. 'No—it is cloth and silk.'

'Did you never hear of the fisherman who married a mermaid, and she lived happily on shore till she fell in with a seal-skin; when she put it on, and, forgetting her husband and children, jumped into the sea, and never came up any more?'

'Ah, no!' said Alvar. 'It is only that I want Cherry to be comfortable while he is down among the fishes.'

'I will take to it some day, for the sake of astonishing Jack,' said Cherry. 'But, Alvar, those friends of yours last night were very much interested in my travelling coat, and asked me if it was a Paris fashion. They put it on, and I tried to get Don Manoel into it; but he thought it was a heretical sort of affair.'

'Cherry, if you laugh at Manoel, he will think you insult him. He hates Englishmen, and our father especially. He was angry because you gave the jessamine to Isabel—and—we are polite here to each other; but if there is what you call a row, it is worse than when every one is sulky all at once at Oakby.'

Cherry looked as if the temptation to provoke this new experience was nearly irresistible; but Alvar continued to Mr. Stanforth—

'I am glad that Cherito should laugh once more as he used to do; but my cousin does not understand.'

'My dear Alvar, I will content myself with laughing at you; you always understand a joke, don't you?'

'I do not care if I understand or no. When I see you laughing,' said Alvar, simply, 'that is good.'

Something in this speech so touched Cheriton that his laughter softened away into a very doubtful smile, and he changed the subject; but he tried afterwards to propitiate Don Manoel by the most courteous treatment. The Spaniard did not respond, and he perceived that contending elements were discordant in Seville as well as in England.

Carmen and Isabel found novelty less distasteful. It is true that they thought Gipsy's free intercourse with their cousin Alvar and

with the English stranger shocking; but they preferred them to any other subject of conversation, and Isabel in particular made quite a romance of the incident of the Cape Jessamine, and how Don Cherito had looked at her when he gave it to her.

'But why shouldn't he pick a bit of jessamine for you, if you couldn't reach it for yourself?' asked Gipsy.

'Oh, Manoel said it was an attention.'

'Oh dear no,' said Gipsy, rather cruelly, 'we shouldn't think anything of it in England. Don Manoel needn't be afraid.'

'Oh, but Manoel is terrible. He swore before Don Cherito came that he would poniard us if we, like our Aunt Maria, listened to a heretic, a stranger. For Don Giraldo was a wild wicked Englishman, but beautiful in the extreme; they have no religion, and no morals.'

'Isabel!'

'Ah, I tell you what Manoel says. He came, he pretended an accident, and then Dona Maria married him. Now, he says it is the same with Don Cherito. An illness——'

'Any one can see that Cheriton Lester is really ill, at any rate.'

'Well—Manoel was angry with my grandfather for letting him come, and he has told Alvar that it should be death before such a marriage. Alvar told him he knew nothing of his English brother, who loved an English lady. But Manoel says that what happened once might again happen.'

'Isabel,' said her sister, 'it is wrong to talk of this. If Zingara repeat it, there will be a quarrel.'

'I shall not repeat it,' said Gipsy; 'but it is all nonsense, I assure you.'

'Ah,' said Isabel, 'Manoel knows not. He knows not that I love one whom I have seen at mass, though I know not his name. But with my fan I can show him——'

'Isabel!' again said the grave Carmen; while Gipsy, who was far too well bred and well brought up to have made signs in church with anything, thought that 'mass' and 'a signal with a fan' sounded interesting, and that what would have been highly unladylike at home was rather romantic in Seville.

On their side, Carmen and Isabel thought Gipsy hardly used in being kept away from the bull fights, though she was too loyal to her nationality to express any wish to see them.

Don Manoel was a great lover of the ring, and as certain young bulls from Don Guzman's estate were to be brought forward at the last *corrida* of the season, there was a great desire that the Englishmen should be present. Mr. Stanforth intended to avail himself of the chance of seeing such a spectacle, and Cheriton, Don Guzman said, might see one contest, and go away before the other bulls were brought forward, if he found the fatigue too much for him. They

would get seats on the shady side of the bull-ring, the great amphitheatre said to be capable of holding ten thousand spectators.

Cheriton, who went against Alvar's wish, did not stay for the end, and Mr. Stanforth went to see if he had repented of the rather perverse desire to prove himself capable of enduring the spectacle. He found him, still full of excitement, resting on a sofa in the *patio;* while Alvar sat near him, smoking, and looking cool and bored, as if the bull-fight had been a croquet party. Mr. Stanforth's entrance was rather inopportune, for Cherry was still too full of his impressions not to talk of them, and, in answer to Mr. Stanforth's question, said eagerly—

'Oh, the heat has tired me—that is nothing. But it made one feel like a fiend. I felt all the fascination of it—even the horror had a dreadful sort of attraction. I could not have come away if Alvar had not pulled me out when I was too dizzy to resist him.'

'Very unwholesome fascination,' said Mr. Stanforth.

'Unwholesome! I should think so! It is abominable that such things should be. I tell Alvar that in his place I never would encourage an appeal to the worst passions of human nature.'

'Well, you would go, *mi caro*. I told you you would not like it,' said Alvar, coolly.

'You should set an example of indignation!'

'I? I do not care what they do to amuse themselves. It does not interest me, as much, I think, as it did you, my brother.'

'No,' said Cherry, slowly, 'I understand a good many things by this. I should be as bad as any of them. But when a country encourages and allows such "amusements," when women look on and like it, one cannot wonder at Spanish cruelties. It appeals to everything that is bad in one.'

'You insult my country and your hosts! Don Cherito, such language is unpardonable!' exclaimed an unexpected voice; and Don Manoel came suddenly forward from one of the curtained doorways, close at hand. 'What right have you, sĕnor, to speak of our ancient customs in terms like these?'

'I beg your pardon,' said Cheriton, after a moment's pause of amazement, 'if I have said anything to annoy you; but—I was not aware that you were present. I was speaking to my brother.'

'Would you insinuate that I disguised my presence?' cried the Spaniard, with real rage in his tones, and a determination to show it. Then Alvar fired up with the sudden passion that had always startled his English kindred.

'How dare you so address my brother! He shall say what he chooses!'

'He shall not—nor you either! You call yourself Spaniard—Andaluz—you claim rights in Seville, and listen with complacence to the cowardly scruples——'

Here Alvar broke in with much too rapid Spanish for the Englishmen to follow, interrupted as it was by Manoel's rejoinder, and by furious gestures as if the disputants were going to fly at each other's throats, while Mr. Stanforth's mild attempts at interposing with—'Come—come now; what nonsense! What is all this about?' were entirely unheard.

Meanwhile, Cheriton's previous excitement cooled down completely. He got up from the sofa, and stepped between them, laying his hand on Alvar's arm.

'Excuse me, Alvar,' he said, in his slow, careful Spanish, 'this seems to be my affair. Sĕnor Don Manoel, will you have the goodness to tell me why you are offended with me?'

'He called you a coward—you, my brother!'

'My dear fellow, be quiet, don't be an ass.' (This in English for Alvar's benefit.) 'Would you tell me what has provoked you?'

'Sĕnor Don Cherito,' said Manoel, forced to answer civilly by Cheriton's coolness—'first, did you mean to insinuate that I listened to your conversation with my cousin?'

'By no means,' said Cherry. 'I merely meant to say that I had not seen you.'

'Then I ask you, sĕnor, to repeat or to withdraw the remarks you made about the bull-fight,' said Don Manoel, with the air of delivering an ultimatum.

'He will not withdraw them!' cried Alvar. 'He is no coward!'

'I hope,' said Cheriton, 'I did nothing to offend. Were I in Don Manoel's place I should feel, I am sure, as he does. I, too, am attached to the customs of my country. It is no doubt difficult for a stranger to judge. If I said the sport was cruel, I did not for a moment mean to imply that—that—those who see it must be cruel. Excuse my bad Spanish. I cannot express myself, but—pray let us shake hands.'

He smiled, and held out his hand.

'Well, sĕnor, you are Don Guzman de la Rosa's guest. If this is meant for an apology——'

'For having offended you—yes. Being Don Guzman's guest, I could not quarrel with his nephew.'

'I accept the apology,' said Don Manoel, with much solemnity, and accepting Cherry's hand.

'But,' said Alvar, 'you applied an expression to my brother.'

'Oh, nonsense, Alvar; you know we never think of "expressions" when we are angry; and I'm not aware of having had any opportunity of showing either cowardice or courage.'

'H'm,' said Mr. Stanforth, in English, 'a tolerably cool head, I think.'

Don Manoel, who appeared to have made up his mind to be magnanimous, remarked that his expression had been used too hastily to a

stranger; but that a true Spaniard would look on any scene with equanimity.

Cherry's lip curved a little, as if he thought this a doubtful advantage; but he answered, with a laugh—

'I *am* a stranger, sĕnor; and besides, I was fatigued.'

'Ah,' said Manoel, 'that amounts to an entire excuse. The expression is withdrawn.' And with a profound bow to Cheriton, he went away, and Cherry burst out laughing.

'What in the world did all that mean?' he said. 'Did I really offend his national pride by turning sick at the dying horses?'

'That is not all,' said Alvar, hurriedly; 'he hates the English and us all; he would like to kill me.'

'Ah, ha, Alvar, it is my turn to talk about "excitement" now.'

'Well, I do not understand you. When you came home you could not be still; you seemed crazy. And now, when any gentleman would be enraged, you laugh.'

'Oh, I hate quarrels. And besides,' shrugging his shoulders, 'why in the world should I care for such mock-heroics as that?'

'Ah, Cherry,' said Mr. Stanforth, 'there spoke the very essence of English scorn.'

Cheriton coloured.

'True,' he said, candidly, 'Don Manoel had a right to be angry with me, after all. But I don't mean it. I dare say he isn't half a bad fellow.'

'Ah, you are coughing. You will be tired out; and I am sure that you will not sleep,' said Alvar. 'Come, you shall not talk any more about anything.'

'Very wise advice,' said Mr. Stanforth, 'especially as Gipsy has persuaded the whole party to come to-morrow to see my sketches, and drink English "afternoon tea." So rest now in preparation.'

Cheriton paid for his day's work by a bad night and much weariness. Don Manoel made very polite inquiries after him; but there was something in the atmosphere that, to quote Alvar, Cherry 'did not understand.'

CHAPTER XXX.

NETTIE AT BAY.

'A child, and vain.'

AFTER the departure of the travellers, a period of exceeding flatness and dulness settled down on Oakby and its neighbourhood. The weather was dismal, one or two other neighbouring families were away, and no one thought it worth while to do anything. Jack had refused a congenial invitation, and conscientiously stayed at home 'to make it cheerful,' until he went up to Oxford; but, though he was too well conducted and successful not to be a satisfactory son, he and his

father were not congenial, and never could think of anything to say to each other. He had outgrown companionship with Bob, and did not now get on very well with him; while Nettie was never sociable with any one but her twin. Mrs. Lester, though very attentive to her son's dinners and other comforts, did not trouble herself much about the boys, and moreover did not possess the comfortable characteristic common to most elderly ladies—of being often to be found in one place. As Jack expressed it to himself, 'no one was ever anywhere;' and, prone as he was to look on the dark side of things, the thought that this was what home would be without Cherry was perpetually before his mind. He did not like to go to Elderthwaite, and saw nothing of its inhabitants till one misty day early in October, as he was walking through the lanes with Rolla and Buffer at his heels, he came suddenly upon Virginia, leaning over a stile, and looking, not at the view, for there was none, but at the mist and the distant rain. Her figure, in its long waterproof cloak, under an arch of brown and yellow hazel boughs, had an indescribably forlorn aspect; but Jack, awkward fellow, was conscious of nothing but a sense of embarrassment and doubt what to say. She started and coloured up, but with greater self-possession spoke to him, and held out her hand.

'How d'ye do?' said Jack. 'Down, Buffer, you're all over mud.'

'Oh, never mind, I don't care, dear little fellow!' exclaimed Virginia, who would have hugged Buffer, mud and all, but for very shame. 'I did not know you were at home, Jack.'

'Yes, but I'm going to Oxford next week.'

'And—and you have good accounts of Cherry?'

'Yes, pretty good, better than at first. He says that he looks better, and does not cough so much, and he likes it—so he says, at least,' replied Jack, who, conceiving that propriety precluded the mention of Alvar's name, found his personal pronouns puzzling.

'I am *very* glad,' said Virginia, softly.

'Yes, I suppose they are at Seville by this time; they stayed at San José till Cherry was stronger. Al—he—they thought it best.'

'Your eldest brother would be very careful of him, I am sure,' said Virginia, with a gentle dignity that reassured Jack, though she blushed deeply.

'Yes,' he said, more freely, 'and they have made some friends; Mr. Stanforth, the artist, you know, and his daughter; they're very nice people, and they have been learning Spanish together. He writes in *very* good spirits,' concluded Jack viciously, and referring to Cherry, though poor Virginia's imagination supplied another antecedent.

'I am glad to hear it,' she said. 'I met that Miss Stanforth once. She was a pretty, dark-eyed child then. Good-bye, Jack, I am going soon to stay with my cousin Ruth.'

'Good-bye,' said Jack, with a scowl which she could not account for. 'I hope you'll enjoy yourself.'

'Good-bye; good-bye, Buffer.'

Jack took his way home through the wet shrubberies. He felt sorry for Virginia, whom he regarded as injured by Alvar, but he thought that she ought to be angry with Ruth, never supposing that the latter's delinquencies were unknown to her.

As he walked on he passed by a cart shed belonging to a small farm of his father's, above which was a hay loft, reached by a step ladder, to the foot of which Buffer and Rolla both rushed, barking rapturously, and trying to get up the ladder.

'Hullo! what's up?—rats, I suppose,' thought Jack; and mounting two or three steps of the very ricketty ladder, he looked into the loft, his chin on a level with the floor. Suddenly a blinding heap of hay was flung over his head; there was a scuffle and a rush, and Jack freed himself from the hay to find his head in Nettie's very vigorous embrace; and to see Dick Seyton swing himself down from the window of the loft and run away.

'Stop, I say. Nettie, let go, what are you doing here? Dick, stop, I say,' cried Jack, scrambling up the ladder and rushing to the window; but Dick had vanished.

'Don't stamp, Jack, you'll come through; you should have run after him,' said Nettie, saucily.

Jack turned, but caught his foot in a hole and fell headlong into the hay, while Nettie sat and laughed at him, and the dogs howled at the foot of the ladder.

Jack picked himself up cautiously, and sitting down on the hay, for there was hardly room for him to stand upright, said severely—

'Now, Nettie, what is the meaning of this?'

'The meaning of what?'

'Of your being here with Dick. I told you in the summer that I didn't approve of your being so friendly with him, and now I insist on knowing at once what you were doing with him.'

'Well, then, I shan't tell you,' said Nettie, coolly.

'I say you shall. I couldn't have believed that my sister would be so unladylike. Just tell me how often you have met him, and what you were doing here?'

'It's no business of yours,' said Nettie, making a sudden rush at the ladder; but Jack caught her, and a struggle ensued, in which of course he had the upper hand, though she was strong enough to make a considerable resistance; and he felt the absurdity of fighting with her as if she were a naughty child, when her offence was of such a nature.

'Now, Nettie,' he said, in a tone that she could not resist. 'Stop this nonsense. I mean to have an answer. What has induced you to meet Dick Seyton in secret, and how often have you done so? You can't deny that you have.'

'No,' said Nettie, 'I have, often, and I shall ever so many times more.'

'I couldn't have believed it of you, Nettie,' said Jack, so seriously and so mildly that Nettie looked quite frightened, and then exclaimed—

'Jack, if you dare to venture to think that I meet Dick that we may make love to each other, or any nonsense of that kind, I'll—I'll kill you—I'll never speak to you again, *never!*'

'Why—why what else can I think?' said Jack, blushing, and by far the more shame-faced of the two.

'Well, then, it's abominable and shameful of you. Do you think I would be so horrid? As if I ever meant to marry any one. I shall live with Bob.'

'Don't be so violent, Nettie. You have acted very deceitfully.'

'Deceitfully! Do you think I'd tell you a story?'

As Nettie had never been known to 'tell a story' in her life, Jack could not say that he thought she would; but he replied—

'You *have* acted deceitfully. You have run after Dick when we all thought you were somewhere else, and—there's no use in being in a passion—but what do you suppose any one would think of a girl who behaved in such a manner?'

Nettie blushed, but answered—

'I can't help what any one thinks, Jack. I know I'm right, and I must go on doing it.'

'Indeed you won't,' said Jack angrily; 'for unless you promise never to meet him any more, I shall tell father at once that I found you here. What do you think Cherry would say to you?'

'Cherry would say I was perfectly right, and would do *exactly* the same thing himself,' said Nettie triumphantly. 'I am not doing any harm; and I must go on. I can't tell you why I'm doing it, because I promised not, and I'll do it nearer home if you like it better. Bob and I quarrelled about it many a time, *he* knows.'

"Oh, he knows, does he? What a fool he must have been to let you do it.'

'He won't tell of me,' said Nettie, 'and he never did let me when he was at home. But I am not a silly, horrid girl, Jack, whatever you think; and I'm not flirting with Dick, nor—nor—engaged to him; and when—when—it's right, I don't mind people thinking so!'

But this speech ended in a flood of tears, as poor Nettie's latent maidenliness began to assert itself.

'And pray,' said Jack, 'does Dick come after you because it's right?'

'No—no,' sobbed Nettie; 'because I make him.'

'And how can you *make* him, I should like to know?'

Nettie made no answer but renewed tears. At last she sobbed out 'Oh, Jack, Jack, I wish you were Cherry!'

'I wish I were with all my heart,' said Jack. 'Would you tell me if I were Cherry?'

'No; but I know *he* would be kind, and not think me horrid.'

'Well, Nettie, I'll try to be kind; but you frighten me by all this. Now just listen. I believe I ought to tell father directly.'

'Oh, Jack! dear Jack! Don't, don't—it would be dreadful! Don't you believe me?'

'Yes,' said Jack, 'I believe you; but how do I know about a young scamp like Dick? You tell me the whole truth, and then I can judge, or I shall tell my father this moment. You're my sister, and I shall take care of you. You've done a thing that may be told against you all your life, and nothing can make it right, say what you will.'

'But I *can't* tell you, Jack; I've promised.'

'Well then, I shall have it out first with Dick.'

'Oh, Jack, everything will be undone then!'

'And pray, if you don't care about him, why does it matter to you so much about him?'

'Indeed—indeed, Jack, I'm not in love with him in the least. I never was with anybody, and I never mean to be,' said Nettie, fixing her great blue eyes full on Jack, and speaking with convincing eagerness.

'And how about him?' said Jack, crossly.

'No, it's nothing to do with it,' said Nettie; but the tone of her voice altered a little, and Jack had a sort of feeling that there was more in the matter than she herself knew, for he never thought of disbelieving her.

'Will you tell, and will you promise?' he said.

'No, I won't,' said Nettie.

'Then you are a very naughty, disobedient girl, and you shall come home with me this minute.'

'I hate you, Jack. I'll never forgive you,' said Nettie passionately, as she followed him; and all the way home she sobbed and pouted, with an intolerable sense of shame, while Jack, utterly puzzled, walked by her side, a desire to horsewhip Dick Seyton contending in his mind with a dread of making a row.

They came in by the back-door, and Nettie rushed up stairs at once; while Jack, virtuous and resolute, went into the study.

Resolute as the girl was, she listened trembling, till her father's loud call of 'Nettie, Nettie, come here this moment!' brought her down to the study, where were her father, her grandmother, and Jack.

'Eh, what's all this, Nettie?' said Mr. Lester. 'I can't have you running about the country with young Seyton. What's the meaning of it?'

'Papa,' said Nettie, 'I haven't run about the country. Dick and I have got a secret; it's a very good secret.'

'Well, what is it then?' said her father.

'I don't mean to tell. I never tell secrets,' said Nettie, with determination. 'We have had it a long time.'

'My dear,' said Mr. Lester, much more mildly than he would have spoken to any of his boys, 'I must put an end to it. You have been running wild with your brothers till you forget how big a girl you are getting. Never go out with Dick again by yourself—do you hear?'

Nettie made no answer, and her father continued, more sternly—

'I am sorry, Nettie, that you did not know better how to behave. Never let me hear of such a thing again.'

Still silence; and Jack said—

'She won't promise. I shall see what Dick says about it.'

'Then you'll just do nothing of the sort, Jack,' said his grandmother, 'making mountains out of molehills. Nettie is going to London to stay with her aunt Cheriton, and have some music and French lessons with Dolly and Kate. I'd settled it all this morning. She doesn't attend enough to her studies here. You'll take her up when you go to Oxford, and there'll be an end of the matter.'

'Yes, yes,' said Mr. Lester. 'Grandmamma and I were talking it over just now.'

'Not that it is on account of your remarks, Jack,' said Mrs. Lester. 'That would be making far too much of her foolish behaviour; but in London she'll learn better.'

'To be sure,' said Mr. Lester, who had been stopped on his way out riding by Jack's appeal, and was now glad to escape from an unpleasant discussion. 'Nettie will come back at Christmas, and we shall hear no more of such childish tricks.'

Nettie stood like a statue, and never spoke a word; but there was a look of fright through all her sullenness. Jack was not accustomed to think much of her appearance, but he knew as a matter of fact that she was handsome, and it struck him forcibly that she looked 'grown-up.'

'You've done more harm than you know,' she said; 'but I will not tell, and I will not promise.' And with a sort of dignity in her air, she walked out of the room.

'What does she mean?' said Jack.

'Never you mind,' said his grandmother, 'and don't you raise the country-side on her by saying a word to Dick or any one. Hold your tongue, and be thankful. The Seytons are the plague of the place, and we'll ask them all to dinner before Nettie goes, Dick included.'

'Ask them to dinner?' said Jack.

'Yes; we'll have no talk of a quarrel. And besides, your father finds that people are apt to think that it was Virginia's fault that your half-brother left her in the lurch; and that's not so, though she *is* a Seyton.'

'No, indeed!'

'So my son means to have a dinner-party, and to show that we are

all good friends, and pay them proper attention. A bad lot they are; there's not one of them to be trusted.'

'But, granny,' said Jack anxiously, 'what do you think about Nettie? What secret can she have?'

'Eh, I can't tell. He may be getting her a puppy or a creature of some kind; but Nettie's secret may be one and Dick's another. I always blamed Cherry for encouraging the Seytons about the place.'

'Poor Cherry!' muttered Jack to himself, with a great longing to throw the burden of his difficulty on to Cherry's shoulders.

Nettie remained sullen and impenetrable. She treated Jack with an intense resentment that vexed him more than he could have supposed. Neither her father or her grandmother asked her any questions; but she was watched, though not palpably in disgrace, and she suffered from an agony of shame and of self-reproach which contended strangely with the motive that in her view justified the stolen meetings. Whether her womanly instincts, roughly awakened, justified the warnings given her, or whether she merely resented the unjust suspicion, she herself scarcely knew, and not for worlds would she have explained her feelings. The dread of giving an advantage, the intense sulky self-respect that leads to an exaggeration of reserve and false shame, was in her nature, as in that of all the Lesters, and if Cheriton had been present she could not probably have uttered a word to him. Being absent, she could venture to soften at the thought of him, and cried for him many a time in secret.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BROKEN LINKS.

'Love is made a vague regret.'

VIRGINIA, when she parted from Jack, walked slowly homewards through the mist and the falling leaves, and thought of the bloom and the brightness of that fair Seville which she had so often pictured to herself. How happy the two brothers would be there together, among all the surroundings which she had heard described so often! Alvar would never think of her. 'At least, I should have had letters from him if I had not sent him away,' she thought; and though she did not regret the parting in the sense of blaming herself for it, she felt in her utter desolation as if she had rather have had her lover cold and indifferent than not have him at all.

For life was so dreary, home so wretched, and Virginia could not mend it. Indeed in many ways a less high-minded girl with stronger spirits and more tact might have been far more useful there. Virginia held her tongue resolutely; but she could not shut her eyes. She had lost her bearings, and could not possibly understand the proportion of things. Thus even in her inmost soul she never blamed her father

for his life-long extravagance, for the vague stories of his dissipated youth—these things were not for her to judge; but the conversation, which he intended to be perfectly fit for her ears, was full of small prejudices, small injustices, and trifles taken for granted that grated on her every hour. She tried very hard to be gentle and pleasant to her aunt; but she could not bring herself, as Ruth could, to laugh at scandalous stories, old or new, or even to think herself right in listening to them. And though her father and aunt *so far as they knew how*, respected her innocence, the latter only laughed at the ignorance that thought one thing as bad as another. For there *were* virtues, or at least self-denials in their lives, for which, with all her love and with all her charity, she could not possibly credit them. It was something that Mr. Seyton had pulled through without utterly succumbing to debt and difficulty, it was something that when writhing under an injury which she never forgot or forgave, his sister stuck to him and kept things as straight as they were. It was a godless, idle, aimless household, above stairs and below; but it was not a scandalous one, and, with all the antecedents, it easily might have been. But the obvious outcome of this hard narrow life was a deadness to all outer or higher interests, an ignorance of the ordinary views of society, and of modern forms of thought never attained save by selfish people, an absence of restraint of temper, a delight in utter littleness, which were intensely wearying. Higher principles would have made life more interesting if nothing more. The narrowest form of belief in religion and goodness would have given a wider outlook. Virginia was sick to death of tales of little local incidents spiced with ill-nature, or incessant complaints of some one's ill-behaviour about a fence or a cow. If she had lived at Oakby she would have heard a good deal of the same sort of thing; but there there would have been something else to fall back on, and she would not have heard small triumphs over small overreaching, which Mr. Seyton did not mix enough with his kind to hear commented on.

Virginia used to wonder if she would grow like her aunt, her life was so empty. All her young lady interests, the essay and drawing clubs, the correspondence and the art needlework, with which like other girls she had amused herself, had languished entirely during her engagement, and she did not care to resume them. She would have liked to be a resource to Dick; but she was not used to boys, and had not much faculty for amusing them, and Dick did not care for her. Her Sunday class tired her, and were naughty because her teaching was languid; the children by no means offering the consolations to her depression which they are sometimes represented as doing in fiction. The Ellesmeres, who were always kind to her, were away for their annual holiday, and the library books for which she subscribed, and which might have amused her, could never by any chance be fetched from the station when she wanted them.

Her uncle showed his sympathy by scolding her roundly for fretting for a black-eyed foreigner, till she was almost too angry to speak to him.

Under all these circumstances Ruth's urgent invitation had been welcome, and as she received others from her friends at Littleton, she resolved to go and try to pick up the threads that Alvar had broken. Soon after she parted with Jack she met the Parson, and told him what she knew would be welcome news, that Cherry was better.

'Ay,' said Mr. Seyton. 'Jack brought me a message from him that he would write me an account of a bull-fight. Wonder he's not ashamed to go near one. Cruel, unmanly sport—disgraceful!'

'Well, uncle,' said Virginia, 'I think you ought to be pleased that Cherry is well enough to go.'

'Eh? I'll ask him if he'll come and see a cock-fight when he comes home. Plenty of 'em here—round the corner. So you're going to London to get a little colour in your cheeks, I think it's time.'

'Yes, uncle; Mrs. Clement will teach the children while I'm away.'

'Very well, and tell Miss Ruth she was blind of one eye when she made her choice, but *I* can see out of both.'

'Uncle, I shouldn't think of telling her such a thing. What do you mean?'

'Never mind, she'll understand me. Good-bye, my dear, and never mind the Frenchman.'

Virginia smiled, but she could not turn her thoughts away, not merely from Alvar, but from her life without him. Fain would she have refused the invitation which soon arrived to a solemn dinner party at Oakby; but it had been accompanied by a hint from Mr. Lester to her aunt which caused the latter to insist on accepting it, and they went accordingly to meet Sir John and Lady Hubbard, and one or two other neighbours. Mr. Lester was markedly polite to Virginia. Mrs. Lester wore her best black velvet, and a certain diamond brooch, only produced on occasions of state. Jack looked proper, silent, and bored. Every one wished to ask after the universally popular Cheriton, but felt that Alvar was an awkward subject of conversation, so that the adventures of the travellers could not be used to enliven the dulness. Nettie did not of course appear at dinner, and afterwards sat in a corner of the drawing-room in her white muslin, apparently determined not to open her mouth. Dick strolled up to her when the gentlemen came in, and was instantly followed by Jack, who stood by her silent and frowning. Nettie looked up under her eyebrows, and said, 'Dick, I am going to London.'

'So I hear,' said Dick, with a smile and a slight shrug.

'I hate it, but I can't help it. *You go on.*'

Dick smiled again and nodded, and then looked at Jack with an air of secret amusement, indescribably provoking. 'All right,' he said, but he turned away and made no further demonstration; and Mrs.

Lester desired Nettie to show Miss Hubbard *Views on the Rhine*, a very handsome book reserved for occasions of unusual dulness.

Altogether the evening did not raise Virginia's spirits, and she was half inclined to resent the special kindness shown to her by Mr. Lester, as implying blame to his absent son.

It was a wonderful change of scene and circumstance, when she found herself, some few days later, sitting in Lady Charlton's pleasant London drawing-room, full of books, work, plants, and pretty things, with Ruth, bright-eyed and blooming, sitting on the rug at her feet, ready for a confidential chatter.

She was to be married directly after Christmas, she told Virginia. Rupert did not mean to sell out of the army; she did not at all dislike the notion of moving about for a few years, and now the regiment was at Aldershot she could see Rupert often while she remained in London to get her things.

'And, Queenie, you must choose the dresses for the bridesmaids. Grandmamma will have a gay wedding. *I* think it will be great bore.'

'Your bridesmaids ought to wear something warm and gay and bright, like yourself, Ruthie. Are you going to ask Nettie Lester?'

'Oh, no!' said Ruth, hurriedly. 'Why should I?'

'She is Rupert's cousin, and she is so handsome.'

'I never thought of her! I am angry with them all since Don Alvar has made you miserable. My darling Queenie, I should like to stamp on him! Now, don't be angry; but tell me how it all came about?'

'I don't think I could ever make you understand it, Ruth. He did nothing wrong. It was only that—that I did not suit him, and I found it out,' said Virginia, with a sort of ache in her voice, as she turned her head away.

'The more—well, I won't finish the sentence. Any way, he has spoiled your life for you; for I am afraid he is *your* love if you are not his,' said Ruth, scanning her sad face curiously. 'Queenie, weren't you ready to kill him and Cherry, too, when they went off comfortably together?'

'No,' said Virginia, 'he could not help going—*that* was not it. And as for Cherry, he was the only person who understood anything about it—he was so kind! Oh, I hope he is really better!'

'I dare say he is, by this time,' said Ruth, rather oddly; 'but they are all so easily frightened about him—they spoil him. I wonder what they would all say if *he* fell in love with a naughty, wicked siren—a female villain, who broke his heart for him—just for fun.'

'She would break something worth having,' said Virginia, indignantly. 'But, do you know anything about Cherry, Ruth?'

'I? I don't believe in sirens who break hearts just for fun and vanity. And as for Cherry, if he did meet with a little trouble, he'd

mend up again, heart and lungs and all. There's something happy-go-lucky about him—don't you think so?'

'I think Cherry is too many-sided to be left without an object in life, if that is what you mean,' said Virginia. 'Besides, it is so different for a man, they can always do something.'

Then Ruth put aside the little uneasy feeling of self-reproach and doubt that had prompted her to talk about Cherry, and put her arms round Virginia, kissing her tenderly.

'My darling Queenie! You have been fretting all by yourself at Elderthwaite till things seem worse than they are.'

'No,' said Virginia; 'but my life has all gone wrong. When I found that he did not love me everything seemed over for me.'

Ruth interposed a question, and at last acquired a clearer knowledge of the circumstances under which Alvar and her cousin had parted. She had a good deal of knowledge of the world, and some judgment, though she did not always use it for her own benefit, and she did not think that the case sounded hopeless. She tried an experiment.

'If you gave him up, Queenie, because you discovered that he did not come up to your notions of what he ought to be, why there's an end of it, for he never will; but it looks to me much more like a very commonplace lovers' quarrel aggravated by circumstances. He isn't a bad sort of fellow in his own way; but it's not the way that you think perfection.'

'I did not quarrel with him, and I think the failure was in myself. Why should he love me?—it does not seem as if I was very loveable.'

There crossed Virginia's young gentle face a look that was like a foretaste of the bitterness and self-weariness that had seized on so many of her race—a sort of self-scorn that was not wholesome.

'Why should you think so?' said Ruth.

'I think I should have got on better at home if I had been.'

She spoke humbly enough, but there was utter discouragement in every line of her face and figure.

'Nonsense!' said Ruth, briskly. 'Nobody would get on, in your sense, at Elderthwaite. I don't think you ought to stay there. You know it is quite in your power to arrange differently. You might make them long visits and—come fresh to every one.'

'I'll never have it said that I could not live there,' said Virginia, colouring deeply. 'And if I was away—I could not—I would not——'

'Go back into the neighbourhood? Well, at any rate you are going to have a holiday now, and see something besides moors and mud.'

The change of scene could not fail to do Virginia good, though there might be something in the courtship of Ruth and Rupert to remind her, with a difference, of her own. It was sometimes breezy, for Rupert loved to tease his betrothed, and having got his will, was a free-and-

easy and contented lover, not much liking to be put out of his way, and not quite coming up to Ruth's requirements.

Ruth, though very kind to her cousin, believed that she had lost her lover in great measure through a feminine scrupulosity and desire to bring him up to her own standard. Ruth would never be so narrow and unsympathetic, *she* would be prepared to understand *all* the story of her hero's life; and being young, and much more simple than she believed herself to be, thought that her indiscriminate reading of somewhat free-spoken novels, gave her the necessary experience. But Rupert took quite another view. He was not aware of having any particular story to tell, and had no intention whatever of telling it. He did not in the least desire Ruth's sympathy with his past, which was quite commonplace. He was not in a state of repentance, desirous of making a confession; nor had his heart ever been withered up by any frightful experiences. No doubt he could remember much that was not particularly creditable, and which he rightly thought unfit for discussion with his betrothed. Moreover, he did not care at all for poetry, and very little for novels, and at last actually told her that one she mentioned was unfit for her to read.

Ruth was very angry, and had a sense of being put aside. Had Rupert—like herself—a secret, or was she going to be 'only a little dearer than his horse?' as she expressed it to herself, and with tears to him. Rupert laughed, and then grew a little angry, and then they made it up again; but he teased her for her romance, laughed at her most muscular and strong-souled heroes, and never would put himself in a heroic attitude. Ruth quarrelled with him, made it up with him, was vexed by him, and sometimes was vexatious; but all the while she never told him about Cheriton.

WORKHOUSE VISITING.

BY CAROLINE M. HALLETT.

PART II.

MRS. CARDYCE'S NARRATIVE.

'Behind, hopes turned to griefs, and joys to memories,
Are fading out of sight:
Before, pains changed to peace, and griefs to certainties,
Are glowing in God's light.
Hither come backslidings, defeats, distresses,
Vexing this mortal strife:
Thither go progress, victories, successes,
Crowning immortal life.'

R. E. J. A.

CHAPTER III.

We reached home safely, and it was with a thankful heart that I established Nancy in the little room near my own, which had been my child's nursery.

But it was evident that she was very ill, for though she was interested and pleased at first with the little ornaments and pictures on the walls, among which I hung her own text, yet her interest soon flagged, and she seemed to wish only to rest.

'I am so tired,' she repeated often. 'I wish I could have a good sleep.'

I had hoped much from a good night's rest in a comfortable bed; but that first night she slept little, and the next morning was so languid and weary that I would not let her talk, but only read a few soothing verses from the Psalms for the day.

In the afternoon she revived, and was much brighter, and then it was she insisted on telling me her story, which I have put together more connectedly than she told it to me, but the words are her own.

Nancy's Story.

It wasn't like what I expected, ma'am, when I got to Vere Street. They were tall big houses, as you saw, but ours wasn't very clean inside, not if you came to look into the corners. Mrs. Chanter had a waterproof cloak on when she met me at the station, and when she took it off I was surprised to see she had a silk dress, and a locket, and her hair was done in a great many little curls. She didn't look as if she could work, and I don't think she ever did do any work except cooking. She showed me where I was to sleep, and all the

rooms, and she said the front drawing-room was for the lodgers, two gentlemen. They were out then, but they'd be home at night. 'You must do all they tell you,' she said, 'and then you'll get a sixpence sometimes.'

She and Mr. Chanter supped at nine, and I had some in the back kitchen, where it was very cold, and the floor looked wet, for there was no fire. Just as I was clearing away, the gentlemen came home, and the drawing-room bell rang very loud. I went up directly, and the oldest of the two gentlemen (Mr. Curtis she called him) told me to go out for a shilling's worth of brandy. Mistress said, 'Come, run to the Harp, and be quick about it;' but I didn't know at first what she meant, till she explained that the Harp was the name of the public-house at the corner.

I went and brought the bottle back. When I had taken it up stairs and had come down again, I asked my mistress if brandy was spirits. She and Mr. Chanter both laughed, and she said, 'Of course, workhouse girls ain't very likely to know what's good.' Then I said I had promised you never to taste such things, and she answered, 'Oh, you're setting up for a saint, that's a good idea,' and there was something in her tone that made me angry. I didn't say any more then, and only asked if I might go to bed, for I was very tired. 'Not yet,' she said; 'I promised the gentlemen there'd always be somebody about until eleven in case they want anything more fetched. I was sorry to hear that, and listened all the time for the bell; but it didn't ring again that night, and I kept on washing dishes until eleven. Then she told me I might go up to bed.

The next morning my mistress called me at six, and I got up. I went into the drawing-room and opened the window, for it seemed very close, and not like our wards. When I had swept and dusted it, I took down the glasses that were on the table. As I went in the second time, I saw mistress pouring something out of a bottle, and I heard the clink of a glass. But the next moment she had left the room, and there was nothing to be seen.

Mistress went out all the afternoon, and I was alone a good while. Some one came to the area door, and I went out. It was a girl about my own age, and she said she'd come to see me. 'I live next door,' she said, 'and when our missises are out we can have a bit of a talk very often.' She asked me where I came from, and when I said the Ellsborough workhouse, she said, 'Oh, you ain't anything very grand then, you've got no friends.' I said I had one friend, a lady who was kind to me, and she said, 'Oh, she only despises you *really*, you know,' and the tears came into my eyes when she said that.

She told me her own name was Emily, and just then a woman came down the area steps. 'Oh, here's Old Sal,' said Emily, and went off. The woman spoke very softly. 'My dear,' she said, 'you haven't anything to sell me, have you? Any left-off clothes, or old shoes, or bits

of anything to eat?' I didn't understand at first; and she went on, 'I know the young gentlemen drinks a drop of what's good; now isn't there a drop left that you could let me have? I'll give you some sweets in exchange, or a pretty necktie,' and she brought out some toffee, and two or three scarfs wrapped up in paper. I took them in my hand; and just then the woman came right in, and sat down on a chair quite of a sudden. 'I'm so bad,' she said, breathing very hard, 'do get me a little brandy, there's a good girl!' But I remembered that you said, spirits were bad things, and if so, they couldn't do her good, so I fetched some water instead. She got up at that, and wouldn't touch the water, and went off. I was so glad, and locked the door for fear she should come back.

Nothing particular happened then, that I remember, until Sunday. I asked mistress, as you told me, to let me go once to church. 'I don't think many Rokeport servants go to church, nor other people either,' she said, with a curious look in her face. 'But I'll let you go out in the evening; all the girls here expect it, so I suppose you do.' I didn't say no, for I rather longed to go out and look about, and I thought I might perhaps find the way to church.

But it was nearly eight o'clock before she let me out, and there were no church bells ringing then, and I didn't know where to go. I walked about, and the streets were full of people, and were lighted up, and looked very pretty I thought. It amused me at first, but soon I got tired, and felt so lonely I could hardly help crying. If I only had had somewhere to go,—and oh, how I wished you lived at Rokeport, and not at Ellsborough! All the shops were shut except some places with great glass windows, where they sold different things to drink. It got very cold, and I stood near one of these places where it was sheltered, to watch the people. The bright lights seemed to make it a little warmer, and it was better than walking about the streets all alone. As I stood there, Emily came by with a young man. She knew me, and said in a loud whisper, 'It's the workhouse girl next door.' He laughed and said, 'No great shakes then;' and I felt my cheeks grow hot and red. They went into the gin palace (for so I knew afterwards it was called), and I stayed watching, for mistress had said I need not go in until half-past nine. It seemed something to know even one person in there, and I peeped through the door to look at Emily. She was very smart, and had on a hat with a blue feather, all turned up one side. She and the young man were sitting at a little table with glasses before them, and she had a bright colour on her cheeks, and was talking and smiling very much.

She is happier than I am, I thought, for she has some one to speak to, and a place to sit down in! I was tired with walking and standing about, and I was very cold, and the people inside looked so warm. I had some pence in my pocket, and for the minute I had my hand on the door. And then a strange thing happened. I caught sight of

some painted words hanging up in a frame on the wall, and somehow it reminded me of the text you did for me. In a moment the words came into my head, 'They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy,' and I shrank back, for the place seemed dreadful then! Could the people drinking there go to Heaven? I turned sick and faint, and walked away as fast as I could. It was past nine then, and I made up my mind to go home.

I think I must have got a chill that night, for I never felt well after that. I coughed a good deal in the night, and had a pain in my side, and in the morning I felt poorly, but I did not like to say anything about it.

There was more than usual to do on that Monday, for mistress said the gentlemen were going to have a party. I wondered what a party was like, and asked mistress if they'd want more than usual for supper. But she said, 'No, they drink more than they eat; some oysters will be about all they'll want.'

There was a good deal of noise and laughing in the drawing-room that night, and once I had to go in with clean glasses. One of the gentlemen called out to me, 'Here's a sixpence if you'll tell us your name and where you come from.'

I said, 'Nancy Dillon, sir,' and then I thought of saying only 'Ellsborough,' but remembered you told us once to speak the whole truth, and I said 'Ellsborough workhouse.'

'Oh, you're a foundling then,' and at that they all laughed.

Mr. Curtis, that was our lodger, said then, 'You may go now;' and just as I was shutting the door, I heard him say, 'She knows the taste of spirits for all her workhouse bringing up; if I leave a bottle not finished, it's finished for me,' and at that they all laughed again.

I felt quite hot and angry, for I had never touched a bottle, except to fetch one when I was told.

The next day, mistress said to me, 'Why did you let out where you came from to the gentlemen? I didn't want them to know what you are.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'Because its against the lodgings. Unknown girls are looked down upon, of course. They're sure to throw it in my teeth if anything's lost or taken; "a pauper girl," they'll say, and all that. I know their ways.'

I didn't understand at first, but presently it came to me what she meant.

'Why should a workhouse girl be thought a thief?' I asked, trying to speak quietly, but there was a great lump in my throat.

'Because nobody knows anything about her. She may be a thief's child, and she's got no home, nor no friends. You'd have starved to death, only the rates kept you 'cause it was the law.'

I didn't answer, but only ran upstairs to my attic all in the dark, and knelt down by the bed crying.

A bad angry feeling came in my heart, and I thought I might as well do wrong as right, nobody cared. I was sure to be looked down upon any way. I hadn't had a kind word since I came, and now I knew the reason. What had I done to be so treated? Why hadn't God let me die when I was a baby? I should have been safe and happy now, instead of miserable and hated.

I knelt on a long time, but I couldn't pray. I didn't *want* to pray. I felt as if I wanted to be as miserable as possible. But presently, I remember, some one lighted up a gaslight in the house opposite, and it shone into my room, and it pleased me to watch the bright patch on the wall. My text hung there, and the light just touched it, so that I could see that too: 'They *shall* walk with Me in white.' Perhaps, I thought, God let me choose that text because it is true for me. It must be true for me, or you, ma'am, I thought, wouldn't have painted it for me. Somehow that thought comforted me, and some more words came into my mind as well—words that I had read about God wiping away all tears from our eyes. Surely sad despised girls like me, wanted God most! And then I found I could speak to God quite easily, as easily as I could have spoken to you, dear Mrs. Cardyce.

(The tears were in Nancy's eyes and my own, but they were not wholly sad tears. Nancy went on after a minute's pause.)

I felt much happier then, and I wanted the happiness to last; and the next Sunday I thought I should feel better if I could only go to church. The difficulty was to get there in time, and then I remembered how sometimes people came in after service had begun, and I might do the same.

So I went to the large church I had heard called Saint Peter's, two or three streets off, and stood inside the first door to listen to the singing. I thought I would push open the red door and go in when the singing stopped; but somehow I hadn't courage to do it. I peeped in once, and saw there were seats with doors that were all shut, and then it struck me perhaps people wouldn't want to have a workhouse girl in their seats. That made me resolve to keep outside, and I listened, and tried to follow a few words here and there; but it wasn't many that I caught.

All at once, as I was standing there, I felt some one touch my arm. I looked round—it was Old Sal. She came up close to me, and spoke very kindly. 'Come home with me, my dear, and I'll give you something nice.' I was taken by surprise, and did not stop to think whether it was right or not, but followed her down the street. I was very cold, and I think that made me glad to move. Going along, she asked me how much wages I had, and if I had a good stock of clothes. I wondered rather at her asking that, but she talked about other things too, and said how she wished to be my friend. She took me through several streets, and then we reached what I supposed was her house. It was a poor place, but there were several people there,

and cakes and sweets were on the table, and something hot in glasses. She gave me some cake and a jam tart, and I liked them, for I hadn't eaten much dinner, there was always such a hurry on Sundays. A man older than the others had a newspaper, and every now and then he read a bit out loud, but it wasn't nice reading at all. When they laughed at the things he read, I was sure it wasn't the place for me, and I stood up and wanted to go away. But Old Sal made me sit down again, and I did for a while, feeling very uneasy, for the joking got very loud and noisy. Then I remembered what you told me, about calling upon God, just when we most wanted His help, and so I just said, 'Lord, help me!' Somehow I felt bolder after that, and said, 'I must go now, thank you;' and then one of the women said, 'You haven't treated the company; come, hand over a shilling.' I had no money with me, and was dreadfully afraid they wouldn't let me go; however, just then two of the men began quarrelling, and in the confusion I slipped away.

I had not got many steps down the street before I heard some one following me. It was Old Sal. 'You've got to pay me,' she said, 'for what you've had, or I shall tell your missis. Now, remember, directly you get your wages, some of it's for me.' I think she wanted to frighten me into giving her something, she had such a grasping, greedy look, but I had nothing to give. I am sure now she found out that I was a workhouse girl who had no friends.

I reached home at the usual time, and mistress asked no questions. But I knew I had done wrong, though I hadn't touched a drop of spirits. I believe that if I had got stupid with the drink, she'd have robbed me of my clothes. The Irishwomen said she'd do anything for gain or drink.

('Never mind that now, dear Nancy,' said I.)

I did feel such a wish then to be able to talk to somebody, or to have been able to tell you all about it. I did take out my pen and paper once to write to you. But I could not put it all down, and if I only wrote a little, I thought you would believe I was worse than I really was.

I cried myself to sleep several nights, and kept on thinking about Old Sal, for I had not a penny to pay her with, and I was always afraid she'd come and *make* me give her something that wasn't mine.

But several days went on, and though I was often sent out on errands, I never saw her, and began to hope she had forgotten me. On Sundays I went out and wandered about the streets, for I did not dare go near the church for fear she should find me again. I know now I was wrong, and that I ought not to have been afraid; but I think from not being well I was more easily frightened; any sudden noise used to make me start and shake all over.

My cough kept getting worse, and I couldn't sleep at nights, though I went to bed late enough, for mistress was very often out in the

evening, and I had to stay up to get the work finished, and let her in when she knocked.

One night Mr. Curtis rang his bell, and told me to go to the Harp for some spirits. I was tired, and hurried there, thinking I should get back quick. But when I reached the Harp it was full of people, for there had been a fair in the town, and the great room, which was not often used, was lighted up, and some music and singing was going on.

It looked very pleasant, and after I had got the spirits I stood at the door and listened, and just then some men with black faces were singing. The people were sitting on benches, and on one close to the door I saw Emily with her young man. She stretched out her hand and pulled me down on the bench beside her, saying, 'Come and hear the music—you never have a bit of fun.' I think she meant it kindly, and I was pleased, and did not get up, and stayed on listening; it was so new to me, and I liked looking at the people.

I don't think you would have thought the songs very nice, and I oughtn't to have listened to them. Was it very wrong of me to think it pleasant? It did seem such a—such a—(said Nancy, hesitating for a word) nice bright place after that cold back kitchen I had been in, all by myself. When the music stopped, they said the first part was over, and some glasses were handed about. The young man who was with Emily gave me one, and I had put it to my lips before I remembered my promise. Then I said, 'Oh, I can't drink it,' and put it down. Emily finished hers, and I noticed how flushed she looked, and what a curious bright light there was in her eyes. She whispered to me, 'Now you drink it directly, or I shall tell them what you are.' I knew what that meant, and I was very near drinking the spirits then. But I did manage to say 'No,' and put my hands over my eyes. But I could not shut out the sound of her voice as she called out in a loud tone, 'She's a workhouse stray that sets up to be a teetotaller.'

There was a dreadful buzz of voices then in my ears. The girls and young men sitting there seemed to be mocking me, and in the midst of all I made my way out. At the door of the room stood the landlord, and he said to me sharply, 'We're not used to having low common girls in our house setting up to be better than other folks. Come, get you gone.'

I knew he was angry with me only because I wouldn't drink, but his words hurt me, and my one thought was that I would never go inside the Harp again. I didn't dare tell my mistress what I had done, for fear she should send me away, and I never felt I could talk to her—not like a friend I mean. I had no one to speak to, and that made me think more of my troubles, they seemed to get bigger when I was thinking about them all alone. It was *that* which made me dread going to the Harp, for I needn't really have minded the landlord.

However, I quite made up my mind, that as the gentlemen always gave me the money to pay for the spirits, I would go and get them somewhere else.

It was a few evenings later that Mr. Curtis sent me out again. I had been feeling worse than usual all day, and had a bad pain in my side, yet still I disliked the idea of going to the Harp, near as it was, more than ever. I thought I would go to another inn I had seen two or three streets off, which looked a quiet one, called the Fleece, and no one would find me out if I were quick in getting back.

I hurried along as fast as I could, and soon reached the Fleece. I did my errand easily, and felt happier then, so I walked rather more slowly towards home, for the pain in my side caught my breath. It seemed all right, and I hardly looked at the people passing by. But oh dear, just as I turned the corner, I came upon Old Sal.

She stole up to me and put her hand on my arm. 'I've been looking for you,' she said. 'I want you to pay me as you promised. Why look here,' she went on, taking the bottle out of my hand, 'here's just what I want.' She drew me into an archway, and taking the cork out of the bottle half emptied it, before I could speak a word.

She walked off then, but not very steadily, and I watched her sit down on a step soon, and put her hand to her head.

What was I to do? It had all happened so quickly, that I felt as if I hardly knew where I was! But the thought that came first into my mind was, that the brandy which was gone, was not mine, and how could I get any more? I could not, without money, and so I must go back and tell the truth.

Then as I went along, I remember thinking that all my troubles were caused by that dreadful drink! As soon as I got in, I took the bottle upstairs, and told Mr. Curtis what had happened.

But I don't think I seemed to speak out quite openly, because I could not tell him exactly how it was I went to the Fleece two or three streets off.

I could see he didn't believe a word I said by the look on his face.

'A pretty story,' he said, 'to bring home. To drink half the bottle, and then pretend it's not you, but somebody else. I hate such hypocrisy, for it's not the first time, I know, that you've had a taste.'

I did not speak a word, but I felt how hard everything was that happened to me. I felt that faintness coming on again too, which I had had once or twice before, and leaned against the wall, and his voice scolding me began to sound far off. I saw him go out and call my mistress upstairs, and she came in and said, 'She's gone stupid with what she's had.' And then to me, 'Come, I'll have no more of this,—pack up and be gone.'

I struggled to move and got out of the door, and then I heard her say, 'She's a low workhouse girl, and that's the truth. But it's a good reason for getting rid of her, and so I hope you'll overlook it, sir.'

I got up stairs and drank some cold water and felt a little better. But I couldn't sit down and rest, for she was shouting to me to put my things together at once. I rolled them up in a bundle and went down stairs. She hardly spoke to me, but pushed me outside the door and shut it behind me. Then I felt very strange, as if I was in a dream, but I couldn't think very much. I had one horrid thing to keep out of my head. That was, that I should fall down and die in the streets.

I didn't know where to go, for I had no money. It was getting very dark and cold then, and was beginning to rain. I thought of trying to sell some of my clothes, but the shops were most of them shut up then. I must wait about until the morning before I tried to sell them, and then I almost thought I should die before morning, I felt so ill. Sometimes I sat on doorsteps, sometimes I walked a little way, and the time went so slowly, it seemed much more than an hour between the times the great clock struck, and at last I hated to hear it strike.

I think it must have been past twelve o'clock before it came to my mind that there was one person in Rokeport I knew. That one was Old Sal.

It would be better, I thought, to ask her for a night's lodging than wander about any more, giddy and ill as I was. So I set off the way she took me and at last got to Storer's Court. It was very late, past one o'clock then, but people were not gone to bed in that part of the town. The court seemed all alive with men and women. I knocked at Old Sal's door, and she opened it herself.'

('Then that was Old Sal who showed me the way to the lodging-house?' I asked. 'How could you go to such a woman, Nancy, after she had robbed you?'

As I said that, a vision of my poor pale-faced girl rose up before me, wandering alone at night in the streets of Rokeport.

'It was a bad place ma'am, but I thought it would not be for long, and I couldn't make any plans somehow. Only once I said, going along, Deliver me from evil.'

'Go on, Nancy,' I said, turning away my face to hide my tears.)

When Old Sal opened the door, she said, 'Oh you've come, have you, my dear? that's good, isn't it?'

'Only let me sit down,' I said, 'for I feel very ill.' I went inside, and she took me into a room by myself, which I was very thankful for. I sat down and heard her talking to a man outside the door. I couldn't hear all they said, but I caught some words. 'I won't have her die here,' she said, 'she'd better go to Tibbs's.' 'Yes,' the man

answered, 'we owe them a goodish bit, and they may sell us up. Her clothes are worth a pound or more, so that will go some way.'

They came in then, and I stood up, and they helped me to walk through two or three streets, and then we reached the house you found me in. 'I'm doing you a good turn,' Old Sal said, 'for this house has a better name than ours.' I was surprised to hear this, for it was dirtier than the one we had left, but I suppose she meant the people were better, and so I felt as if God had heard my prayer. Mr. Tibbs came out to meet us; he looked rather cross, but he did not speak unkindly. He showed me where I could sleep, and then said 'If you hear a noise, don't take any notice, it's my missus in one of her fits again, but she won't hurt you.'

'Was that Mrs. Tibbs then, who came and sat by your bed?' I asked, recalling the sodden-looking women I had seen. 'Yes, ma'am; but I never saw her for two or three days. I never saw anybody but the other lodgers, the two Irishwomen who used to go about selling things in the daytime. They were much kinder to me than Mrs. Tibbs, who never came in but she took something of mine to pawn. But I don't think the master always knew it.'

The story was ended, for it had reached the point at which I had found Nancy. She had been excited in telling it, but she lay back exhausted after it was all told, and I noticed how much quicker her breathing had become. I sent off Ellen for the doctor, and bathed her face with vinegar, for the faintness had come on again, and I was in truth glad to be employed. I could not *think* about her story. Only one miserable conviction filled my mind—that she was dying, and that Rokeport had killed her!

The doctor came and looked at her, and when I followed him outside the bedroom door, it was plain from his face that he thought her worse than when he saw her the night before. 'Her heart as well as her lungs are very much affected,' he said, and then with a keen look he asked—

'What sort of a place has she had? I told the Guardians that Dillon was a weakly girl, and might break down if she were overworked.' I told him the main particulars of her story, and his eyes kindled as he said, 'Yes, that's just it, the friendless are sure to be trampled upon, and nobody is so absolutely friendless as a workhouse girl. Do you suppose that any other servant-maid would have been turned out into the streets at night, and driven to take refuge with thieves and vagabonds! It's abominable, but surely such a case as this must open people's eyes. There must be some way of befriending the poor lonely things after they leave the workhouse, or we shall have to answer for their lives.'

As he went away, I shivered, for a keen bitter sense of remorse was piercing my own heart. 'Oh, my girls, my girls!' I cried out,

'what a terrible failure my work has been! One dying, the other cut off from me, and perhaps growing hard, and godless, and dreary-hearted!' and I moaned to myself as I thought of Alice.

But I was obliged to go back to Nancy's room, and she seemed a little revived, and inclined to talk again; and the first thing she said was—

'May I see Alice once more?'

She knew she was dying; that was plain. I tried to crush down my own grief and answer calmly—

'Yes, dear Nancy, her mistress cannot refuse to let her come to see you.'

'I often thought of both our texts,' she said; 'and hers seemed to suit her, but mine'—and here a great sob came in Nancy's throat.

'They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy,' I repeated calmly. 'Why does it not fit you, dear?'

'I am not worthy, for I ought never to have gone to Old Sal's at first. When I think of your parlour, and then of that place!' and Nancy shuddered, and hid her face in her hands.

'My dear,' I said, 'perhaps the fault was not entirely yours. You ought to have been allowed to go to church; and oh dear, if some one could have looked after you, it would have been different. If you had had a friend in Rokeport to go to sometimes, you could not have felt so lonely.'

'A friend,' repeated Nancy, dreamily; 'I've no friends. Emily said a workhouse girl could not have friends, because everybody despised them. And mistress said once I should soon be back in Ellsborough workhouse, for all workhouse girls went wrong.' And Nancy's pale cheeks flushed scarlet.

A flush, not of shame, but of bitter, hot indignation rose to my own face.

'Many are driven to wrong-doing if they are treated as you were,' I could not help saying. 'My poor Nancy, God has kept you from falling into grievous sin, and we must thank Him for that.'

'But I am not worthy, not white enough to go to Him,' faltered Nancy. 'I used to forget my prayers sometimes, and I am not fit for dying. And, oh dear! I believe I shall die, for I don't feel a bit like getting well.'

'My dear,' I said, 'no one is worthy or quite pure enough for Heaven. Do you remember those other words about whiteness that you used to like? "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."' Nancy's face grew brighter. 'And there is another text,' I went on, that is still more comforting, "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."'

I sat still for a few minutes, and Nancy seemed inclined to doze. I called Hannah and went down, for I wanted to write two notes—one

to Mr. Trevor, the other to Mrs. Hands, to implore her to let Alice come and see her dying friend.

Would she be allowed to come? I waited anxiously until it grew dark. At last a low knock came to the door. I opened it, and there stood Alice.

She looked pale and weary, and her eyes were streaming with tears. But she smiled in her old way when I met her and brought her in and gave her some tea, that she might compose herself before she went up to Nancy.

I thought the two girls would be glad to be alone together, so I left them, and sat down by firelight in the parlour, to think out my own sad thoughts.

It was scarcely three months since Nancy and Alice had parted to go out into the world. But oh, what a change the three months had wrought! I remembered with bitter self-reproach, that Nancy had had a slight cough before she went away to Rokeport. Now I knew that it must have been the first warning note of the consumption that developed rapidly afterwards. The night wandering and loitering in the streets in mid-winter, the unhealthy damp kitchen, the late hours, the weary and depressed spirits, had all aggravated the evil. Care would have prevented much, and I, who had constituted myself the workhouse girl's guardian, had done nothing, except to try to save Nancy now that it was too late. 'Too late!' I repeated the words bitterly to myself, and felt the old remorse return that had assailed me when Ada Brushwood had died at our door!

Just then some one knocked gently and entered. I raised my head and saw Mr. Trevor.

He sat down, and his first words were—

'I have just been visiting a dying child in my parish, and I know no sadder sight than to see a *child* die. How long will it be before you will convince people that God does not intend children to die, that it is a monstrous discord in the world's harmony!'

Strangely unconsolatory his words sounded. But he went on—

'Shall I tell you, Mrs. Cardyce, what I think a child's death is always meant to teach us? To look into the *cause* of it, not to be blind and deaf and dumb any longer. Death forces us into learning what otherwise would fall unheeded on our ears. It is God's last and most awful lesson. But it does stir men up; at any rate it stirs me up,' he said, getting up striding about the room. 'Now, this child is dying of—what? Of its parents' drunkenness. And not one, but hundreds have died of the same cause! The child inherits feebleness, and is puny and blighted, and so is an easy prey to the first attack of disease. And yet, though there is this wholesale sacrifice of children in a town like this, and the misery of those who do live no one can gauge, yet people sit still and do nothing—*nothing*,' he repeated, with tremendous emphasis.

I do not know how it was, but there was something in his vigorous indignation that refreshed me—at any rate it scattered forcibly for the moment the morbid depression which had taken possession of me. But I could not discuss generalities just then.

'*I* have a bitter lesson to learn,' I said, 'and that is why I asked you to come. My favourite and best workhouse girl is dying up stairs.'

Then I told him the story, and his face grew bright as he heard how this poor weak girl had resisted the Demon—Drink.

'She is a noble girl,' he exclaimed. 'Mrs. Cardyce, your work has brought forth fruit. You may have saved her soul, though you could not save her body.'

I hung my head, for I could not bear praise just then.

'I neglected her,' I said, in a low tone, 'after she went to service. She was terribly near the edge of the gulf, and I did nothing until the last. But God grant that it may never be so again. Surely He must raise up ways and means of sheltering and befriending these lonely ones,' I said, as I thought of the little girls still left in the workhouse, who would soon, like Nancy and Alice, be thrust out into the world.

But I could not be longer away from Nancy, and I asked Mr. Trevor to follow me upstairs.

She had a pink flush on her thin cheeks, and her eyes looked unnaturally bright.

Alice sat by the bed, her hat off, and I was struck by her gentle, subdued, womanly look. It was not her dress, for she had only a shabby brown linsey on, which looked like her working dress, and her appearance generally, was not *soigné*, far removed from the trimness of a neat maid-servant. She noticed my glance, for she said in a whisper—

'Missis wouldn't let me change my frock, for she wants me back in an hour. Little Ralph is ill, and we're whitewashing.'

It was more like the communicative Alice of old, for she seemed to have found her tongue again. But I motioned her to be silent, for Mr. Trevor knelt down by Nancy's bed, and we two did the same.

Nancy's face looked peaceful as Mr. Trevor said the prayers in which the sick are commended to the Father of Mercies and God of all comfort. Then he repeated the hymn—

'A few more years shall roll,'

And I saw Nancy's lips move when he came to the words—

'O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.'

And then, when it was over, she said of her own accord—

'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.'

Mr. Trevor soon rose to go away, and when he was gone, I knew it was time to send Alice home.

The two girls kissed each other and parted, never to meet again on earth.

'I shall see you again, Alice,' I said, but I could not talk much to her then. It seemed as though everyday subjects were far away, for the Angel of Death was in the house, and we could not but feel a solemn hush and awe. Three days later the end came, just as the first rays of morning were beginning to light up Nancy's room. For an hour before, her breathing had become quicker and fainter, and once she looked up bewildered, and said—

'It's all dark; oh, hold me!' And then a minute after she added, quite with her usual manner, 'Shall I walk in white, really?'

I opened the Bible and read 'These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb,' and almost as I read the last word, Nancy's spirit fled away.

There was no one to mourn the orphan girl but Ellen Brushwood, Hannah, and myself; but we three followed her remains to the quiet cemetery, where her grave was near that of my husband and child. I had wished it to be so.

When the funeral was over, I did not at once return home. I waited until the grave had been filled up and every one had gone away, and then I knelt down on the new-made earthy mound and prayed.

I prayed that God would watch over my little girls who were left, and keep them from evil. 'But oh!' I said, 'rouse up the hearts of other Christian women to love and care for them; and, O God!' I moaned, 'may none be ever as lonely and despised as Nancy was!' and then I broke down and burst into sobs.

I had dreaded the terrible blank of the next day, but it seemed as though God answered my prayer on Nancy's grave, and gave me, as well as others, fresh work to do for Him.

On that very first morning after the funeral, the post brought me a letter from our Bishop's wife, enclosing papers about the Girls' Friendly Society, and begging me to try and organise it for workhouse girls especially, as she had heard I was interested in them.

She sent me also a list of associates, and, glancing over it, I noticed that there were three lady associates already established—where? in Rokeport!

O that I could have commended Nancy to them, and that these papers could have come three months before!

And as I read more of the society's work, how Homes are being established for respectable young servants when out of place in a strange town; how classes are held on Sunday afternoons or evenings, to which even the most hardworked may come in their one leisure

hour of the week; how even the loneliest may find friends and sisters in Christ—I felt that Nancy's sad story need never, thank God, be repeated, and that the old days of unconcern about the friendless class to which she belonged, are over, we trust, for ever!

I need not describe here our work of setting the Girls' Friendly Society on foot in Ellsborough. The same things have been done in many other places; and may the time come when there will be no town in England without this cord of loving friendship to bind Christian women and young girls together!

But I must add one more word about Alice. Of course I thought of her at once, and longed to enrol her as one of the earliest of our Girls' Friendly Society members.

I recollected her mistress's words about membership with a society, and then my conversation with Mr. Trevor. It seemed as though the Girls' Friendly Society had been dimly foreshadowed in his and my mind.

I called upon Mrs. Hands and propounded the scheme. She was much more civil than on the former occasion, and even spoke well of Alice. 'She is always trying to help,' she said, 'not only doing just what she is obliged. I've not been well lately, and she takes all the heavy jobs, and seems to like it. And there's little Ralph thinks all the world of her. She says she must be extra good to him, because he's lame. But if she joins this society I can't have her always running off to your or anybody else's house,' she said, with a touch of her old sharpness.

'No,' said I; 'I shall not want her to come except when it's quite convenient to you. On Sunday afternoons, when you can spare her, and occasionally to tea, but not often, really.'

So it was settled, and Alice and I now meet openly and pleasantly, and feel we are on sure ground.

And Mrs. Hands' door is not shut against me, for she said to me the other day, 'I hear some of the ladies call and visit the girls in service, but you never do.'

'I thought you did not wish it,' said I, secretly much pleased.

'I like people to keep rules if they make them,' said she. 'I've no reason to speak against the Friendly Society. Alice seems to work better when she comes back from your meetings; and she saves her money, and that's a deal better than spending it all on finery, like the last two or three girls I had.'

And though Alice has by no means a perfect mistress, and I fear no very orthodox code of order is observed in North Street, yet she is growing really fond of her employers, and does not wish to leave her place, hard as it is.

'I don't think having a deal of work to do makes one unhappy,' she said to me last Sunday. 'I like it, for I think I'm trying to do as my

text says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Of course burdens must be heavy, or they wouldn't be burdens at all,' she said, with her old bright smile.

'Yes,' I answered. 'Life is for work, Heaven for rest; and if dear Nancy has reached her rest sooner than we have, it is to point our aim more surely.'

'And we must keep our robes white and pure, as she did,' joined in little Ellen Brushwood. 'I'm glad her own text is to be on her grave.'

A plain stone marks Nancy's resting-place, and on it is engraved, after her name, and the date of her death—

'They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy.'

(*Concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO "ROMANTIC PROBLEMS. KNOT II."

Problem.—(1). 'Two travellers, starting at the same time, went opposite ways round a circular railway. Trains start each way every 15 minutes, the easterly ones going round in 3 hours, the westerly in 2. How many trains did each meet on the way, not counting trains met at the terminus itself?' (2). 'They went round, as before, each traveller counting as "one" the train containing the other traveller. How many did each meet?'

Answers.—(1) 19. (2) The easterly traveller met 12; the other 8.

The trains one way took 180 minutes, the other way 120. Let us take the L. C. M., 360, and divide the railway into 360 units. Then one set of trains went at the rate of 2 units a minute and at intervals of 30 units; the other at the rate of 3 units a minute and at intervals of 45 units. An easterly train starting has 45 units between it and the first train it will meet: it does 2–5ths of this while the other does 3–5ths, and thus meets it at the end of 18 units, and so all the way round. A westerly train starting has 30 units between it and the first train it will meet: it does 3–5ths of this while the other does 2–5ths, and thus meets it at the end of 18 units, and so all the way round. Hence if the railway be divided, by 19 posts, into 20 parts, each containing 18 units, trains meet at every post, and in (1) each traveller passes 19 posts in going round, and so meets 19 trains. But in (2) the easterly traveller only begins to count after traversing 2–5ths of the journey, *i.e.* on reaching the 8th post, and so counts 12 posts: similarly the other counts 8. They meet at the end of 2–5ths of 3 hours, or 3–5ths of 2 hours, *i.e.* 72 minutes.

Forty-six answers have been received. Of these 13 are beyond the reach of discussion, as they give no working. I can but enumerate their names. ARDMORE, E. A., F. A. D., L. D., MATTHEW MATTOCKS, M. E. T., POO-POO, and THE RED QUEEN are all wrong. AYR, BETA, and ROWENA have got (1) right and (2) wrong. CHEEKY BOB and NAIRAM give the right answers, but it may perhaps make the one less cheeky, and induce the other to take a less inverted view of things, to be informed that, if this had been a competition for a prize, they would have got no marks. [N.B.—I have not ventured to put E. A.'s name in full, as she only gave it provisionally, in case her answer should prove right.]

Of the 33 answers for which the working is given, 10 are wrong; 11 half-wrong and half-right; 3 right, except that they cherish the

delusion that it was *Clara* who travelled in the easterly train—a point which the data do not enable us to settle; and 9 wholly right.

The 10 wrong answers are Bo-Peep, Financier, I. W. T., Kate B., M. A. H., Q. Y. Z., Sea-Gull, Thistledown, Tom-Quad, and an unsigned one. Bo-Beep rightly says that the easterly traveller met all trains which started during the 3 hours of her trip, as well all which started during the previous 2 hours, *i.e.* all which started at the commencements of 20 periods of 15 minutes each; and she is right in striking out the one she met at the moment of starting; but wrong in striking out the *last* train, for she did not meet this at the terminus, but 15 minutes before she got there. She makes the same mistake in (2). Financier thinks that any train, met for the second time, is not to be counted. I. W. T. finds, by a process which is not stated, that the travellers met at the end of 71 minutes and 26½ seconds. Kate B. thinks the trains which are met on starting and on arriving are *never* to be counted, even when met elsewhere. M. A. H. gets the right answer for (1), by making two mistakes which cancel each other: so of course I mark her 'wrong.' She rightly takes, as Bo-Peep does, 20 periods of 15 minutes each; but omits (what she should have counted) the train which starts at the commencement of the *first* period; and she afterwards counts (what she should have omitted) the train which starts as the traveller starts. And in (2) she makes the travellers count 'one' *after* they met, not *when* they met. Q. Y. Z. tries a rather complex algebraical solution, and succeeds in finding the time of meeting correctly: all else is wrong. Sea-Gull seems to think that, in (1), the easterly train *stood still* for 3 hours; and says that, in (2), the travellers met at the end of 71 minutes 40 seconds. Thistledown nobly confesses to having tried no calculation, but merely having drawn a picture of the railway and counted the trains: in (1) she counts wrong; in (2) she makes them meet in 75 minutes. Tom-Quad omits (1): in (2) he makes Clara count the train she met on her arrival. The unsigned one is also unintelligible; it states that the travellers go '1–24th more than the total distance to be traversed'! The 'Clara' theory, already referred to, is adopted by 5 of these, viz., Bo-Peep, Financier, Kate B., Tom Quad, and the nameless writer.

The 11 half-right answers are from Bog-Oak, Bridget, Castor, Cheshire Cat, Fifee, G. E. B., Guy, Mary, Old Maid, R. W., and Vendredi. All these, except Fifee, adopt the 'Clara' theory. Castor omits (1). Vendredi, gets (1) right, but in (2) makes the same mistake as Bo-Peep. [I notice in your solution a marvellous proportion-sum:—'300 miles: 2 hours:: one mile: 24 seconds.' May I venture to advise your acquiring, as soon as possible, an utter disbelief in the possibility of a ratio existing between *miles* and *hours*? Do not be disheartened by your two friends' sarcastic remarks on your 'roundabout way.' Their short method, of adding 12 and 8, has the slight disadvantage of bringing the answer wrong: even a 'roundabout' method

is better than *that* /] FIFEE makes, in (1), the same mistake as M. A. H. : she gets (2) right. CHESHIRE CAT and OLD MAID get '20' as answer for (1), by forgetting to strike out the train met on arrival. The others all get '18,' in various ways. BOG-OAK, GUY, and R. W., divide the trains, which the westerly traveller has to meet, into 2 sets, viz., those already on the line, which they (rightly) make '11,' and those which started during her 2 hours' journey (exclusive of train met on arrival), which they (wrongly) make '7'; and they make a similar mistake with the easterly train. BRIDGET (rightly) says that the westerly traveller met a train every 6 minutes for 2 hours, but (wrongly) makes the number '20'; it should be '21.' G. E. B. adopts BO-PEEP'S method, but (wrongly) strikes out (for the easterly traveller) the train which started at the *commencement* of the previous 2 hours. MARY thinks a train, met on arrival, must not be counted, even when met on a *previous* occasion.

The 3, who are wholly right but for the unfortunate 'Clara' theory, are F. LEE, G. S. C., and X. A. B.

And now once more 'descend, ye classic Nine!' (there is something uncanny about this coincidence: let us hope it will prove to be the beginning of a genuine ghost-story) who have solved the whole problem. Your names are AIX-LES-BAINS, ALGERNON BRAY (thanks for a friendly remark, which comes with a heart-warmth that not even the Atlantic could chill), ARVON, BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE, H. L. R., J. L. O., OMEGA, S. S. G., and WAITING FOR THE TRAIN. Several of these have put Clara, provisionally, into the easterly train; but they seem to have understood that the data do not decide that point.

A remonstrance has reached me from SCRUTATOR on the subject of KNOT I., which he declares was 'no problem at all.' 'Two questions,' he says, 'are put. To solve one there is no data: the other answers itself.' As to the first point, SCRUTATOR is mistaken; there *are* (not 'is') data sufficient to answer the question. As to the other, it is interesting to know that the question 'answers itself,' and I am sure it does the question great credit: still I fear I cannot enter it on the list of winners, as this competition is only open to human beings.

LEWIS CARROLL.

A HINDU LADY OF LETTERS.

TORU DUTT—the young Hindu lady of whom I am about to write—has achieved a reputation for literary powers both in India and in France; and I propose to give a short sketch of her life and writings in the hope of making her equally well known and appreciated in England by the readers of this magazine.* It is but seldom now-a-days that Hindu women leave the seclusion of their homes to meet us even socially, still less to appear before the world as authors; and that this *has* been done in our own day by a young girl who passed away from us when barely out of her teens, is surely a matter of astonishment and interest.

Toru Dutt, the youngest of three clever, promising children, was born in 1856, and died in 1877. Abju, Aru, and Toru, were the children of Baboo Govin Chunder Dutt, a learned and able Hindu gentleman living in Calcutta, where he is an honorary magistrate and justice of the peace, and is much respected.

The boy, Abju, was the first to die, and at the early age of fourteen. 'He was' (the father writes) 'perhaps the cleverest of my children, and I can see him now in my mind's eye reading *Ivanhoe* with, oh! such delight! and following me about like a dog in our garden-house at Baugmaree.' The two sisters were taken to England by their father in 1869. They travelled in England, France, and Italy, remaining away four years. They took a keen and most intelligent interest in all they saw, and each sister kept a diary of her travels. Excepting for a few months in France they never went to school; but during their visit to England, they attended the lectures for women at Cambridge.

The father writing of them says: 'In the performance of all domestic duties Aru and Toru were exemplary; no work was too mean for them. Excellent players on the piano were they both, and sweet singers, with clear contralto voices, that I seem to hear still at times. Toru had read more, probably also thought more; and the elder sister, Aru, generally appeared to follow the lead of the younger; but there was no assumption of superiority on the part of Toru, and the love between them was always perfect. Not the least remarkable trait in Toru was her wonderful memory. She would repeat by heart almost every piece she ever translated, and when there was a hitch, it was only necessary to repeat a line of the translation, to draw from her lips the whole of the piece in the original. She read much, and read quickly; but difficulties were never slurred over. Dictionaries and lexicons of every kind were consulted till they were solved, and

* Since I wrote this a long notice on her has appeared in the *Saturday Review*, and other shorter ones elsewhere.

the consequence was that the explanation of hard words imprinted themselves, as it were, on her brain, and were never forgotten. Whenever we had a dispute about a sentence or expression in Sanscrit, French, or German, in seven or eight cases out of ten she would be right. Sometimes I was so sure of my ground, that I would say, "Well, let us lay a wager;" the wager being generally a rupee. It was very pleasant to me to watch her when she lost—first a bright smile, then thin fingers patting my grizzled cheek, and then perhaps some quotation from Mrs. Browning, her favourite poetess, such as—"Ah, my gossip! you are older and more learned, and a man."'

When Toru was eighteen, and just after the death of Aru, she published in Calcutta a small book, containing about two hundred translations in English of various French poems, to which she gave the happy title of *A Sheaf Gleaned from French fields*. The knowledge of both French and English shown in these poems is very remarkable. The taste in the choice of poems, the grace and often poetry of expression, and the excellence of the English, all excite our admiration and surprise.

Her sister, Aru, has contributed a few translations to this volume, but they do not, in my estimation, come up to those of her sister. If we were to take at random some hundred of well-educated Englishwomen, I doubt if more than two or three among them could translate these poems into their own language as successfully and well as this young Hindu girl; and hers has been the incomparably more difficult feat of translating verse from one foreign language into verse in another.

Of course there is much that may be criticised, but with such a book one does not feel disposed to turn from its many beauties to look for its faults; and I think most people will agree with me in thinking it a wonderful production for so young a girl—a foreigner, who had only spent four years out of her native land.

For fire, and spirit, and excellence of language, I will quote one—a fragment from Victor Hugo's noble poem, *Les Châtiments*. It has the merit also of being a very close translation, and those who are well acquainted with Victor Hugo's fine verse, will understand that this is in itself high praise. He is so true and so great a poet that it is by no means easy for lesser mortals to give just, and at the same time, poetic, translations of his verses; but those who read the following lines will, I think, admit that Toru Dutt has been rarely successful.

APRÈS LE COUP D'ÉTAT.

(*From 'Les Châtiments.'*)

'Before foul treachery and heads bent down
I'll cross mine arms indignant but serene.
Oh! faith in fallen things! be thou my crown,
My force, my joy, my prop on which I lean.

'Yes, while *he's** there, or struggle some or fall;
O France! dear France! for whom I weep in vain,
Tomb of my sires, nest of my loves—my all—
I ne'er shall see thee with these eyes again!

'I shall not see thy sad sounding shore
France—save my duty—I shall all forget
Amongst the true and tried, I'll tug mine oar
And rest proscribed to spurn the fawning set.

'Oh! bitter exile, hard without a term,
Thee I accept—nor seek nor care to know
Who have down truckled 'mid the men deemed firm
And who have fled, that should have faced the foe.

'If true a thousand stand, with them I stand.
A hundred? 'tis enough! we'll Scylla brave.
Ten? put my name down foremost in the band.
One?—well, alone, until I find a grave!'

Victor Hugo's charming serenade, beginning *L'aube naît*, is one of the best pieces that Aru Dutt has contributed to this volume, and it may be praised as a translation as well as for the delicate grace of the English. It is short enough to give in full, and Sullivan's graceful music has made the French words familiar to most of us.

'Still barred thy door! The far east glows,
The morning wind blows fresh and free,
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?
No longer sleep, oh, listen now,
I wake and weep, but where art thou?

'All look for thee, Love, Light, and Song:
Light in the sky, deep red above,
Song in the lark, of pinion strong,
And in my heart true love!
No longer sleep, oh, listen now,
I wait and weep, but where art thou?

'Apart we miss our nature's goal,
Why strive to cheat our destinies?
Was not thy love made for my soul?
Thy beauty for my eyes?
No longer sleep, oh, listen now,
I wake and weep, but where art thou?'

Toru has also translated with true feeling and beauty Henri Heine's exquisite lines, *Le Fond du Cœur*. I cannot resist giving them, as there are but two verses.

'Far down in the sea, where the billows heave wild,
The moon's image trembles; while up in the sky
She glides on her pathway, calm, peaceful, and mild,
True to her mission like an angel on high.

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* Louis Napoleon.

'Thus while thou ascendest up up to thy goal,
A high law obeying, pure, stainless, and free,
Thy image, sweet child, trembles down in my soul,
For it trembles itself and heaves like the sea.'

But the limits of a magazine article will not admit of my quoting nearly all the pieces that have attracted me in this volume. Arsène Housaye's *Page from the Bible*, Henri Heine's *Message*, De Parny's *Death of a Young Girl*, and *The Universal Republic* from Victor Hugo's *Les Châtiments*, are among some of those that specially struck me. To the book is appended an excellent notice on the authors she has quoted; and her own remarks upon their writings show a singularly just taste for so young a girl.

The *Sheaf* was most cordially received in India, and many wrote to congratulate her and her father; but the praise found the young authoress on her death-bed, and the sad end came just as her powers were being recognised.

Before her death she had read with great interest Mademoiselle Clarisse Bader's *La Femme dans L'Inde antique*, and a request to translate the book into English was met cordially by Miss Bader, and led to a correspondence between the two. Mademoiselle Bader's last letter arrived after the death of Miss Dutt, and she did not live to translate the book. On her death-bed she made over to her father the MS. of an original novel written in French, and Mr. Dutt put it into Mademoiselle Bader's hands for publication. This was all Mademoiselle Bader could do for the young friend she had so earnestly desired to meet, and most kindly and well has she performed her task.

Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers was published early in 1878 in Paris by Didier et C^ie^.—prefaced by an excellent biographical and literary notice of the young author from the pen of Mademoiselle Bader. It is difficult to criticise any language not our own, but we have only to look at the French papers to see how many first-rate judges have borne testimony to the excellence and purity of the French. The story itself (she calls it a novel, but it is hardly that) is a perfect little poem in verse. It is essentially the work of a young girl, and in every page we trace the beauty of the writer's own character. In one French paper she was very justly mentioned as an 'Eugenie de Guerin des bords du Gange.' There is a great likeness in style, while it is at the same time an unconscious one; for I am told on the best authority that Toru Dutt had not read the writings of Eugenie de Guerin.

There is but little plot in *Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*, and but one tragic or sensational incident; and this is really hardly needed, as the interest of the story centres almost entirely in the more homely parts.

It is the journal of a young French girl from the time she leaves her convent till just after the birth of her first child. The character

of Marguerite d'Arvers is sketched with a very delicate hand, and we feel that Toru Dutt has unconsciously reproduced in her much of her own fresh pure nature. For Marguerite d'Arvers we find ourselves constantly reading Toru Dutt, and we feel sure that no one who was not very good and sweet herself could have drawn so charming a heroine. From all the hateful and detestable novels of Ouida and of writers of her wretched school, we turn to this pure little idyll with genuine relief and delight. It is like burying one's face in a bunch of fresh snowdrops after leaving a heated theatre.

Toru Dutt has done so well because she has contented herself with describing life as she has actually seen it; had she been more ambitious she would probably have failed, but with a wisdom and self-restraint, the more admirable because it is so rare—especially among young writers—she has kept steadily to life and character as she had seen them or knew them to be. The real interest and charm of the book centres in Louis and Marguerite, the young couple whose united ages make up about thirty-eight years!

Talking of the future of their child, Marguérite says—

'"Il sera soldat comme toi, Louis, n'est ce pas?"

'"Si sa mère le veut," répondit-il en souriant. "Oui! je le veux; il sera tout comme toi; vois tu ce sera Louis Lefévre le second. Et il sera du même régiment que toi; il servira sous son père! et je serai fière de mon mari et de mon fils du 22 cavalerie légére! Et quand il aura vingt-et-un ans il sera capitaine comme toi, tandis que toi tu seras maréchal."

'"Maréchal de France?"'

'"Mais oui! sans doute n'es tu pas assez brave pour cela? Et puis ce sera toi qui lui enseigneras le maniement des armes dès qu'il pourra tenir une épée, et quand il aura fait son premier coup d'éclat on dira. 'Qui est-ce donc?' et l'on répondra. 'C'est le fils de Maréchal Lefévre;' et moi je me dirai tout bas. 'C'est notre enfant.'"

There is another little scene between Marguérite and her mother that I cannot resist giving:—

'"Marguérite!" dit ma mère, "as tu les linges et toutes les petites choses dont il aura besoin quand il viendra? Je la conduisis à notre chambre, et je lui montrai tout ce que Louis et moi nous avons acheté pour notre fils. Maman fouillait dans le tiroir.

'"Une paire de bottines! qu'est-ce qu'il en fera le pauvre petit?" disait elle; "et un képi de velours, et de petits habits de soldat! O, Marguérite!"

'"Ah, voyons, cela vaut mieux un petit pacquet de linges! Mais il aura besoin de bien plus de choses. Je lui fournirai sa layette."

'Je sourie, "Bien, ma mère, tu sais ces choses mieux que moi."'

But to do justice to the book we ought to quote a great deal more,

for among so much that is graceful and charming it is difficult to choose. Few writers would care to be judged by their first work, yet few even of those who have already won their spurs could have made the last few scenes so truly touching. There is a simple pathos in them that goes straight to the heart, and the picture of the child-mother on her death-bed, dying when life was at its brightest, will long linger in the memories of those who have read it.

The book is a fitting memorial of the young girl who died so full of promise, just as with her own heroine, when womanhood was dawning, and life was sweetest, while a bright future lay before her.

We lay down the book, penetrated with a sense of the innocence and sweetness of the writer, and sad at heart to think that one who could so truly and touchingly draw an almost perfect marriage should not have lived to be a wife and mother herself. She did not even live to hear the words of cordial praise that came to her from France, from her own countrymen in India, and from the English there, and in England; but we can imagine the delight with which she would have received them, and how, spurred on to fresh efforts, and with added years giving her a fuller knowledge of life, and a deeper appreciation of the joys and sorrows around us, she would have risen higher and higher in literature till she won herself an honoured name. If we may predict the man from the child, the flower from the seed, we may surely argue this of one who at twenty years of age could produce such a book as *Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*. Though she died so young, she lived long enough to show that Hindu women have not forgotten how to be great and good, and that there must be much hope for them in the future. Her memory will be cherished by those who have read her books, as it is in her own home where she must be so sorely mourned.

I cannot conclude without one word as to the extraordinary manner in which she identified herself with Europeans: she not only adopted our religion, habits, languages, and manners, travelled in our countries, read and loved our literature, but she became, as it were, one of us. Who could read her books and believe them to be written by a native of India? and yet while doing this she did not forget or lay aside her own nationality. She was proud and fond of her grand old country, and of its history and literature. We may see this in more than one of her letters to Mademoiselle Bader, and this is by no means always, or even often, the case among educated natives of India. Too many of them throw off all interest in their own country, and learn to despise the land which gave them birth; but Toru Dutt was a true Hindu lady, who could love and cling to her own country while adopting all that is good and admirable in ours.

Abju, Aru, and Toru are all now dead, and the poor father and mother, once the proud and happy parents of three such clever, promising children, are alone.

A generation that promised so much has passed away while still in early youth. Truly God's ways are not ours, and it is difficult for us to understand why these brilliant young lives should have been taken while so full of promise and so capable of leaving behind them just that influence on their children and children's children that is so sorely wanted in India, and which the women of the country so specially need.

When we visit Indian women in their own homes, and see the dull, inert life led by most of them, their ignorance of the world, and of all that goes on outside their immediate circle, we turn to Toru and Aru Dutt as to beings of another race, and yet they cannot surely stand absolutely alone? There must surely be the making of other such high, pure creatures in the women of their own land?

I hardly know which is most difficult to us—to realise the darkness and ignorance in which most Indian women live, whose home affections alone keep them from sinking under the hideous monotony of their lives; or to realise what a marvel it is that Toru and Aru Dutt should have risen superior to all such surrounding influences.

Some years ago I had a curious proof of how very difficult it is to Indian women to go one step out of the beaten track. It was at a rather large mofussil station near Calcutta, and I had undertaken to help a young American lady in showing a magic lantern to some of the native women, whose zenanas she visited constantly, and I occasionally. They had promised, with the full consent of their husbands (who were all Theists), to come to the school-house in their several palkis, and we had arranged for perfect privacy. They were much excited, and like children expecting some great treat; but when the time came, and we had everything ready, not one of the party appeared; each sent an excuse of some kind. When it came to the point, they *could* not break through old habits!

The American lady, bitterly disappointed, and nearly in tears, bravely set out, late as it was, and on foot, to the house of the most influential among them (the wife of the Government schoolmaster), and I had the satisfaction of receiving this one guest at last, while my friend went on her round to rouse up the others! A good many came at last, very timidly, and I fear reluctantly, but we were rewarded for all trouble and disappointment by the genuine delight which the lantern (a truly magic one to them) gave our guests; and never shall I forget their amazement at a picture of a ship. Many did not know what it was, while others forgot their shyness in eager questions about it. These were, of course, simple country women, who had never travelled, and had scarcely even left their own homes; but we in India live among thousands such, and when from among their higher ranks step forth such women as Aru and Toru Dutt, can our welcome be too hearty?

These sisters owe much, if not all, to their able and enlightened

father, who allowed them to live the free unfettered life of English girls, while giving them an education far above that which most English girls receive. Thank Heaven! there are some other fathers like Mr. Dutt; and as time goes on we may hope there will be more. He has his reward in the delight the companionship of such daughters must have given him, and in the admiration and personal affection so many of us feel for the one who has made herself known to us through her writings.

May it somewhat soften the bitterness of his grief to know that her memory will live among us, and that many, though separated from him by land and sea, mourn with him over the early death of one so gifted as Toru Dutt.

L. C. G.

A SLAVE TO BE REDEEMED.

One day, many years ago (I think it was in our winter, your summer, of 1869), one of our then catechists, Noa Ramahafinaritra came from his station at Ivóndrona, and asked if I could take another little Betsiwisaraka boy to live with those I already had living with me in the old Mission house. Though no support was forthcoming for him from home, and though indeed as regards the others, one was living in hope, rather than in possession, of help, yet one did not know what might or might not come of the new little one, and so I accepted another responsibility, and willingly offered to receive him, more especially as I was told he was born, and living, a long way in the country, had never seen a foreigner, was apparently about nine or ten years old, and knew nothing. The catechist departed, highly delighted with my promise.

About a fortnight afterwards, on coming home rather early in the afternoon from visiting some of our people, I saw Noa sitting on the narrow verandah, hot and perspiring, vigorously using his hat as a fan. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, I asked him if the boy had come. 'Yes,' he said, 'and has gone into the house.' Come, I thought, this looks promising: a small boy coming away from his parents to live with a foreigner, quietly comes, goes in, and makes himself at-home. So I went in to look after my new charge: but after looking everywhere, as I thought, very carefully, nothing could I see, and had to go back to Noa with rather a blank face and the unwelcome words, 'He is not here! he must have gone!' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'he is there: he heard you coming, and was afraid. He must be hiding!' 'Come and look,' I said. We went into the large room, and there, crouched down on the floor between a small harmonium and a native partition, he was, sure enough. Holding out one hand I advanced, and said to the curled up little object, 'How are you?' but no answer, save a frightful quivering of all the limbs, and then a dismal fearful howl, as he cried out, 'Go away, go away, you are a beast' (biby). He seemed to roll himself up into a shapeless bundle, and lay moaning and crying out in the corner, 'Dada, dada (father, father) take it away, it is a beast.' 'Dada' told him it was a friend who was going to be kind to him. But no, 'Dada, dada, take it away, take it away.' The 'it' meantime was looking on, and saw a small boy about nine or ten years old, black as a coal, with small black piercing eyes which peeped out from under a mass of thick black gnarled woolly hair which seemed to half cover the face, the only

garment being a small waistcloth almost as black as his body. And there he crouched, scowling at me, and repulsing any advance on my part as if I had been indeed a beast. No persuasion on 'dada's' part had any effect. He simply yelled again. 'It is a beast. Take me away.' Suddenly I thought of a banana. So I went into an adjoining room, left his 'dada' to talk to him and quiet him for a few minutes, and then came out with a small bunch in my hand. The effect was wonderful. I advanced again with one in my hand. He did not know *me* but he knew the *banana*, and up he jumped and seized it eagerly —then another, then another, till all the small bunch was finished. Now, I thought, we have made friends. And so indeed we had. It was a victory which I have always put down to bananas. The next point was to enter into a little conversation, and that was successful. True, the answers to questions were first of all simply yes, or no, or assent to, or dissent from anything said, replied to by a peculiar motion of the head, but in a few minutes he spoke a few words and then I thought it best to make success more successful. Again I disappeared, and brought out a small blouse and pair of trowsers, kindly sent by friends at home. These were a wonder, minutely observed, and when he once found himself inside them, appeared to think himself changed into somebody else. But before finally adopting these, I thought it just as well that he should have a good bath; 'dada' therefore took him down to the sea, and in due course of time he returned, considerably improved, and was then put into lasting possession of his new clothes. The other boys meantime had been keenly regarding him highly amused, but as they took very kindly to him—patronised him—and he as kindly to them, he did not feel so deeply the saying 'Veloma' to 'dada' who had to return to his Station. And in due course of time I had the happiness of seeing him snugly curled up in his mat with the other boys, sleeping quite happily.

Such was the introduction of Lavaloha (the long-headed) to the Mission and me. No time was lost in sending him to school, whither he went next morning after Church, and although everything was very new to him and he seemed strangely amazed, yet he took to his lesson, very kindly, made friends with all the other boys, was equally eager in play as in work, and altogether I was glad in having taken in 'my wild boy.' Time ran on, and he was baptised by the name of John Shirley, as shortly before help for him had been provided by kind friends at Shirley. Time ran on, and he went with me to the capital, with my other boys in 1871, and returned with me to Tamatave in 1873 on my way to England. After remaining here with Dr. Percival, he went with me again to the capital in 1874, was at once sent to school, and on the opening of our High School held his own with smart Hova lads, and passed high in the entrance examination. Before coming down to take charge of Tamatave, I was glad to see him engaged as second master in our boy's school at the capital. I frequently

heard from him, and his letters were always satisfactory, full of contentment and gratitude.

One day, some four months ago, I was busy writing, when my little boy raced up the verandah, and called out delightedly in Malagasy, 'Papa, John Shirley has come!' He was about the last person I was expecting here, as only a very short time before I had written to him, and so thought my little boy had made a mistake—but on going out, I was met with the old 'Good morning, sir,' in English (as John speaks English very fairly) in a voice I knew directly, and there stood my once 'wild boy,' a fine young fellow of nineteen or twenty, with white trowsers, white coat and lamba and straw hat. 'Why, John,' I said, 'why have you come down here?' as I gave him a hearty shake of the hand, which was as heartily returned. 'I thought you were at the capital.' 'Yes, sir,' he answered, 'excuse me sir. I asked permission to come down, and here I am. You are my father and mother' (a peculiar Malagasy expression) 'and I could not stay away from you any longer. You taught me, and I have come to help you in your work if I can.'

It so happened that we were in want of another teacher for our boy's school here—now being taught, by the way, by two of my old school boys, from 1867 to 1871—and I was very glad to be able to put him at once on our staff, and he worked thoroughly well till a change came which I was rather anxiously anticipating. Yet I did, and I did not, think the change would prove such a great blessing to our work. My once little 'wild boy' was, and is still, a *slave!* and his master is the governor of Foulepoint, a large seaport some forty or fifty miles north of Tamatave. When John Shirley arrived here, I thought it best, for many reasons, to write and tell his master of his arrival, and asked that he might be allowed to remain and teach at Tamatave. I must tell you that all masters or mistresses of slaves have complete power over them, and it was quite within his power to send John Shirley away to work in the rice-fields, or do any other work he might appoint him to do. But he is a very kind man, and gave permission for him to remain here for a time. At the same time I saw clearly from his letter that the permission was only given to oblige for a *short* time, and that he would soon be sent for, as the governor wished him to teach and 'make wise' the people in his district. And he was. One day an A. D. C. of the governor arrived here, and brought me a letter. It told me that he wished to have John Shirley to teach at Foulepoint; that it would be best if the Mission sent him; and that if I declined to send him, he would take him and give him the position of a separate teacher with a separate school. The threat was plain enough; but as the governor is a very old man, and personally very well disposed to our Mission and work, I thought the letter was written at the suggestion of adverse advisers. The whole of the school work at Foulepoint had been in our own hands; so it was a matter where discretion had to

come strongly to the fore. Had I refused to send him, he would have been taken forcibly; and not only so, but all our school work would have suffered most terribly, even if it survived at all. Had I sent him unattached, nobody would have known exactly where they stood—governor, John and pupils. So I called John and carefully talked the matter over with him in all its bearings, and though he said, 'It was my wish to help you here,' I pointed out to him he could best help us by going; and so he was sent as the Mission's agent. At the same time I wrote to the governor and asked him to receive him, not as a slave—though he is his slave—but as a son. John went. In a few days I had letters from the governor, delighted to have him; and from John, who was indeed pleased by his reception, the governor receiving him as his own son, and continually receiving him at his table. I asked the governor to see his work in person, and he promised he would. My next letters were more cheery still. They spoke of improvement in the school; and John sent a very sensible ground plan of plain buildings we ought to have at Foulepoint for the satisfactory carrying on of our work. We have a good large site there. The plan comprised a church, a school for boys, another for girls, and a house for himself, placed where he could have the whole under his own eye. It was a capital plan, but the money for this work is not forthcoming. My next letters told me they were getting more scholars together, and after that, John came down to see me. We had a long and interesting conversation, in which he told me two very important facts—with which I may close this part of my letter—affecting our work directly: 1. That the governor is helping us in every way he can, and is taking measures for enlarging our school. 2. That he is going to put up a new and larger church for us. According to my last report, the latter work is now in hand.

John then spoke very sensibly and earnestly of his own position. I will condense what he said, though I should like you to have seen the intensely sad face as the poor boy told me.

'You know I am a slave, and that my master even now could take me away from school work, and send me to plant rice. I cannot raise money to purchase my own freedom; humanly speaking I am quite in his hands. You have taught me. When I came to you I was like a beast (biby), but you taught me; you baptised me; you taught me about God; you admitted me to Holy Communion; and my one great desire is to do the Church's work. Yet my master is old; when he dies his children will inherit me. They do not belong to us, and I am sure they will take me away. My thoughts are lost; I do not know what I shall do; I shall be dead. So I ask you to redeem me, so that I may have no master but God whom I wish to serve.'

It is quite true. When a master dies, the slaves are divided amongst the heirs as so many chattels. And if such an event happened, I, for one, should deeply regret the really severe loss we should

sustain. Of course the true objection is raised: 'You cannot buy a slave, not even redeem him.' True; *we* cannot; but the Malagasy government has not offered, and does not offer, objection to the redemption of slaves, *purchased for redemption by a Malagasy subject*, to be engaged in Christian work. And it is both possible and legal to redeem John in this way. All safeguards are provided, and the slave becomes a free man.

John has been brought up by us and with us. He is essentially a Mission child. His good kind friends at Shirley have already sent out 2*l.* towards his redemption. I am writing to his master on the subject; so I would crave to ask the free Christians of England, Who will help me to raise about 28*l.* still wanted for his redemption? believing that such a 'living stone' in the Church will not be as a lifeless stone, but be the means of bringing many, if freed, into the Holy Temple of God. Time is passing, and the call is pressing. Who will help towards John Shirley's freedom?

ALFRED CHISWELL.
Archdeacon.

TAMATAVE, MADAGASCAR, *January 19th*, 1880.

Subscriptions will be received by the Rev. John Frewen Moor, Ampfield Vicarage, Romsey.

KÖRNER AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VIII.

FORWARD!

'Mir nach, mir nach, dort ist der Ruhm;
Ihr kämpft für euer Heiligthum.'*
—TH. KÖRNER.

A FEW more extracts from Förster's letters to his sister tell us of the volunteers leaving Leipsig, and proceeding up the Elbe towards Dessau. The tone of these letters, so light-hearted and cheerful, was doubtless intended to re-assure the anxious hearts of those who were to read them; as yet the enemy is only an expectation which fills all hearts with an eager thrill, and for the present moment the adventures of their unaccustomed life occupy the minds of the newly made soldiers. On April 26th Förster writes, 'I am really very much delighted with certain little acquirements made in my boyish days which now prove of great advantage; first, I am very glad that I learned the Prussian exercise at school now that I see older hands making sad work of it, not knowing how to face to the right or left—it really should be taught in every school; next, I am equally glad that I took lessons in the best fencing academy at Jena, and as we consist chiefly of students, I have no want of practice; I am also considered a tolerable shot, for which I am indebted to my practice among the hares and pheasants in wind and storm, for which you used so often to scold me. Then I carry my flute in my knapsack, and have converted it into a warlike instrument; you must know that we Jägers are commanded only by the bugle, and it requires a good musical ear to understand some twenty different words of command; Theodor, who is very musical, has set these signals to notes, and I play them when on sentry to my next neighbour; on out-post duty we are not allowed to sound the horn. But the accomplishment which is most esteemed among my brothers in arms, is—my superior skill as a cook! For the first week we did poorly enough; very few had provided themselves with cooking apparatus; all they could do was to toast a bit of raw meat on a ramrod, and then it was often only burnt to a cinder. To me they are indebted for having succeeded in the arduous attempt of making soup You know how I used to be ridiculed when a boy for prying into the kitchen, and learning the mysteries of cutlet and beefsteak; now you

* 'Follow me, glory in front of us lies;
You fight for your highest, your holiest prize.'
—*From the 'Battle of Aspern.'*

see the advantage it has been to me, for several of my comrades have declared they should have long since died of very hunger but for my skill in this first of sciences and arts.

'Theodor on the other hand understands building remarkably well. As a skilful miner he builds not only upon, but in, the earth, and our present home is half hut, half cave. When he began the work by digging out a hollow, I asked him if he had turned sexton and was going to make us a grave? "Why truly," he replied, "we ought to practise that trade too, for we shall doubtless have to render to each other such a labour of love!" "Well," I said, "for the present let us make a hut; and as for a grave, when we make it dear friend, let it be for two." When shortly after he lay down sportively in the excavation to see if it were long enough, a fearful shudder came over me, and I eagerly caught him and raised him to his feet. Although he is not altogether free from the forebodings of fate, he throws them off like dewdrops from his forehead, and his good humour is inexhaustible. Some of our comrades assisted us, as journeymen, brought us stakes and bundles of straw, and our house was speedily built and covered in; we dug a ditch to carry off the rain water, and threw up the earth to keep off the wind—in short our hut is acknowledged to be a model of its kind, and has been honoured with the special approbation of our Major. . . . We received to-day our first amount of pay. Where our good king is to get all the money to pay his hundred thousand soldiers, none can tell. We are anxious to propose that when we are in an enemy's country we should give up our pay, or at least reserve it till the war is ended. It scarcely becomes us to be paid like mercenary soldiers; for the present it could not be otherwise, so we e'en took the money and gave three cheers for Frederick William.'

The king would indeed have been sorely pressed for money to support his army had it not been for English money and English arms so freely placed at his disposal.

'April 27th. Not a single drop has found its way into our hut though the rain has fallen in torrents. How peacefully does one rest amid storm and tempest by the side of a friend. "The thunder and lightning of war," said Theodor, "will soon surround us, let us then keep true to each other, and if they strike us let us find a safe place of repose in the bosom of our fatherland." . . . But I must conclude, for Theodor has just brought in a hare, and I must see to its cooking.

'Our pretty hut we were obliged to leave yesterday in all haste. A general march was sounded, and one cannot say, "Pardon me, Captain, I have not taken my coffee," or "My hare is not roasted." The order is "march" and whole regiments fly at the word of command.'

Very like play it seems, poor fellows, with their hut building and their roasting hares, but a play that will become terribly earnest soon for some of them!

On the 28th they were at Dessau. 'We have been expecting a battle to-day,' wrote Theodor to Madame Pereira, 'but it was more to the left, and we had no share in it. To-morrow it is hardly possible that we can be outside the fighting. Perhaps this is my last letter. Farewell, right well, God be with you and with me; remember me always kindly. We hear the sound of firing perpetually, we must surely come in for it. Heaven send us victory!'

Förster continues on May 1st. 'The soldier on earth has no lasting abode. So sang we to-day at the village churchyard, whither we marched to defend the passage of the Saale against a French corps. We arrived here late last night to take outpost duty, and sent out patrols against the enemy, whose watch fires were plainly to be seen.

'It was one of the most solemn moments of life, when in the churchyard the Captain ordered us to load, and with a silent prayer, the first ball destined for the enemy was dropped into our rifles. "My children," said the Captain, when he had placed the outposts, "the rest of us will make ourselves comfortable for the night; a grave will afford a resting place for each." Our arms were piled, I was placed as sentinel, and before half an hour I was the only one awake. Deep stillness prevailed around, interrupted only by the creaking of the weathercock; the moon pursued her silent course in Heaven as if she shone only on scenes of eternal peace, unconscious of our warfare and strife.

'As I passed through the ranks of our friends who had chosen the grave hillocks for their pillows, it seemed to me as if I were wandering over a battle-field, and deep melancholy overcame me. The flowers with which pious hands had adorned these mounds looked down on many a youthful head as if they would say "We shall ere long smile thus over *your* repose." But there was not a brow among them which did nor wear a hallowed aspect, in which I could not read pleasant dreams; and then I placed myself in fancy beside the couch of the tyrant who takes the field against us. . . .'

They were destined, however, to wait a little longer before their expectation of action was fulfilled. Further to the south around the villages of Gross- and Klein-Görschen, and on the plain of Lutzen, the opening scene of the great struggle took place, and the Lutzow corps was not engaged.

'I trust you have been informed that I was not there on the 2nd and 3rd,' wrote Theodor to his father, 'else you will have suffered needless anxiety. To me it is a trial that I was not present.'

We need not dwell upon those two days of slaughter, whose horrors have been amply described. Napoleon was master of the field, and the allies were compelled to retreat, but without disorder, and leaving no spoils for the victor.

Napoleon's main army passed on towards Dresden, and the Lutzow corps, united with General Walmoden's force, maintained their post on the Elbe, ready to seize every opportunity of harassing the enemy in

the rear. The cavalry were frequently employed in making flying expeditions into Westphalia and the surrounding country, but for a while the infantry had to endure a period of inaction.

'Here I sit by the Elbe,' wrote Körner, on the 9th, 'and reconnoitre and find nothing, look over into Westphalia and see nothing, load my pistols and shoot nothing. I have just come from church with my company, with whom I have been sent here to watch the banks of the river. We took the communion, and the preacher spoke as a man, a German and a Christian. To-morrow we shall march to Lenz, but whether we shall cross or not we do not know. How unhappy I am when doing nothing you may imagine.'

To their great satisfaction the volunteers received orders to cross the Elbe near Lenz, and they proceeded under General Walmoden to attack the enemy, who were posted to the north-west of Danneberg, where two days later an engagement took place, in which the French were routed. The Lutzow cavalry pursued them as far as their orders allowed, and took some hundred prisoners. Körner's *Song before the Battle* was written on the morning before this engagement. At the commencement of the action, Körner was ordered with a hundred men to hold a bridge, in case of the possible retreat of his countrymen. His disappointment was great, but a soldier cannot choose his post, and here he had to stay and watch without taking part in the strife. 'My men were burning for action, but the enemy gave way in spite of superior numbers; our troops went forward, and *I* have come empty away.'

The General was withheld by prudence from pressing his advantage further; and on the following day Von Lutzow re-crossed the Elbe with all his men.

From this time the corps was constantly employed by different generals who commanded in the neighbourhood, in covering bridges, guarding passes, &c., to protect the line of the Elbe; and were thus kept back from their original purpose of acting with other light troops in the enemy's rear.

In the meantime, Napoleon had re-occupied Dresden, and was reaping the advantages of his first success; Bavaria and Wurtemberg had declared for that which seemed the stronger side; and the King of Saxony, at Napoleon's command, had returned to his capital, and had placed his resources unreservedly at the disposal of the French. The inhabitants of Dresden, who had been foremost in espousing the national cause, were now in danger of the vengeance of the conqueror. Christian Körner and his family were obliged to leave home, and seek a refuge on the Austrian frontier; they retired to Teplitz, where they remained until the turning tide of war made return practicable.

This cloudy opening of the campaign was an intense disappointment to Körner's eager spirit. 'No laurels yet adorn the good cause, tyranny still triumphs, and noble blood has flowed in vain.' Yet

he strove to keep his eye fixed upon the better future which he believed was in store, and to animate his comrades with a like faith.

'The night is dark but our star shall arise.'

'Faint not my heart, nor break
Beneath the oppressor's rod,
The Lord thy cause will take
For He is freedom's God.'

'Not lightly do we win this treasure,
The faith that conquers in the fight,
Through grief is gained, as but by pressure
Flows from the grape the red wine bright,
And ere a soul can heavenward fly
On earth a mortal man must die.'

And again, after lamenting the divisions that separate one German state from another, and give such an advantage to the foe, he breaks out—

'Yet will not we our faith foregoing
Faint-hearted or despondent be,
Thine arm the tyrant overthrowing
At length shall set this people free,
Though weary years may come and go,
Thou, Lord, the rightful hour dost know.'

His own longing for action we also find expressed in the poem entitled *Discontent*. Was it for this, he asks, that he has relinquished the dear delights of poetry and love—to sit inactive as a coastguard on the river's brink, hearing from afar the thunders, and having no share in the wild strife?

It was not long, however, before an opportunity offered for more active service. Körner was sent upon a commission to the civil authorities of Westphalia to solicit their co-operation in an immediate military organisation among the people. At Stendal he found Major von Lutzow, who had been engaged in superintending the arming of the inhabitants in that neighbourhood; here he learned that the Major had determined on making an expedition into Thuringia with four squadrons of his cavalry and fifty Cossacks. Körner earnestly entreated to be allowed to join them, to which the Major, who was much attached to him, willingly consented, and appointed him as adjutant to himself.

A fortnight of keen and stirring excitement followed. The little band cut right through a district closely occupied by the French; night and day in the saddle, and constantly exposed to danger, they made their way as far as Plauen, intercepting intelligence, seizing convoys, and harassing the enemy as much as possible by interrupting his communications. 'I am well and hearty,' wrote Körner on the 9th of June, 'though since the 29th I have scarcely alighted, and have only slept riding. I have made several prisoners with my own hands.'

The French were so exasperated by the annoyance inflicted on this

expedition that plans were formed for the total destruction of those who had taken part in it, which should serve as a warning to other free corps.

Meanwhile, the battle of Bautzen had been fought, another day of fearful loss on both sides, ending in a retreat on the part of the allies, but a retreat which no effort of Napoleon's could convert into a rout. 'All this butchery and nothing gained; the rascals will not leave us a nail.' Such was Napoleon's comment as he surveyed the field, and watched the dark masses of his foes retreating in order with their arms and artillery; his presence still seemed sufficient to prevent defeat, but that was all. Disquieting news reached him of reverses sustained by his detached forces in various parts. At the same time also came tidings from Spain of the battle of Vittoria—heavy tidings for him, but hailed with joy by the champions of European liberty. Under these circumstances he was not unwilling to agree to the proposal of an armistice. Both parties thought to gain advantage by a cessation of hostilities. The Russians and Prussians were anxious for their reinforcements to arrive, and Napoleon hoped by secret negotiation to detach Alexander from his allies, or at least to turn the doubtful neutrality of Austria into alliance with himself.

Major von Lutzow was at Plauen when he received an official communication that the armistice of Pleswitz was signed; a French colonel provided him with a safe conduct, and he at once set out with his cavalry, three squadrons strong and a few Cossacks, to join his infantry and proceed to the appointed place within the line of demarkation. His infantry were in the neighbourhood of Leipsig, for they, too, had had their turn; in company with Chernicheff's force they had laid siege to Leipsig, which was held by the Duke of Padua, and had brought him to the point of capitulation, when, the armistice being signed, they lost the fruit of their labours.

Von Lutzow expecting no opposition, and secure in his safe conduct took the most direct road. Towards evening, on the 17th of June, he approached the village of Ritzen, about two hours' journey from Leipsig, and was greatly surprised to find himself confronted by a force of about five thousand French in hostile array. He rode forward with Körner to demand an explanation. Körner, as adjutant, a little in advance, approached the commanding officer with his sword in the sheath, when suddenly crying, 'Armistice for all the world but you!' the officer cut at him with his sabre, and before Körner had time to draw and parry the blow, dealt him a severe wound upon the head, while in the dim twilight a furious attack from all sides was opened upon the volunteers. Lutzow was unhorsed, but a Cossack re-mounted him, and his men rushing in, rescued him and Körner from among the thickest of their foes. Some of the volunteers were wounded and taken, some fell, and some fled; but Lutzow succeeded in bringing off a considerable number, with whom he reached the place on the right

bank of the Elbe, where his infantry and one squadron of cavalry had assembled. Körner, who had received two other wounds, had sunk upon his horse's neck when he was rescued, and Förster and one of his comrades carried him into a neighbouring wood; here they were endeavouring to bind up his wounds when they perceived some of the enemy approaching in pursuit. Raising himself on his elbow, and collecting all his strength, Körner cried with a loud voice, 'Die vierte Escadron soll vorrucken' (Forward, the fourth squandron). The ruse succeeded. The pursuers fell back, and Körner had time, with his companions' help, to drag himself further into the recesses of the wood, where they were obliged to leave him in search of help.

The pain from his wounds was extreme, and faint and exhausted with loss of blood, he believed his last hour was come. From time to time through the first hours of the night he heard the shots of the enemy as they scoured the neigbourhood in search of fugitives; and he lay unable to move, expecting death each moment. Yet he could say, 'Lord, as thou wilt, I have committed myself to Thee.' His feelings in this awful moment are recorded in the sonnet, *Farewell to Life*. Towards morning assistance reached him. Förster had found a couple of woodcutters, whom he had questioned, and found well disposed. These worthy men procured peasants' dresses for the fugitives, and with their assistance Körner was brought into the village of Gross-Görschen, where, although it was full of French soldiers, they found him a place of concealment, and procured a surgeon for his wounds. The French endeavoured to track him, knowing that he had a large sum of money belonging to the corps about his person; but neither threats nor promises induced the villagers to betray their countryman.

From this place Förster communicated with Dr. Wendler of Leipsig, who, at his own great risk, had Theodor brought into his garden-house by an unfrequented path. Here he tended him with watchful care, and in the utmost secresy, for the city being in the hands of the French, to succour one of the Lutzow Jägers was a crime punishable with heavy penalties. Having thus secured his friend's safety, Förster wrote to Theodor's father, relating the event and commenting upon it in no measured terms.

'A more shameful piece of treachery was never committed than that practised by Napoleon against us. The innkeeper, Hofer, the Duc d'Enghien, the bookseller Palm, the officers taken with Schill—all these he brought to some kind of military tribunal before he gave them up to his executioners; but as to us, when his officers had twice given the Major their word of honour, he let loose his bloodhounds to massacre us—five thousand against five hundred. I am indebted for my preservation to a Saxon officer, Von C., who will forward these lines to you. To-morrow he takes me through the French camp disguised as a Saxon peasant boy, with a load of straw on my shoulders;

and as soon as I reach the bank of the Elbe I shall swim across and join my friends.'

It seems hardly credible that so base an act should have been sanctioned by Napoleon himself, however great his exasperation against the free corps; but we are told that the officer who had informed Lutzow of the armistice, and given him the safe conduct, was summoned to Dresden, and that Napoleon tore the epaulettes from his shoulders with his own hands, and cashiered him on the spot. A year later, when Lutzow was with the victorious army in Paris, he sought out this officer, and learned the particulars from his own lips.

The advantage gained by the French in this action was more than counterbalanced by the indignation which their treachery aroused among the inhabitants of Saxony. Hundreds of Saxon soldiers deserted their colours and sought the Prussian camp; while the peasantry placed every obstacle in the way of the enemy obtaining supplies; often, if they were unable to conceal their stores of food and provender, they would burn them, to prevent their being made use of by the French.

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

THEODOR KÖRNER.

'My wounds are burning, and my lips with pain
Do tremble, and my heart's dull feeble beat
Tells me the boundary of my life I meet;
Lord, as Thou wilt! I in Thy hands remain.
Fair dreams were mine and glorious, but how fleet!
Their song of hope is now the mourner's strain;
Courage! my heart, what I have held so sweet
Through life eternal I shall still retain.
That which my eager youth with purpose fired,
Which as my holiest treasure I desired,
Whate'er I named it, Liberty or Love,
Like a sweet seraph I behold her near me,
Now while my senses fail she comes to cheer me
And waft me where my day in glory dawns above.'

(To be continued.)

Spider Subjects.

Wren is only ten years old, and it is to be hoped Goldie, her sister Goldilocks, and Stanza are not much older, since they fancy that all that was meant by the question was the finding the latitude and longitude on the map; and Stanza further tells us that in former times, when many parts of the globe were undiscovered, the extent of the globe was further from east to west than from north to south! Nightingale and Ila are both good, but Bog-Oak alone gives the method by Jupiter's satellites.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

The importance of fixing accurately the position of a place, that is, of ascertaining its latitude and longitude, can hardly be over-estimated, either for the traveller by land, or for the navigator, but more especially for the latter.

To determine the latitude of a place, *i.e.* its distance north or south of the equator, we have only to ascertain by observation the sun's place at noon, *i.e.* on the meridian. For the sun's distance from the zenith is the complement of the latitude of the place. At the equinox of course this would give the actual latitude, but on any other day the difference of the sun's height is easily calculated by the help of tables. The sun's place at noon is taken with the sextant, an instrument which, being furnished with two reflectors, can, by means of a movable arm, bring the reflection of one body down to coincide with the other; the space passed through by the arm is then read off on a graduated scale, and gives the angular distance of any two objects.

Longitude is a more complicated matter. To begin with, on earth it is an arbitrary measurement, not being reckoned as celestial longitude is, from the meridian of the equinox, but from any place agreed on—Greenwich, Paris, Ferro, and other places, have been used as standard meridians. But Greenwich is perhaps the most frequently employed. To find the longitude of a place, then, or its distance east or west of the standard meridian, *i.e.* to find the arc of the equator, intercepted between this meridian and the meridian of the place, we must employ one of three or four methods, all of which determine more or less accurately the difference of time between—say Greenwich and the place; for as the sun passes through the 360 degrees of the sphere in twenty-four hours, it follows that for every hour of the day he passes through fifteen of these degrees. Any method, then, by which the discrepancy of time between two places can be noted, gives the difference of their longitude. Thus it is noonday at Cape Town about one hour and twelve minutes sooner than at Greenwich. This, allowing fifteen degrees for the hour, and three for the twelve minutes, gives eighteen degrees of east longitude for Cape Town.

The first method of finding the difference of time is by means of chronometers set to Greenwich time. Then, the instant of the sun's

crossing the meridian of any place, being observed with the transit instrument, or with the sextant, the distance east or west of Greenwich can be obtained with perfect certainty, *provided* the chronometer keeps time exactly. But for every minute lost or gained an error of fifteen miles is introduced into the calculation—and no ship would like to find itself on a sandbank that should have been fifteen miles off.

The second method is by noticing the instant of external contact in a solar eclipse, or of the entrance of the moon into the earth's shadow in a lunar eclipse. But the complexity introduced by Parallax into the former calculation, and the difficulty of accurately determining the instant of the moon's transition from the penumbra to actual shadow in the latter, render them of little use, and of course they could never be employed at sea. A somewhat similar method is by observation of eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, the principle of which is the same as the above, and the method better, as here Parallax presents no difficulty.

By far the best method practically, whether by land or sea, is the lunar method. The moon's motions and variations have all been so elaborately calculated, that her distance from the sun, and from certain well-known stars, is known for every day of the year. These distances, according to Greenwich time, are published in tables in the *Nautical Almanac*. So that the traveller has but to observe at what time the distance between the moon and such a star is the same as it was at Greenwich at such an hour, and the difference of time gives the longitude.

It only remains to consider that case when, as of old, 'neither sun nor stars in many days appeared,' when the clouds are really so thick, that not only the sun, but even its place in the heavens at noon is obscured, the navigator has still a rough and ready way of discovering an approximate latitude and longitude. By heaving the log, or in a steamer even by taking the registered revolutions of the engines, the miles run in twenty-four hours can be ascertained. By means of the compass, the course on which these miles have been run is known. And a line can be drawn on the chart from the last known latitude and longitude, corresponding in length and direction, to the ship's course. But this, if continued many days, is apt to end in more or less error.

BOG-OAK.

The order of merit of the translation is Minette, Bruce's Spider, Cape Jessamine, Polichinelle, Devoniensis, Vendredi, Nightingale, Bubbles, Stanza, Spinning Jenny, Frances, Goldilocks, Wakatu, The Turk, Marsh Mallow, Viola, Ila, Ignoramus, Wren, Firefly, Chipmunk, A Bee, Schattenlos. They must apply to themselves the corrections.

Le premier soin du conquêrant fut de protéger sa flotte contre la fureur de l'ocean et l'hostilité des insulaires. Il fit tirer à terre tous ses vaisseaux pour les entourer en suite d'un fort retranchement. Ses plus grandes galères étaient petites à côté de nos bâtimens de guerre, ses navires de transport n'étaient guère que des barques.—GUIZOT.

The chief mistakes are these: *Souci* means care in the abstract. The perfect tense is used in the first sentence because the ships

were once drawn up, the imperfect in the second because the abiding state of the vessels is described. There is no such word as *conquéreur Défendre* is seldom used except to forbid. *Furie* generally means a personified fury. *Causer* is not often used in this sense. Aborder means to come up to, or to board. *Caique* does not now signify an ancient galley. *Barricade* is not an entrenchment; and *retranchement* is masculine. *Presque plus* is odd; and why be liberal in double letters to *envirronnor* and *hostillité*? and the h in the latter is mute.

We add some more Bird Legends:—

The Stork, according to the Swedes, was named from its having flown over the cross of the crucified Redeemer, crying 'Styrka, styrka!' (Strengthen, strengthen); this certainly is a marvellous tradition seeing that the stork has no voice at all.

Swallow. According to Scandinavian tradition this bird hovered over the cross of our Lord, crying 'Svala, svala!' (Console, console). It is a Romish superstition that it is lucky for swallows to build about the house. But there are some unpleasant associations with the innocent swift. In Caithness it is called 'witch-hag,' and people say that if a swallow flies under the arm of a person it immediately becomes paralysed. Robert Dick, the geologist, wants to know if the same superstition causes the swallow to be called 'the Devilin' in some parts of England.

Magpie. It depends on the number of these that you see whether it is considered a good or a bad omen:—

'One's sorrow, two's mirth,
Three's a wedding, four's a birth,
Five's a christening, six a death,
Seven's heaven, eight's hell,
And nine's the devil his awn sel'.'

Eagle. The Romans used to let an eagle fly from the funeral pile of a deceased emperor. Dryden alludes to this custom in his stanzas on Oliver Cromwell after his funeral, when he says, officious haste 'did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.' There is a superstition feigned by the poet that every ten years the eagle soars into the fiery region and plunges thence into the sea, where, moulting its feathers, it acquires new life. Spenser, in the *Faëry Queen*, i. 11, says:—

'She saw when he up-started brave,
Out of the well . . . .
As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plume all hory gray
And decks himself with feathers youthly gay.'

Pigeon. There are many superstitions connected with this bird; one is, that 'he who is sprinkled with pigeon's blood will never die a natural death.' A sculptor carrying home a bust of Charles I. stopped to rest; a pigeon overhead was struck by a hawk, and some of the blood of the pigeon fell on the neck of the bust. This was considered ominous. We are told that two black pigeons took their flight from

Thebes, one flew to Libya and the other to Dodona, in Greece. The temple of Jupiter Ammon was built on the spot where one alighted, and the oracle of Jupiter upon the other spot. This legend is probably a pun upon the word 'peleiai' (old women), which, in the dialect of the Epirosts, signifies 'pigeons' or 'doves.'

Swan. Fionnula, daughter of Lir, was transformed into a swan and condemned to wander over the lakes and swamps of Ireland until the introduction of Christianity.

Phœnix This is a legendary bird said to live 500 years, when it makes in Arabia a nest of spices, burns itself to ashes, and comes forth with renewed life for another 500 years. Then he builds for himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the pile, and consumes himself. Moore sings to us in his *Paradise of the Peri* of

> 'The enchanted pile of that lovely bird,
> Who sings at the last his own death lay,
> And in music and perfume dies away.'

Goose. One legend says that S. Martin was tormented by a goose, which he killed and ate; as he died from the repast good Christians have ever since sacrificed the goose on the day of the saint.

Barnacle Geese. Most strange and extraordinary legends were prevalent even as late as the seventeenth century about this bird; it was eaten by the priests in Lent, and considered to be a sort of fish. A confusion of names added to this mistake: the Latin, 'pernacula,' is a limpet, and the Portuguese, 'bernaca'; in the Scotch, 'wren-clake,' or 'solar goose.' Gerard, in 1636, speaks of 'broken species of old ships on which is formed certain spume or froth, which in time breedeth into shells, and the fish which is hatched therefrom is in shape and habit of a bird.'

Nightingale. Tereus, king of Thrace, fetched Philomela to visit his wife, and a complication ensuing, which caused Tereus and his wife, Procne, to quarrel, the gods changed all three into birds. Tereus became the hawk, his wife the swallow, and Philomela the nightingale.

Seemurgh is the wonderful bird that could speak all the languages of the world and whose knowledge embraced past, present and future events.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

THE wren is called in ancient rhyme 'the king of all birds.' When all the birds assembled to choose a king, they agreed to choose the one who could soar the highest. The eagle soared far above them all, till at length he rested on his wearied wings and proclaimed himself king of the birds. But the tiny wren had, unseen, perched itself on his shoulders, and now flew into the air high above him, thus obtaining the victory by stratagem over the eagle's superior strength.—There is an Oriental legend of the Hoopoe, which relates that Solomon was once journeying across the desert, and was fainting with heat, when a large flock of Hoopoes, by flying in a dense cloud between him and the sun, sheltered him from its rays. The grateful king asked what reward he should give them; they answered that they should like each bird to be decorated with a golden crown, and in

spite of Solomon's advice, they persisted in this request, which was granted. For a few days they strutted about proudly, and admired their crowns; but they soon found them a dangerous possession. One day a fowler saw one of the favoured birds, took it in his net, and discovered the value of its crown. Immediately every one tried to capture them, till at last they were so persecuted that they sent one or two of the survivors to Solomon to express their penitence for having rejected his advice and to beg him to recall his gift. He consented; but, as a mark to distinguish them from other birds, he gave them a crown of feathers instead of the crown of gold.—Another Oriental legend tells how the favourite falcon of a Persian king saved his life. 'A king of Persia went out hawking, carrying his favourite falcon on his wrist. A deer started up, and the falcon pursued it, and brought it to the ground. The king outstripped all his attendants, and when he had killed the deer, took the falcon again on his wrist, and began to search for water, being heated and thirsty. At last he found a stream trickling down among the rocks; with some trouble he filled a cup from it, for the water dropped very slowly, and was raising it to his lips, when the hawk clapped his wings, and upset the contents. The king refilled it, and again raised it to his lips, but again the falcon shook his pinions, and upset it. The king, in his anger, dashed the bird to the ground, and killed it on the spot. Just then one of his attendants came up, and the king desired him to climb the rocks and fill the cup at the spring whence the stream came, being too impatient to wait for the water. He did so, but a little below the place where the spring rose he saw a huge serpent lying dead with his head resting in the stream and the poisonous foam from its jaws polluting the water. He told his discovery to the king, who was much affected at having, in his blind rage, destroyed the faithful bird who had saved him from ill.'

Walter von der Vogelweide, the poet and soldier, whose heart was 'like a nest of singing birds rocked on the topmost bough of life,' when he died, left his treasures to the monks of Würtzburg, with the charge that they should feed the birds daily on his tomb in the cloister. This was done for some time, and, in the words of Longfellow's poem—

'Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

'Till at length the portly Abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."'

After this the birds assembled in vain; they were no longer fed.

'But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweide.'

CHIPMONK.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Write a letter describing your impressions of this year's Royal Academy exhibition.

A sketch of the historical characters who bore the name of Humphrey.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

Slimy slugs and slippery snails sliding slowly on smeary slopes.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Saxifragaceæ. This subject has been well treated by several members. *Vertumnus*, however, expected more examples of the rarer kinds.

Chrysosplenium alternifolium has been found and sent by two members.

The subject for September (due October 15th) is *Polygonum*. Members must be careful to describe the natural order as well as the genus. The former has been too often ignored. Specimens of the next subject, *Lactuca* and *Crepis*—to which may be added any of the allied families—should be collected in advance, as they may be difficult to find so late in the year as the latter part of October.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with gems the hand that wrought thee woe;
Free like yon rock from base vindictive pride,
Emblaze with gems the wrist that tears thy side.
Can man do less than heal the smiter and the railer bless?'

Ignoramus.

'Not gone from Memory
Nor from Love,
But gone to our Father's
Home above.'

L. H. Layard.

'One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.'

Also—

'Silence filled the courts of heaven.'

N. R.

The word wanting in the third line—

''Tis not Time that flies,
'Tis we, 'tis we are flying;
'Tis not ——— that dies,
'Tis we, 'tis we are dying.'

A Constant American Reader.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Vendredi.—Walter Smith (late Mozley and Smith), 6, Paternoster Row, publishes most of Miss Yonge's educational books, Macmillan the rest.

Major Drummond.—*Henri IV. est au Pont Neuf*, more briefly as answer *Connu.*

Miss Stanton.—Rabat joie.—*R. F. L.*

Alice.—*A Handbook of Nursing*, by Catharine J. Wood (Cassell). *Nursing*, by the Rev. A. Brinckman.

Gergasene.—*Kenneth* is published by Parker, Oxford.

Maud.—Such books can hardly be recommended without knowledge of your capacity and taste. Butler's *Analogy* might be well for some, for others a good book of Ancient or Modern History, read with attention; or one on Natural Science, such as the *Unseen Universe*; or such books as Liddon's *Sermons.* For correct speaking get Morell's *English Grammar*, and attend to it.

Will any one tell me a good society for improvement in German? —*Miss M. Murton, Hillcot, Sharples, Bolton.*

Clover is unable to answer all those who offered their services as copyists.

Dreamy Spider.—Brewer's Dictionary of Fact and Fiction.

Miss Florence Wilford, 4, *Clyde Road, S. Leonard's-on-Sea*, will be greatly obliged if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* can give her the words of a French song called *Souvenirs Militaires*, and beginning—

'Je souviens-tu, disait un Capitaine.'

CHARITIES.

The Sisters of the Poor, Mark Street, Finsbury, acknowledge with many thanks 1*l.* from Rachel.

The Secretary of the Hospital for Sick Children, 49, *Great Ormond Street, London*, thankfully acknowledges the receipt of 3*l.* 3*s.*, for the 'Aunt Judy's Cot,' from Mary, Margaret, Evelyn, Arthur, Carnegy, Edith, and Harold.—*July* 26, 1880.

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window now erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore, The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames, acknowledges with her best thanks for the above:—I. S., 4*s.*; per Mr. Wright, 5*s.*; A. C. (Richmond), 5*s.* 413*l.* received; 52*l.* only required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

Help is urgently needed by *S. Catherine's Home, for Patients in Advanced Consumption*, under the care of nursing sisters, from S. Margaret's, East Grinstead.—The object of the home is to provide kind nursing and comforts for those whose slender means cannot procure alleviation for themselves during the last weeks or months of their lives. One thousand pounds has been collected towards erecting a suitable house for the home. In the meantime a house has been taken at a rental of 75*l.* per annum, which will accommodate twelve or sixteen patients—the interest of the 1,000*l.*, 50*l.* per annum, in part meeting the rent. The home is intended for patients of both sexes, and of all religious denominations. They will pay 10*s.* 6*d.* per week towards their own support, which will include all their expenses. They will be allowed to see their own minister, subject to the rules of the home. Annual subscriptions and donations for the support of the home will be thankfully received by *Mrs. Willan, Ventnor Vicarage, Isle of Wight;* or can be paid to "*S. Catherine's Home Fund*," *Capital and Counties Bank, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.* Help is urgently needed for the Maintenance Fund of the Home. Among annual subscribers are the Earl of Pembroke, Viscountess Ossington, the Bishop of Oxford, Lady Jane Swinburne, the Hon. Lydia Dawnay, Mr. F. D. Mocatta, and many others who are deeply interested in the work.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

OCTOBER, 1880.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXIX.

SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

1574—1576.

We will spare ourselves the horrors of the last years of the administration of the Duke of Alva. Feeling himself the only pilot for the vessel, he had refused to yield the helm to the Duke of Medina-Celi, who had been sent out as his successor, and the King had acquiesced, looking on it as mutiny all the same. Each city that he took in Holland he tried to make a warning to the rest, and the braver the resistance the more utterly horrible was the retribution, till the name of Spaniard became a word of loathing in all countries round. Alva is said to have boasted that he had caused 18,600 persons to be executed, besides the countless multitudes who had perished in the battle-field and in sacked or blockaded cities. The whole of Flanders, and the provinces we now call Belgium, were reduced to obedience. Only Holland and Zeeland held out, sure that the utmost extremity of famine and war would be better than to fall into the hands of the Spaniards. The Walloon and Flemish provinces had never been so much penetrated by the Reformed doctrines as the more northerly ones, neither had the Belgian nature the resolute passive determination inherent in the Dutch. Moreover the rivers, creeks, and swamps of Holland could be made impassable barriers; and the ships belonging to all the ports rendered blockade more difficult. Yet Alva, with his head-quarters at Amsterdam, with his terrible council round him, was making progress

step by step, when Philip definitely decided on his recall, believing that the terror of his implacable vengeance was becoming a barrier against submission. Thus, in the November of 1573, Alva gave up his charge to the new governor, Don Luis de Requesens y Cuniga, Grand Commander of the Order of Santiago, and returned to Spain, in broken health and much disappointment. Philip had little gratitude. Whatever his subjects did for him he thought no more than his due, and if they failed, he had no notion of consoling them for their exertions. He was one of those who prefer little men whom they can manage, to greater men who can think for themselves, however loyal and devoted they may be; and he thought he had exchanged a dangerous instrument for one less sharp-edged.

Requesens had fought bravely at Lepanto, and been a fair and kindly viceroy at Milan, but he was not the man for such a post as the Low Countries, and even the Flemings murmured at his want of rank, calling him a mere gentleman of the cloak and sword. However, they longed for peace, and Requesens hoped to procure it by promising mercy to those who would reconcile themselves to the Church, and relaxation of burthens to the political rebels provided they would throw over the Prince of Orange. Their situation was indeed most perilous. It was true that they had had a victory in the Zuyder Zee, and had laid siege to Middleburg, the last point in the Isle of Walcheren that was still held by the Spaniards; but Haarlem had been taken and treated with barbarity past description, and Leyden was invested on all sides and likely to share its fate. These losses had cut Holland in two, so that communication from one part to the other was exceedingly difficult, and each city was almost reduced to acting for itself. Nothing but Dutch resolution and the most utter mistrust of any Spanish overture could have led people in such a condition to persevere.

Their chief hope was in the hankering of France after influence and power on her only open frontier, and in Catherine de Medici's longing to see all her sons kings. At the meeting at Nancy, Louis of Nassau had promised to do his best to make the Duke of Alençon ruler in the Low Countries, and had received in return large sums of money, with which he raised a considerable force of soldiers in Germany. The 2,000 German and French horse who had escorted the Duke of Anjou to Poland, enlisted under him, and he obtained 1,000 more horse and 6,000 foot, for the most part mere mercenaries caring only for plunder. The Prince of Orange raised 6,000 infantry in Holland, who mustered at the Isle of Bommel, and the brothers hoped to meet and join their forces, but the Meuse lay between them in an impassable state, for though it was the first week in April the river was still choked with ice, too thin to bear the weight of his army, and yet preventing navigation. His men began to desert, as he marched along one bank with the Spaniards on the other under Don Sancho d'Avila, whose object was

to give him battle before he could effect a junction with his brother. In this D'Avila succeeded. He went faster than Louis, and on the 13th of April threw a bridge of boats across the river, on which his army crossed, so that when Louis reached the village of Mook he found the enemy encamped there before them. He knew he must fight a battle, and with no better support than these wretched savage mercenaries, who cared not a rush for him or his cause, only for the pay he had not to give them, and who thought their leader's distress the opportunity for clamouring for arrears. All he could do was to draw a trench in front of his position, place his cavalry (in which he had the advantage) on the sloping ground on the flank and prepare for the attack. The hottest of the battle was by the trench; but while the struggle was going on there, Count Louis made such a charge that he utterly broke the vanguard of the enemy, and they fled, spreading the news of a great defeat. But two bodies of troopers, Spanish lancers and German reiters, were in reserve, and falling on Louis's men before they had reloaded their carbines, broke them completely. At the same time the Spaniards bore down the resistance round the trench and a frightful slaughter began upon the defeated. Count Louis, his brother Henry, and Christopher, the son of the old Elector Palatine, drew together and made a last desperate charge into the midst of the enemy, and this was the last that was known of them. Their corpses were never found; but as 4,000 men were butchered, drowned in the river, or suffocated in the marshes around it, and the plunderers stripped all the corpses, it was not likely they could be recognised.

The loss of Louis was a terrible one to the cause of Holland. His frank, winning manner made him much beloved; and he had been the right hand, if William had been the head. The only remaining brother, John, had been sent to Cologne to obtain money for the troops, and thus escaped the destruction of Mook, on April 14th, 1574. The old Elector Palatine consoled himself for the loss of his son by saying, 'Better thus to die than to spend his life in idleness, which is the devil's pillow.'

The Spaniards mutinied for pay immediately after the battle, and thus so hampered Requesens and D'Avila that they could not reap all the advantage they expected, but they deemed the rebels so far crushed that an amnesty might complete the work. They therefore, before April was over, published a proclamation from the King, and a bull from the Pope, promising entire forgiveness to all who would lay down their arms and return to the bosom of the Church.

Their promise was accepted by only two men, one brewer in Utrecht, and the son of one pedlar in Leyden. The rest held staunchly to the words of the Prince of Orange, 'As long as there is a living man left in the country we will fight for our liberty and our religion.'

It was on the city of Leyden that the first brunt of resistance fell. It was one of the noblest cities in Holland, on the bank of the Rhine,

now sluggish and broken into innumerable channels, which made the city almost as much a northern Venice as Amsterdam itself, and which were crossed by 145 stone bridges. On a rising ground in the middle of the city stood a tower, undoubtedly Roman, but which the inhabitants believed to have been built by Henghist in honour of his victories over the Britons. The siege of this city was the turning point in the history of Holland, and it will, therefore, be well to dwell on it with some minuteness. It had already been besieged, but the Spaniards had been drawn off to meet Count Louis, and the inhabitants had unfortunately been so hopeful of success that they treated the danger as over, and did not avail themselves of the opportunity of laying in fresh stores of provisions before the 27th of May, when the Spanish general, Valdez, again appeared before their walls at the head of 8,000 Germans and Walloons, to whom more were added every day.

In Leyden there were no regular soldiers, only the burghers themselves, under John van der Does, Lord of Nordwyk, a gentleman of good birth and much ability. The Prince of Orange sent them letters entreating them to hold out three months, promising that in that time he would find means for their deliverance. He watched, now at Delft, now at Rotterdam, but could only communicate with them by means of carrier pigeons, and by a few trusty messengers who knew the bye-paths, and were called jumpers. Letters were sent into the city by Flemings of the King's party to their acquaintance, imploring them to submit and profit by the amnesty, but the only answer returned was a letter to the general with the single Latin line—

'Fistula dulcè canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps.'

(The whistle sweetly sounds, when the fowler lures the bird.)

The siege had not lasted a month before it was needful to collect all the provisions and give out a daily allowance of half a pound of meat and the like of bread to each man, to women and children in proportion, and thus they hoped to hold out for the three months before the Prince could aid them. His plan was this. He had no hopes of raising an army fit to encounter the Spaniards, but he held all the dykes which kept the Meuse and Yssel, together with the sea, from overflowing the land; and it was his plan to break openings in these, and throw wide the sluices at Rotterdam and elsewhere, so as to send the sea in upon the Spaniards. It would ruin many villages and towns, destroy many crops, but this would be better far than losing Leyden, and with it all hope for Holland; and a subscription was at once begun to compensate those who must suffer, and—when the time came—to restore what was to be overthrown. It could not be done quickly, and it was not till the 3rd of August that the dykes were opened in sixteen places, under the Prince's own eye, and a fleet of 200 vessels was collected to carry provisions into the city so soon as the water should have risen high enough for them to reach it.

Unfortunately he caught a fever on this expedition, and lay very ill at Rotterdam, while he sent off a letter with the tidings on the 20th of August that the waters were rising, and help would soon come, but saying nothing about his own illness.

The letter was read aloud in the market-place, and bands of music went playing through the streets to raise the spirits of the people—for indeed they had by this time only malt cake enough to last four days more—the three months were over, and there was nothing before them but starvation. At first their hopes were high, but soon they felt distress and despondency; while on the outside the Spaniards and Walloons did indeed find all the water in the creeks and ditches rising daily, but did not believe a real inundation possible; and the Prince lay on his sick bed, unable to move, in an agony of anxiety, and with his physicians declaring that his recovery depended on his mind being set at rest. A report came somehow that the city had surrendered, and this for some days made him much more ill; but by the first week in September he was convalescent, and again giving orders to Admiral Boiset, who, with 800 sea beggars, was to conduct the 200 vessels to the relief of the city. They were terribly ferocious marauders, who had sworn to spare neither king, emperor, nor pope, and who wore crescents on their badge with the motto, 'Rather Turk than Pope.' They had a small squadron of war ships, and the 200 provision vessels carried cannon, and were manned by 2,500 experienced sailors, and fishermen. There was by this time water enough to carry them to the Landscheiding, a great bank raised against the sea, five miles from the walls of Leyden, within which lay the enemy's camp, stationed in villages which bristled with fortresses. The top of the Landscheiding was a foot and a half above the water on the outside, and the Spaniards had guarded it but slightly, so that the patriots quickly mastered it, though they had a hard fight to keep possession before they could break it down.

They expected that enough water would at once rush in to drive away the Spaniards and carry their vessels to Leyden, but they found the current of water stopped by another great dyke, three-quarters of a mile further in, called the Greenway. This again they took without much difficulty, broke it down, and crossed it. Within it he knew there was a great lake, called the Freshwater Mere, but Boiset had not reckoned on finding that his ships could not reach this lake except by a long canal, which was not wide enough for more than one at a time, the meadows around indeed being under water, but too shallow to float his ships, while the canal was crossed by a bridge on which the enemy were stationed in numbers, while more with their artillery were drawn up on each side of the canal, to annihilate the ships if they strove to pass in single file. Boiset made one gallant attack on the bridge, but found it impossible to force it, and his hopes were ebbing when, on the 11th of September, a strong west wind rose, and the waters poured in

more rapidly; while some country people told him of a watercourse by which he could go round the bridge to a low dyke at North Aa. Here they found some Spaniards, whom they put to flight, and here their guns were for the first time heard within Leyden; but still they could get no farther, the wind had turned to the east, the waters sank, the ships were aground, and there was a terrible chain of forts, manned by desperate Spaniards, between them and the starving city.

The hunger there was frightful. Dogs, cats, rats, mice, even the leaves of trees and old leather were eaten; families died in their houses of famine fever, and people dropped dead in the streets. If the fleet could not make its way in before another fortnight it would find nothing but corpses. On the 20th of September a carrier pigeon brought a letter from Boiset full of hope. The water was rising, and the Prince himself had come on board the fleet. Again the bells were rung, but just then came an east wind, the water subsided, and Boiset declared that unless the spring tide should deepen the water considerably, all would be in vain, and it would be impossible to reach the besieged.

The weathercocks were watched in agonising prayer. On the 1st and 2nd they veered about, but at last a strong westerly gale set in, and, coinciding with the spring tide, drove the sea in on the coast in masses, and the waves swept over the dykes, the water grew deeper and deeper at North Aa, the fleet set forth at midnight, and where shallows would have stopped it, the crews leaped out, and forced the vessels on with their shoulders. The first fort full of Spaniards was attacked. The soldiers came hurrying out on roads half under water. They were attacked on the causeways, often with harpoons, driven under water, drowned, or slain in hosts; only a few escaped to the Hague.

Still there was another fort at Lammen extremely strong, and connected with Valdez's head-quarters. Boiset was almost in despair. Unless the weather should again favour him he knew not how to bring his ships up to the attack, and every hour of hunger was death within the walls. Darkness came on, and he determined that with dawn of day he would make one desperate attack. A dove bore the tidings to the city, and the citizens watched and prayed. They saw lights moving, and at midnight there was a fearful crash. A long piece of the city wall had fallen. Were the Spaniards coming? No one came in.

Morning dawned at last. The ships moved to the attack, but the fort made no reply, till a boy was seen waving his cap on the battlements, and a man waded out through the water. Both were Dutch. The Spaniards were gone. Unable to fight in the water any longer, and finding themselves surrounded, they had fled in the night, all the more rapidly at the sound of the falling wall, which they supposed to betoken a sortie from the city.

On the 3rd of October, after four months and a half of siege, and six weeks of famine, the citizens hailed the welcome ships, which

showered bread on them from their decks. Many in their anguish of hunger actually choked themselves, and there were deaths from the sudden plenty, till the supply was put under supervision. Then all flocked into the great church, and a fervent prayer of thanksgiving was poured forth. A hymn was begun, but after the first verse, it was choked in weeping; hearts were too full for singing. The Prince of Orange entered the city the next day, when another gale was blowing, and this time from the east, sweeping back the waves which had done their work so well, and clearing the land, so that the work of restoration could begin at once.

On the table of the room Valdez had occupied was found a scroll with the few words in Latin—'Farewell, city, farewell, little villages, which are left on account of the waters, not on that of the strength of the enemy.'

In consideration of the sufferings and constancy of the citizens it was decided that a great university should be founded at Leyden, and this was accordingly done the next year. It became very famous, chiefly in the department of law, and was much resorted to, especially by Scottish students, during the two following centuries. The carrier-pigeons which had conveyed the letters were greatly prized during the remainder of their lives, and their stuffed forms are still carefully preserved. The siege was really a turning-point in the war, inspiring the Dutch with a confidence in their own resources they had never felt before. Requesens was anxious for peace. He dissolved the Blood Council with Philip's permission, released Philip Marnix de St. Aldégonde, who had been taken prisoner at Haarlem, and through him made overtures for peace, while the Emperor Maximilian endeavoured to mediate; but as long as pardon was confined to those who should return to the Church, peace was of course impossible. However, the negotiations produced a lull in the war for nearly a year, during which much was done on both sides.

William of Orange had been twice married—the first time to Anne of Egmont, who died after seven years, leaving him one daughter, besides the son who was kept a prisoner in Spain. His next wife was Anne, daughter to the Elector Moritz of Saxony, a proud, passionate woman, who had quarrelled with all his friends, beat her servants with clubs, and tried to stab several persons, among them her brother-in-law, Count John. She must have been half deranged, but she added to her violence by drinking a quart bottle of wine every day; her language was dreadful, and she did not scruple to write to Alva as her friend, begging money from him. At last she became absolutely unfaithful, her lover being an exiled magistrate of Antwerp, named Rubens, the same whose son was destined to make his name famous in Art. The scandal was such that her own relations, the Elector of Saxony and Landgrave of Hesse, took her into custody in 1574. The

Elector then had her kept in solitary confinement, food and a sermon being daily administered to her through a grating, and the poor creature soon became an absolute lunatic, and died at the end of two years. She had borne one son to William, Count Maurice of Nassau.

A divorce had been pronounced when the unhappy woman was removed, and William had not waited for her death to pay his addresses to Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, who was a vehement Romanist; but his daughter had become imbued with Huguenot opinions, before, as a mere child, she had been forced into the Convent of Jouarre, compelled to take the vows, and appointed Abbess, according to the corrupt fashion of providing for superfluous daughters. However, the horrors of the S. Bartholomew had entirely alienated her from the Church in which she had been brought up; she fled in secret, and took refuge at Heidelberg, where the old Elector Palatine gladly received her into his family. There the Prince of Orange had seen her, and thither, as soon as his divorce was arranged, he sent St. Aldégonde to request her hand for him, writing to tell her that he was past his prime, being forty-two years old, and unable to make any settlement on her, but simply offering what he had to give. She gladly consented, was brought to Brill by St. Aldégonde, and married with great rejoicings at Dordrecht on the 12th of June, 1575. Her father consulted the doctors and theologians of France, who declared that her vows, having been obtained before she attained the lawful age, were contrary to the laws of France and the Canons of Trent, and that there was nothing therefore to hinder the marriage; but it put the Elector of Saxony and Landgrave of Hesse in a great fury, and was generally considered as impolitic. The close and formal union of Holland and Zeeland into one government, with William at its head, was a much wiser measure; nevertheless, in the beginning of 1756, affairs were in so gloomy a state that the Prince seriously revolved the plan of carrying off the whole population to the New World, burning the towns, opening the dykes, and leaving a desert of water and fire to the Spaniards.

The war had recommenced with the siege of Zierickssee by Colonel Mondragon, and William was chafing at his inability to relieve the place, when the unexpected tidings came that the Governor, Requesens, had died at Haarlem on the 5th of March, 1576, after four days' illness. This gave another respite, while the King was making up his mind whom to send, and the government was in the hands of the Council of State, who all, save Jeronimo de Roda, were Flemings, and disposed to mercy. Zierickssee, after the brave Admiral Boiset had perished in an attempt to relieve it, was forced to capitulate on the 21st of June, but Mondragon offered honourable terms, and what was more, observed them.

However, a double mutiny was taking place in the Flemish provinces. The Spanish soldiers were furious for pay, and would not obey the Flemish Council, and the Flemings on their side hated the Spaniards as much as ever. There was the most dire confusion and bloodshed, above all at Antwerp. The Spanish Fury, as it was called, was unspeakably horrible, and the fifteen Catholic provinces, to escape from the horrible yoke of these lawless soldiers, sent deputies to sign a treaty with Holland and Zeeland, in November 1577, for making common cause. Both religions were to be tolerated side by side, and the seventeen provinces were to unite for their liberties against the foreigner.

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART III.—SEVILLE.

'Wo die Citronen blühn.'

CHAPTER XXXII.

DON JUAN.

'I wonder if the spring-tide of this year
Will bring another spring both lost and dear;
If heart and spirit will find out their spring,
Or if the world *alone* will bud and sing.'

It was a bright sunny day in December, fresh enough to make the Sevillanos pull their picturesque cloaks over their shoulders out of doors, and light scraps of wood-fire in their sitting-rooms, but with the sun pouring down in unveiled splendour over quaint painted relics of a bygone world when the Moor employed his rich fancy in decorating the city, and over dark Gothic arches and towers that seemed to tell of a life almost equally remote from nineteenth-century England. It was a very new sort of Christmas weather for Jack Lester as he tried to find his way from the railway station to Don Guzman de la Rosa's house. He soon discovered that he had lost it, and stopped by a fruit-stall piled with grapes, oranges, and melons to ask the brown, skinny old woman in a gay handkerchief who kept it, for some directions, hoping that she would at least understand the name of the street. So she did, but it seemed to him that she pointed in every direction at once, and Jack stared round bewildered as a young lady stepped across the street towards the fruit-stall. Jack looked at her, and she looked full at him from under her straw hat, with a pair of eyes dark as any in Andalusia, but direct and clear, level and fearless, as her face broke into a smile just saved from a laugh.

'If you are looking for Don Guzman de la Rosa's,' she said in distinct and comprehensible English, 'I can direct you; but your brothers, Mr. Lester, are much nearer, at my father's, Mr. Stanforth's. Will you come there with me when I have bought some fruit?'

'Oh, thank you immensely! I—I thought I would walk up, and I couldn't find the way. Thank you,' said Jack, colouring and looking rather foolish.

'They did not expect you to be here till to-morrow. What have you done with your things?'

'I've lost them, Miss Stanforth,' said Jack, 'I can't think how. You see no one understands anything, and the stations coming from Madrid are so odd.'

'Oh, I think you will get them; we had one box detained for ages. Thank you,' as he took her basket of fruit. 'Shall we come?' and then, looking up at him, 'Your brother is so *much* better.'

'I—I am very glad of that,' said Jack, in a sort of inadequate way.

He was nervous about the meeting, and felt conscious that he was dusty with his journey, and sure that he must have looked foolish staring at the old woman.

Gipsy took him down the street, and into a house with a balcony covered with gay-striped blinds, and led him up stairs till she came to a door, or rather curtain, which she lifted, putting her finger on her lip.

It was a long, low room, with the lights carefully arranged and shaded, containing drawing-boards and unframed sketches, a wonderful heap of 'art treasures,' in one corner, Algerine scarves and stuffs, great, rough, green pitchers, and odds and ends of colour. Some one sat with his back to the door drawing, but Jack only beheld his brothers, who were together at the further end of the room, and did not immediately see him, for they were looking at each other and appeared to the puzzled Jack oddly still and silent.

Miss Stanforth gave a little laugh, and Alvar looked round and exclaimed. Cheriton sprang up, and with a cry of delight seized on Jack, with an outburst of greetings and inquiries, in which all the surroundings were forgotten. Gipsy laughingly described her encounter to Alvar; while 'father,' and 'granny,' 'the old parson,' 'no good in having a Christmas at all at home without you,' passed rapidly between the other two.

'Come, Jack, that's strong! But, indeed, I think you have brought Christmas here. How rude we are! You have never spoken to Mr. Stanforth. Mr. Stanforth, let him see the picture. Jack, do you think father will like it?'

'Yes. You look much jollier than in the photograph,' said Jack, as Mr. Stanforth turned the picture round for his inspection.

It was a small half-length in tinted chalk, showing Cherry seated and looking up, with a bright interested face, at Alvar, who was showing him a branch of pomegranates. The execution was of the slightest, but the likenesses were good, and the strong contrast of colouring and resemblance of form was brought out well. '*Brothers*,' was written underneath, and Jack looked at them as if the idea of any one wishing to make studies of them was strange to him.

'Jack is bewildered—lost, in more senses than one,' said Cherry, smiling. 'Come, it is time we went home, and then for news of every one! Mr. Stanforth, we shall see you to-night.'

Jack's arrival was an intense pleasure to Cheriton, whose reviving faculties were beginning to long for their old interests. He had recovered his natural spirits, and though he still looked delicate, and had no strength to spare, was quite well enough to look forward to his return to England and to beginning life there. Indeed, the ardent hopes and ambitions, so cruelly checked in their first outlet, turned—with a difference indeed, but with considerable force—to the desire of distinction and success; and in return for Jack's endless talk of home and Oxford, he planned the course of study to begin at Easter, and the hard work which he felt sure with patience must ensure good fortune. Cheriton was very sanguine, and since he had felt so much better had no doubt of entire recovery; and Jack was accustomed to follow his lead, and was much relieved both by his liveliness and by his resolute mention of Rupert, and inquiry as to the arrangements for his marriage.

If Cheriton had not won the battle, he was at least holding his own in it bravely—the bitter pain was first submitted to, and then held down with a strong hand. But surely, he thought, there was *something* in store for him, if not the sweetness of happy love, yet the ardour of the struggle of life.

He could not say enough of Alvar's care for him, and Jack found Alvar much more easy of access than at home, and more interested than he had expected in the details of the home life; and in the course of conversation the dinner-party to the Seytons, and its motive, came out.

Alvar coloured deeply; he was silent then, but as soon as he was alone with Cheriton he said with some hurry of manner—

'My brother, I am ashamed. What can I do? It is not endurable to me that any one should blame Miss Seyton.'

'I suppose my father did the only thing there was to be done. When an engagement is broken people generally say that there were faults on both sides.'

'That is not so,' said Alvar. 'She is as blameless as a lily. Can I do nothing? I am ashamed,' he repeated vehemently.

'Perhaps when you go home you will be able to show the world that you are of a different opinion,' said Cherry, very quietly, but with difficulty suppressing a smile.

'You do not understand,' said Alvar in a tone of displeasure, turning away, and thinking that he had never before known Cheriton so unsympathetic.

Jack did not make much way with the de la Rosas, he did not like committing himself to foreign languages, and was shy, but they were very polite to 'Don Juan' a name that so tickled Cheriton's fancy that he adopted it at once.

Jack began by somewhat resenting his brother's intimacy with the Stanforths as a strange and unnecessary novelty, but he soon fell under

the charm, and pursued Mr. Stanforth with theories of art which were received with plenty of good-humoured banter. Gipsy, too, set to work to enlighten him on Spanish customs; and having rescued him from one difficulty, made it her business to show him the way he should go, so that they became very friendly, and the strange Christmas in this foreign country drew the little party of English closer together. There was enough to interest them in the curious and picturesque customs of Andalusia, but the carols which Gipsy insisted on getting up gave Cherry a fit of home-sickness; and a great longing for Oakby, and the holly and the snow, the familiar occupations, the dogs, and the skating came over him. It had been a long absence; he thought how his father would be wishing for him, and he experienced that sudden doubt of the future which people call presentiment. Would he ever spend Christmas *at home* again? He was beginning to weary a little of the wonder and admiration that had stood him in such good stead, and to want the time-honoured land-marks which showed themselves unchanged as the flood-tide of passion subsided.

He was quite ready, however, to enter into the plans for a tour through some of the neighbouring towns before the Stanforths should return home at the end of January. Jack's time was still shorter; and as Cheriton himself had hitherto seen nothing but Seville, a joint expedition was proposed, with liberty to separate whenever it was convenient, as Alvar would consent to nothing that involved Cherry in long days on horseback lasting after sundown, or in extra rough living; and Mr. Stanforth backed up his prudent counsels.

But Cordova, Granada, and Malaga could be managed without any extreme fatigue, and Ronda could be reached easily from the latter place. So in the first week in the new year the three Lesters, Mr. Stanforth and his daughter, and Miss Weston set off together for a fortnight's trip. Afterwards they would all separate, and Alvar and Cheriton, after returning for a few weeks to Seville, were to make their way gradually northwards, stopping in France and Italy till the spring was further advanced.

The tour prospered, and in due time they found themselves at Ronda, and strolling out together in the lovely afternoon sunshine, reached the new bridge across the river; Jack and Gipsy engaged in an endless discussion on the expulsion of the Moors, lingering while they talked, and looking down into the deep volcanic chasm that divides the old town of Ronda from the new, while nearly three hundred feet below them roared, dashed, and sparkled the silvery waters of the Guadalvin. On either side were the picturesque buildings of the two towns, fringed with wood—in front, miles of orchards, and beyond, the magnificent snow-crowned mountains of the Sierra; while over all was the sapphire blue, and sun, which, though the year was but a fortnight old, covered the ground with jonquils, and hung the woods with lovely flowers hardly known to our hothouses.

They had marvelled at the Alhambra, and Cheriton had disclaimed all sense of feeling himself in the Crystal Palace. They had noticed and admired the mixture of Moorish and Christian art in Granada and Cordova, and had discussed ardently all the difficult questions of the Moorish occupation and expulsion—discussions in which Gipsy's fresh school-knowledge, and Jack's ponderous theories, had met in many a hearty conflict. They had sketched, made notes, collected curiosities, or simply enjoyed the beauty according to their several idiosyncrasies, and had remained good friends through all the ups and downs of travel; while Cheriton had stood the fatigue so well that he had set his heart on riding with the others across country to Seville, and could afford to laugh at the discomforts incidental to eating and sleeping at Ronda. There was much to see there, and they did not mean to hurry away. Cherry remarked to Alvar that Jack had improved, and was less sententious than he used to be; but the cause of this increased geniality had struck no one. Every one laughed when Gipsy reminded him of things that he had forgotten, talked Spanish for him because he was too shy to commit himself to an unknown tongue, and stoutly contradicted many of his favourite sentiments. Writing an essay, was he? on the evil of regarding everything from a ludicrous point of view. There were a great many cases in which that was the best point of view to look at things, and Gipsy wrote a counter essay which afforded great amusement. But no one perceived when Gipsy's sense of the ludicrous fell a little into abeyance; and when she ceased to contradict Jack flatly, and began to think that she received new ideas from him, still less did his brothers dream of the new thoughts and aspirations that were rushing confusedly through the boy's mind; he was hardly conscious of them himself.

The pair were a little ahead of their companions, who now came up and joined them.

'Well, Jack,' said Alvar, 'I have been making inquiries, and I find that we can take the excursion among the mountains that you wish for. Mr. Stanforth prefers making sketches here, and it would be too rough for the ladies, or for Cherry.'

'I suppose the mountains *are* very fine?' said Jack, not very energetically.

'Jack found the four hundred Moorish steps too much for him. He has grown lazy,' said Cherry. 'For my part, I think the fruit market is the nicest place here; it has such a splendid view. I shall go there to-morrow and eat melons while you are away.'

'Miss Weston and I are going to buy scarves and curiosities in the market,' said Gipsy; 'but they say we should have come here in May to see the great fair; that is the time to buy beautiful things.'

'Yes,' said Alvar, 'and Mr. Stanforth might have studied all the costumes of Andalusia. But, I think, since we ordered our dinner two hours ago, it is likely now to be ready. I hope the ladies are

not tired of fried pork, for I do not think we shall get anything better.'

'Oh!' said Gipsy, 'I mean to get mamma to introduce it at home; it is so good.'

'Do you, my dear?' said her father. 'I am inclined to think that with the ordinary accompaniments of clean tablecloths and silver forks it might be disappointing.'

Without a tablecloth and with the very primitive implements of Ronda, the fried pork was very welcome; and when their dinner was over, as it was too dark to go out any more, they went down into the great public room on the ground floor of the inn, where round a bright wood fire were gathered muleteers, other travellers and natives, both men and women.

It was a wonderful picturesque scene in the light of the fire, and Mr. Stanforth's sketching so delighted his subjects that they crowded round him, only anxious that he should draw them all, while the 'English hidalgos' were objects of the greatest curiosity. The men came up to Jack and Cheriton, examining their clothes, their tobacco pouches and pipes; and one great fellow in a high hat, and brilliant-coloured shirt, looking so much like an ideal brigand that it was difficult to believe that he was only an olive-grower, after looking at Cheriton for some time, put out a very dirty hand and touched his hair and cheek as if to assure himself that they were of the same substance as his own. Gipsy's dress and demeanour interested them greatly, and one or two of them made her write her name on a bit of paper for them to keep.

The next day's ride was fully discussed, and much information given as to route and destination. Then, at Cherry's request, some of the muleteers sang to them wild half-melancholy airs, and one of the men danced a species of comic dance for their edification, and then the chief musician diffidently requested them to give a specimen of *their* national music. Gipsy laughed and looked shy; but her father laid down his pencil, and in a fine voice, and with feeling that told even in an unknown language, sang 'Tom Bowling,' and then, as this gave great satisfaction, began 'D'ye ken John Peel,' in the chorus of which his companions joined him.

'That,' he explained, 'was a hunting song. Now he would give them a really national air;' and in the midst of this strange audience, he struck up the familiar notes of 'God save the Queen.'

The English rose to their feet; the men lifted their hats, and all joined in and sang the old words with more patriotic fervour than at home they might have thought themselves capable of; and the Spaniards, with quick wit and ready courtesy, uncovered also, and when they had finished the musician picked out the notes on his guitar.

The weather next morning proving all that could be wished,

Alvar and Jack, with a couple of guides, set off before daybreak on their ride into the mountains, intending to ascend on foot a certain peak from which the view was very fine, and which was accessible in the winter. The expedition had been entirely planned for Jack's benefit, and perhaps he was not quite so grateful as he might have been. The others had no lack of occupation. They went down to the 'Nereid's Grotto,' a cave filled with clear emerald water, near which stands an old Moorish mill, built on rocks, fringed with masses of maidenhair fern. Mr. Stanforth remained there sketching the building, white with a sort of dazzling eastern whiteness, the strange forms of cactus and aloe crowning the cliffs, and the washerwomen in gay handkerchiefs and scarlet petticoats kneeling on the flat stones by the river. Cheriton, with the ladies, went on their shopping expedition to find presents that might be sent home by Jack, and having found some silk handkerchiefs for his father, a wonderful sash for Nettie, and a striped rug for his grandmother, to whom Alvar intended to despatch some Spanish lace already bought in Seville, he helped Gipsy to choose a present for each of her numerous brothers and sisters, and himself hunted up smaller offerings for his friends of all degrees.

This occupied a long time, especially as the children followed them wherever they went, 'as if one was the pied piper,' said Cherry; and afterwards they bought bread and fruit, and ate it for luncheon, and Gipsy reflected that in three weeks' time she would be back in Kensington, very busy and rather gay, and would probably never buy pomegranates and melons in Ronda again in all her life.

Cheriton employed himself in the evening in writing to his father, while the Stanforths went down again to the mixed company below. He did not expect his brothers till late, and was not giving much heed to the time, when he looked up and saw Gipsy cross the room.

'Have they come back?' he said.

'No,' said Gipsy. 'Don't you think they ought to be here soon?'

Cherry glanced at his watch.

'Nine o'clock? Yes, I suppose they will be here directly, for the guides told us eight. People never get off mountains as soon as they expect that they will. I'll come down. I have finished my letter.'

Some time longer passed without any sign of an arrival, and the landlord of the inn, and some of the muleteers, began to say that either the Ingleses must have changed their route, or that something must have detained them till it was too dark to get down the mountains, so that they must be waiting till daylight to descend. Cheriton did not take alarm quickly; he knew that a very trifling change of path or weather would make this possible, and he was the first to say that they had better go to bed, and expect to see the wanderers in the morning; and Mr. Stanforth, very anxious to avoid frightening him,

chimed in with a cheerful augury to the same effect. But when Cheriton had left them, he said, anxiously—

'I don't like it; I am sure Alvar would not delay if he could help it—he would not cause so much anxiety.'

'But some very trifling matter might have detained them till after dark,' said Miss Weston.

'Oh, yes; I trust it may be so.'

Gipsy said nothing; but before her mind's eye there rose the vision of more than one little wayside cross which she had been shown on their ride to Ronda, with the inscription, 'Here died Don Luis, or Don Pedro,' and the date.

These were erected, she was told, where travellers had been killed by *saltiadores* or brigands; but there were very few of such breakers of the law in Andalusia now. Still, their party had thought it right to carry arms. What if they had been driven to use them?—what if—? Even to herself Gipsy could not finish the sentence; but she lay awake all night listening for an arrival, till her ears ached and burnt with the strain; till she heard in the night-time, that had hitherto seemed to her so silent, sounds innumerable; till she felt as if she could have heard their footsteps on the mountain side. And all the time the worst of it was that she heard nothing. And for fear that Miss Weston should guess at her terror, for speaking of it seemed to remove it from the vague regions of her imagination and give it new force, and also for fear of missing a sound, she lay as still as a mouse, till, spite of an occasional doze, the night seemed endless, and the most welcome thing in the world was the long-delayed winter dawn.

Gipsy was thankful to get up and dress and find out what was going on, and as soon as possible she ran down stairs and went out to the front of the inn. Her father was just before her, and Cheriton was standing talking to a group of guides and muleteers. He turned round and came up to them, saying—

'I have been making inquiries, and they say that if they kept to their intended route—and I feel sure that they would not change it—there is no reason to fear any dangerous accident, such as one hears of on Swiss mountains. And the men all laugh at the notion of any brigandage nowadays. What I think is, that one of them may have got some slight hurt, twisted his foot, for instance, and been unable to get on; and if they don't turn up in an hour or so I think we ought to go after them.'

Cherry looked anxiously at Mr. Stanforth as he spoke, as if, having worked up this view for his own benefit, he wanted to see others convinced by it also.

'Yes,' said Mr. Stanforth, 'I had been thinking of the possibility of strained ankles too.'

'You see,' said Cherry, 'they must have left their mules somewhere; at least we should fall in with them.'

'Ah—ah! they are coming,' cried Gipsy, with a scream of joy, as the sound of hoofs was heard along the street.

Cherry dashed forward, but as the party came into sight he stopped suddenly, then hurried on to meet them; for only Pedro, one of the mule-drivers who had accompanied them, appeared, riding one mule and leading the other.

In the sudden downfall, Gipsy's very senses seemed to fail her; as she saw Cherry lay his hand on the mule as if to support himself, and look up, unable to frame a question; she could hardly hear the confusion of voices that followed.

Soon, however, she gathered that no terrible news had come—no news at all. Don Alvar and Don Juan had ascended the mountain with their guide José, and had never returned; and, after waiting for their descent in the early morning, Pedro had come back without them. What could have happened? *They might* have gone a long way round, in fact a three days' route—there was no other, or they might have fallen from a precipice.

'In short, you know nothing about them. We must go and see,' interrupted Cherry, briefly; 'at least, I will. What mules have you? Who is the best guide now in Ronda?'

'My dear boy,' said Mr. Stanforth, gently and reluctantly, 'you must not try the mountain yourself. You know it must be done on foot, and the fatigue——'

'How can I think of that now? What does it matter?' said Cherry, with the roughness of excessive pain. 'It is far worse to wait.'

'Yes, but depend upon it, *they* are as anxious as you are. Certainly I shall go, and the guides; but, you see, speed is an object.'

'Oh, I shouldn't cough and lose my breath *now!*' said Cherry. 'Indeed, I can walk up hill.'

Mr. Stanforth could hardly answer him, and he went on vehemently—

'You know Alvar is much too fidgety; he thinks I can do nothing. But, at least, let us all ride to the foot of the mountain; perhaps we shall meet them yet.'

'Yes, that at any rate we will do. Give your orders, and then come and get some chocolate.'

Miss Weston had taken care that this was ready, and Cherry sat down and ate and drank, trying to put a good face on the matter before the ladies.

After they started on their ride he was very silent, and hardly spoke a word till they came to the little inn where the mules had been left the day before. Then he said very quietly to Mr. Stanforth—

'Perhaps I had better wait—I might hinder you.'

'I think it would be best,' said Mr. Stanforth, with merciful absence of comment, for he knew what the sense of incapacity must have been to Cherry then.

The kindest thing was to start on the steep ascent at once. Miss Weston, in what Gipsy thought a cold-blooded manner, took out her drawing materials, and sat down to sketch the mountain peaks. Cheriton started from his silent watch of the ascending party, and asked Gipsy to take a little walk with him; and as she gladly came, they gathered plants and talked a little about the view, showing their terror by their utter silence on the real object of their thoughts. Then he exerted himself to get some lunch for them; so that the first hours of the day passed pretty well. But as the afternoon wore on, he sat down under a great walnut-tree, and watched the mountain—the great pitiless creature with its steep bare sides and snowy summits. He gave no outward sign of impatience, only watched as if he could not turn his eyes away; and Miss Weston, almost as anxious for him as for the missing ones, thought it best to leave him to follow his own bent.

No one was anxious about poor Gipsy, who wandered about, running out of sight, in the vain hope of seeing something on the bare hill-side on her return.

At last, just as the wonderful violet and rose tints of the sunset began to colour the white peaks, Cheriton sprang to his feet, and pointed to the hill-side, where, far in the distance, were moving figures.

'How many?' he said, for, in the hurry of their start, they had left the field-glasses, which would have brought certainty a little sooner, behind.

'Oh, there are surely a great many,' said Gipsy.

Cheriton watched with the keen sight trained on his native moorlands; while the ladies counted and miscounted, and thought they saw Jack's white puggery.

'No,' said Cherry, 'there are only Mr. Stanforth and the two guides. I *cannot* wait,' he added, impetuously, and began to hurry up the hill, till he stopped perforce for want of breath.

'There can have been no accident; we have found no one—nothing whatever,' cried Mr. Stanforth, as soon as he came within speaking distance. 'They must have gone the other way; there is no trace.'

He spoke in a tone of would-be congratulation, but an ominous whisper passed among the guides, *bandidas*, and the utter blank was almost more terrifying than direct ill news.

'We must go back to Ronda, and see what can be done to-morrow.'

'But,' said Cherry, rather incoherently, 'I don't know—you see, I must take care of Jack.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Stanforth, 'but any little detention would not hurt either of them, and they must not find you knocked up. We can consult the authorities at Ronda.'

'Yes, thank you; I hope you are not over tired,' said Cherry, half

dreamily. 'I? Oh, no; I am quite well; but I can't help being anxious.'

'No, it is very perplexing; but I feel quite hopeful of good news myself,' said Mr. Stanforth.

But somehow the necessity of this assurance struck a sharper pang to Cherry's heart than his own vague forebodings.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CIVIS ROMANUS SUM.

'The mightiest of all peoples under Heaven!'

'I TELL you, you stupid blundering blockheads, that he *is* my brother; and we *are* Englishmen, and we know nothing whatever of your Carlis brigands, or whoever they are! We are British subjects, and you had better let us go, or the British government will know the reason why,' thundered Jack Lester, in exceedingly bad Spanish, interspersed with English epithets, at the top of his voice.

'Gentlemen, it is true; our passports are at Ronda; conduct us thither, if you will. We are travelling for pleasure only, and have no concern with any political matters at all,' said Alvar, in far more courteous accents.

The scene was the mountain side, the time evening, and Alvar and Jack were just beginning their descent, when they were confronted by an official, and surrounded by a small troop of soldiers in the government uniform. They had been suddenly encountered and stopped, and desired to produce their passports, and, these not being forthcoming, their account of themselves was met with civil incredulity, and they were desired to consider themselves under arrest.

'But—but don't you see that you're making an utter fool of yourself,' shouted Jack, in a fury. 'I tell you this gentleman *is* my brother, and we are the sons of Mr. Lester, of Oakby Hall, Westmoreland, and have nothing to do with your confounded Carlists. I'll knock the first fellow down——'

'Hush, Jack! Keep your temper,' whispered Alvar, in English. 'Señor, I am the grandson of Señor Don Guzman de la Rosa, of Seville, well known as a friend to the government, and this is my half-brother from England.'

'One of the De la Rosas, señor, is exactly what we know you to be; but as for this extraordinary falsehood by which you call yourself an Englishman—and the brother of this gentleman—why, you make matters worse for yourselves for attempting it.'

'Ask the guide,' said Alvar.

'Ah, doubtless; the fellow was known as having been engaged in

the late war. Come, señores, you may as well accompany me in silence.'

'Will you send a message by the direct route to Ronda, asking for our passports, and informing our friends of our safety?' said Alvar.

No, informing their friends was the last thing wished for. In the morning they would see.

'Do not resist, Jack,' said Alvar; 'it is quite useless; we must come.'

'Don't you *hear* he is talking English to me?' said Jack, as a last appeal, and, of course a vain one.

'I am sure they haven't got a magistrate's warrant,' said Jack, as his alpenstock was taken away from him, and, closely guarded, he was made to precede Alvar down the hill, in a state of offended dignity and incredulous indignation. He was very angry, but not at all frightened; it was incredible that any Spanish officials should hurt *him*. Indeed, as he cooled down a little, the adventure might have been a good joke, but for the certainty that Cherry would be imagining them at the bottom of a precipice.

After walking for some way along a different road from the one they had come by, they stopped at a little wayside tavern, where they were given to understand that they were to pass the night.

'But it's impossible; they *can't* keep us here,' cried Jack. 'Isn't there a parish priest, or a magistrate, or a policeman, or some one to appeal to?'

'No one who could help us,' answered Alvar. 'I do not think there is anything to be afraid of for ourselves; we can easily prove that we are English when we get to some town; it is of Cherry that I think—he will be so frightened.'

'You don't think they'll go and take him up?'

'Oh, no; I hope they will send to Ronda for our passports in the morning. But, Jack, do not fly in a passion. We must be very civil, and say we are quite willing to be detained in the service of the government.'

'I'm hanged if I say anything of the sort,' muttered Jack, whose prominent sensation was rage at the idea, that he, an Englishman, a gentleman, a man with an address, and a card—though he had unluckily left it at home—should be subjected to such an indignity, stopped in his proceedings by a dozen trumpery Spaniards!

Alvar was not so full of a sense of the liberty of the subject; he felt sure that he was mistaken for Manoel, and more than suspected that the government might have been justified in detaining his cousin. He did not, however, wish to confide this to Jack, of whose prudence he was doubtful, and knew that if the worst came to the worst, his grandfather could get them out of the scrape.

There might be no danger, but it was very uncomfortable, and provisions being scarce in the emergency, the captain—who looked much

more like a bandit than an officer—gave his prisoners no supper but a bit of bread. Alvar was Spaniard enough to endure the fasting, but Jack, after his day of mountain climbing, was ready to eat his fingers off with hunger; and as the hours wore on, began really to feel sick, wretched, and low-spirited, and though he preserved an unmoved demeanour, to wonder inwardly what his father would say if he knew where he was, and to remember that the Spaniards were a cruel people and invented the Inquisition! And then he wondered if Gipsy was thinking of him.

Moreover, it was very cold, and they were of course tired to begin with, so that, when at length the morning dawned, Alvar was startled to see how like Jack looked to Cheriton after a bad night, and made such representations to the captain that Englishmen could not bear cold and hunger, that he obtained a fair share of bread and a couple of onions—provisions which Jack enjoyed more than he would have done had he guessed what Alvar had said to procure them.

'I'm up to anything now,' he said. 'If they would only let us put a note in the post for Cherry, it would be rather a lark after all.'

'I do not know where you will find a post-office,' said Alvar, disconsolately, as they were marched off in an opposite direction to Ronda. 'If Cherry only does not climb that mountain to look for us!'

'I should like to set this country to rights a little,' said Jack.

'That,' said Alvar, dryly, 'is what many have tried to do, but they have not succeeded.'

The prisoners were very well guarded, and though Alvar made more than one attempt to converse with the captain, he got scarcely any answer. Still, from the exceedingly curious glances with which he regarded them, Alvar suspected that he was not quite clear in his own mind as to their identity. After a long day's march they struck down on a small Moorish-looking town, called Zahara, built beside a wide, quick rushing river.

And now Alvar's hopes rose, as here resided an acquaintance of his grandfather, a noted breeder of bulls, who knew him well, and had once seen Cheriton at Seville. Besides, the authorities of Zahara might be amenable to reason.

However, they could get no hearing that night, and were shut up in what Jack called the station-house, but which was really a round Moorish tower with horseshoe arches. Here Alvar obtained a piece of paper, and they concocted a full description of themselves, their travelling companions, and their destination, which Alvar signed with his full name—

'Alvaro Guzman Lester,
Of Westmoreland, England,'

and directed to El Señor Don Luis Pavieco, Zahara, and this he desired might be given to the local authorities. He also tried hard, but in vain, to get a note sent to Ronda.

They hoped that the early morning might produce Don Luis, but they saw nothing of any one but the soldier who brought them their food, which was still of the poorest.

Alvar's patience began to give way at last; he walked up and down the room.

'Oh, I am mad when I think of my brother!' he exclaimed. 'My poor Cheriton. What he will suffer!'

'Don't you think they'll let us out soon?' said Jack, who had subsided into a sort of glum despair.

'Oh, they will wait—and delay—and linger. It drives me mad!' he repeated vehemently, and throwing himself into a seat he hid his face in his arms on the table.

'Well,' said Jack, 'it's dogged as does it. I wish I hadn't used up all my tobacco though.'

Early the next morning their door was opened at an unusual hour, and they were summoned into a sort of hall, where they found 'el Capitano,' another officer in a respectable uniform, and to Alvar's joy, Don Luis Pavieco himself.

The thing was ended with ludicrous ease. Don Luis bowed to Alvar, and turning to the officer declared that Don Alvar Lester was perfectly well known to him, and that the other gentleman was certainly his half brother and an Englishman. The officer bowed also, smiled, hoped that they had not been incommoded; it was a slight mistake.

'Mistake!' exclaimed Jack; 'and pray, Alvar, what's the Spanish for apology—damages?'

Alvar turned a deaf ear, and bowed and smiled with equal politeness.

'He had been sure that in due time the slight mistake would be rectified. Were they now free to go?'

'Yes;' and Don Luis interposed, begging them to come and get some breakfast with him while their horses could be got ready. Their guide?—oh, he was still detained on suspicion.

'Well,' ejaculated Jack, 'they are the coolest hands. Incommoded! I should think we have been incommoded indeed!'

In the meantime no hint of how matters had really gone reached the anxious hearts at Ronda. The authorities had scouted the idea of brigands, and had revealed the existence of a dangerous ravine, some short distance from the mountain path. Doubtless the darkness had overtaken them, and they had been lost. The guides declared that nothing was more unlikely, as it was hardly possible to reach the ravine from the path, the rocks were so steep. A search was however made by some of the most active, it need not be said, in vain. Cheriton, afterwards, never could bear a reference to those days and nights of suspense—suspense lasting long enough to change the hope of good tidings into the dread of evil tidings, till he feared rather than longed for the sounds for which his whole being seemed to watch.

Nothing could exceed Mr. Stanforth's kindness to him, and he held up at first bravely, and submitted to his friend's care. On the third morning they resolved that Don Guzman should be written to, and Cherry, who had been wandering about in an access of restless misery, tried to begin the letter; but he put down the pen, turning faint and dizzy, and unable to frame a sentence.

'I cannot,' he said, faintly. 'I cannot see.'

'You must lie down, my dear boy; you have had no rest. I will do it.'

'My father, too,' Cheriton said with a painful effort at self-control. 'I think—there's no chance. I must try to do it; but—oh—Jack—Jack!'

He buried his face on his arms with a sob that seemed as if it would tear him to pieces.

'You must not write yet to your father,' said Mr. Stanforth. 'I do not give up hope. Courage, my boy!'

Suddenly a loud scream rang through the house, and an outburst of voices, and one raised joyously—

'My brother—my brother—are you here?—we are safe!' and as Cherry started to his feet Alvar, followed by Jack, rushed into the room, and clasped him in his arms.

'Safe! yes, the abominable idiotic brutes of soldiers! But we're all right, Cherry. You mustn't mind now.'

'Yes, we are here, and it is over.'

'Thank Heaven for His great mercy!' cried Mr. Stanforth, almost bursting into tears as he grasped Alvar's hand.

'Bandits, bandits?' cried half-a-dozen voices.

But Cherry could not speak a word; he only put out his hand and caught Jack's, as if to feel sure of his presence also.

'*Mi quirido*,' said Alvar in his gentle natural tones, 'all the terror is over—now you can rest. I think you had better go, Jack. I will take care of him,' he added.

'Yes,' said Mr. Stanforth; 'this has been far too much. Come, Jack—come and tell us all that has chanced.'

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JACK ON HIS METTLE.

'Lat me alone in chesing of my wyf,
That charge upon my bak I wol endure.'
CHAUCER.

THAT same morning, when Jack and Alvar had ridden hurriedly up to the hotel, looking eagerly to catch sight of those who were so anxiously watching for them, their eyes fell on Gipsy's solitary figure, standing

motionless, with eyes turned towards the mountain, and hands dropped listlessly before her. Jack's heart gave a great bound, and at the sound of the horses' hoofs, she turned with a start and scream of joy, and sprang towards them, while Jack, jumping off, caught both her hands, crying—

'Oh, don't be frightened any more, we're come!'

'Your brother!' exclaimed Gipsy as she flew into the house; but her cry of 'Papa! papa!' was suddenly choked with such an outburst of blinding, stifling tears and sobs, that she paused perforce; and as they ran up stairs, Mariquita, the pretty Spanish girl who waited on them, caught her hand and kissed her fervently.

'Ah, señorita, dear señorita; thanks to the saints, they have sent her lover back to her. Sweet señorita, now she will not cry!'

A sudden access of self-consciousness seized on Gipsy; she blushed to her finger-tips, and only anxious to hide the tears she could not check she hurried away, round to the back of the inn, into a sort of orchard, where grew peach and nectarine trees, apples and pears already showing buds, and where the ground was covered with jonquils and crocuses, while beyond was the rocky precipice, and, far off, the snowy peaks that still made Gipsy shudder. Unconscious of the strain she had been enduring she was terrified at the violence of her own emotion, for Gipsy was not a girl who was given to gusts of feeling. Probably the air and the solitude were her best remedies, for she soon began to recover herself, and sat up among the jonquils. Oh, how thankful she was that the danger was over, and the bright, kindly Cheriton spared from such a terrible sorrow! But was it for Cheriton's sake that these last two days had been like a frightful dream, that her very existence seemed to have been staked on news of the lost ones? No one—*no one* could help such feelings. Miss Weston had cried about it, and her father had never been able to touch a pencil. But that foolish Mariquita!' Here Gipsy sprang to her feet with a start, for close at her side stood Jack. At sight of him, strong and ruddy and safe, her feeling overpowered her consciousness of it, and she said, earnestly—

'Oh, I am so thankful you are safe! It was so dreadful!'

'And it was not dreadful at all in reality, only tiresome and absurd,' said Jack.

'It was very dreadful here,' said Gipsy, in a low voice, with fresh tears springing.

'Oh, if you felt so!' cried Jack ardently, 'I wish it could happen to me twenty times over!'

'Oh, never again!' she murmured; and then Jack, suddenly and impetuously—

'But I *am* glad it happened, for I found out up in that dirty hole how I felt. There was never any one like you. I—I—could you ever get to think of me? Oh, Gipsy, I mean it. I love you!' cried the

boy, his stern thoughtful face radiant with eagerness, as he seized her hand.

'Oh, no—you don't!' stammered Gipsy, not knowing what she said.

'I do!' cried Jack, desperately. 'I never was a fellow that did not know his own mind. Of course I know I'm young yet; but I only want to look forward. I shall work and get on, and—and up there at school and at Oakby I never thought there was any one like you. I disliked girls. But now—oh, Gipsy, won't you begin at the very beginning with me, and let us live our lives together?'

Boy as he was, there was a strength of intention in Jack's earnest tones that carried conviction. Perhaps the mutual attraction might have remained hidden for long, or even have passed away, but for the sudden and intense excitement that had brought it to the surface.

'Won't you—won't you?' reiterated Jack; and Gipsy said 'Yes.'

They stood in the glowing sunshine, and Jack felt a sort of ecstasy of unknown bliss. He did not know how long was the pause before Gipsy, starting, and as if finishing the sentence, went on—

'Yes—but I don't know. What will they all say? Isn't it wrong when we are so young?'

'Wrong! as if a year or two made any difference to feelings like mine!' cried Jack. 'If I were twenty-five, if I were thirty, I couldn't love you better!'

'Yes—but—' said Gipsy, in her quiet practical way. 'You *are* young, and—and—papa— If he says——'

'Of course I shall tell him,' said Jack. 'I am not going to steal you. If you will wait, I'll work and show your father that I am a man. For I love you!'

'I'll wait!' said Gipsy softly, and then voices sounded near, and she started away from him, while Jack—but Jack could never recollect exactly what he did during the next ten minutes, till the thought of how he was to tell his story sobered him. Practical life had not hitherto occupied much of Jack's mind; he had had no distinct intentions beyond taking honours, and if possible a fellowship, till he had been seized upon by this sudden passion, which in most lads would probably have been a passing fancy, but in so earnest and serious a nature took at once a real and practical shape. But when Jack thought of facing Mr. Stanforth, and still worse his own father, with his wishes and his hopes, a fearful embarrassment seized on him. No, he must first make his cause good with the only person who was likely to be listened to—he must find Cherry. However, the first person he met was Mr. Stanforth, who innocently asked him if he knew where his daughter was. Jack blushed and stared, answering incoherently—

'I was only looking for Cherry.'

'There he is. I heard him asking for you. Perhaps Gipsy is in the orchard.'

Jack felt very foolish and cowardly, but for his very life he could not begin to speak, and he turned towards the bench where Cherry sat in the sun, smoking his pipe comfortably, and conscious of little but a sense of utter rest and relief.

'Well, Jack, I haven't heard your story yet,' he said, as Jack came and sat down beside him. 'I don't think you have grown thin, though Alvar says they nearly starved you to death.'

'Where is Alvar?' asked Jack.

'I got him to go to the mayor, *intendant*, whatever the official is called here, and see if anything could be done for poor Pedro. His mother was here just now in an agony. Jack, I think the "evils of government" might receive some illustrations.'

'Cheriton,' said Jack, with unusual solemnity, 'I've got to ask your advice—that is, your opinion—that is, to tell you something.'

'Don't you think I should look at it from a ludicrous point of view?' said Cherry, whose spirits were ready for a reaction into nonsense.

'I don't know,' said Jack; 'but it is very serious. I have made up my mind, Cherry, that I mean to marry Miss Stanforth, and I shall direct all my efforts in life to accomplish this end. I know that I am younger than is usual on these occasions; but such things are not a question of time. Cherry, *do* help me; they'll all listen to you.'

Cheriton sat with his pipe in his hand, so utterly astonished, that he allowed Jack's sentences to come to a natural conclusion. Then he exclaimed—

'Jack! You! Oh, impossible!'

'I don't see why you should think it impossible. Any how, it's true!'

'But it is so sudden. Jack, my dear boy, you're slightly carried off your head just now. Don't say a word about it—while we're all together at least; it wouldn't be fair.'

'But I have,' answered Jack, 'and—and—' in a different tone, 'Cherry, I don't know how to believe it myself, but she—it is too wonderful—she will.'

Cherry did not answer. He put his hand on Jack's with a sudden quick movement.

'I suppose you think I ought to have waited till I had a better right to ask her,' said Jack presently.

A look of acute pain passed over Cheriton's face. He said, doubtfully, 'Are you quite sure?'

'Sure? Sure of what?'

'Of your own mind and hers?'

'Did I ever not know my own mind? I'm not a fool!' said Jack, angrily. 'And, if you could have seen just the way she looked, Cherry, you wouldn't have any doubts.'

'I am afraid,' said Cherry, very gently, and after a pause, 'that you have been very hasty. I don't think that father, or Mr. Stanforth either, would listen to you now.'

'I want you to ask them,' said Jack, insinuatingly. 'Father would do anything for you now, and, besides, we are young enough to wait, and I've got the world before me, and I mean to keep straight and get on. Why should Mr. Stanforth object? I feel as if I could do anything. You don't think it would make me idle? No, I shall work twice as hard as I should without it.'

'Yes,' said Cherry, quietly, 'no doubt.'

Something in his tone brought recent facts to Jack's remembrance, as was proved by his sudden silence. Cherry looked round at him and smiled.

'You know, Jack, I wasn't prepared to find the schoolboy stage passed into the lover's. I'll speak to Mr. Stanforth, if that is what you want, and even if things don't fit in at once, if you feel as you say, you won't be much to be pitied with such an aim before you!'

'I'm not at all ashamed of telling my own story,' said Jack, 'but——'

'*But* there is Mr. Stanforth coming out of the house, so if you mean to run away you had better make haste about it.'

Jack rose, but he paused a moment, and as Mr. Stanforth came towards them, said bluntly—

'Mr. Stanforth, I want Cheriton to tell you about it first,' then deliberately walked away.

Poor Mr. Stanforth, who had little expected such an ending to his tour with his favourite little daughter, was feeling himself in a worse scrape than the lovers, and though he had romance enough to sympathise with them, was disposed to be angry with Jack for his inconsiderate haste, and to feel that 'What will your mother say?' was a more uncomfortable question to himself than to his daughter.

Cheriton, on his side, would have been very glad of a few minutes for reflection, but Mr. Stanforth began at once.

'I see I have not brought news to you.'

'No,' said Cherry. 'Jack has been talking to me; I had no idea of such a thing. But, Mr. Stanforth, there is no doubt that Jack is thoroughly in earnest,' as a half smile twinkled on the artist's perplexed countenance.

'In earnest, yes; but what business has he to be in earnest? What would your father say to such a proceeding? What can he say at your brother's age, and of people of whom he knows nothing, and of a connection of which, knowing nothing, he probably would not approve?'

Cheriton blushed, knowing that this last assertion contained much truth.

'But he does know,' he said 'of all your kindness, and he will know more—and—and when he knows you, he could not think——'

'Excuse me, my dear fellow, but he will think. He will think I have thrown my daughter in the way of his sons—for which I have only my own imprudence, I suppose, to thank. And he would no doubt dislike a connection the advantages of which, whatever they may be, are not enumerated in Burke's *Landed Gentry*.'

Mr. Stanforth smiled, though he spoke with with a certain spirited dignity, and Cheriton could not contradict him; for though Mr. Stanforth had not risen out of any romantic obscurity, he certainly owed his present position to his own genius and high personal character. He had himself married well, and all would depend on the way in which it was put to a man like Mr. Lester, slow to realise unfamiliar facts. Cheriton could not take the liberty of saying that he thought such an objection would be groundless, or at least easily overcome; but he was afraid that his silence might be misconstrued, and said—

'But on your side, Mr. Stanforth, would you think it wrong to give Jack a little hope? I think he has every prospect of success in life. And he is a very good fellow. Sudden as this is, I feel sure that he will stick to it.'

'As to that,' said Mr. Stanforth, 'I like Jack very well, and for my part I think young people are all the better for having to fight their way; but whatever may take place in the future I can allow no intercourse till your father's consent is obtained. That will give a chance of testing their feelings on both sides. Gipsy is a mere child, she may not understand herself.'

'I think,' said Cheriton, 'that if Jack writes to my father now, or speaks to him when he gets home, that no one will attend to him. But if it could wait till we all go back, I could explain the circumstances so much better. It is always difficult to take in what passes at a distance.'

'Well,' said Mr. Stanforth, 'all I have to say is that when Jack applies to me, with his father's consent, I will hear what he has to say, not before. Come, Cheriton,' he added, 'you know there is no other way of acting. This foolish boy has broken up our pleasant party, and upset all our plans.'

'Perhaps I ought to have made more apologies for him,' said Cherry with a smile. 'But I want things to go well with Jack. It would be so bad for him to have a disappointment of that kind just as he is making his start in life.'

Mr. Stanforth noticed the unconscious emphasis, 'I want things to go well with *Jack*,' and said, kindly, 'Jack couldn't have a better special pleader, and if he has as much stuff in him as I think, a few obstacles won't hurt him.'

'Oh, Jack has plenty of good strong stuff in him, mental, moral—and physical too,' added Cherry hurriedly.

Mr. Stanforth was touched by the allusion which was evidently intended to combat a possible latent objection on his part.

'Jack is excellent—but inconvenient,' he said, thinking it better not to make the subject too serious. 'The thing is what to do next.' As he spoke, Jack himself came up to them, and Mr. Stanforth prevented his first words with, 'My dear fellow, I have said my say to your brother, and I don't mean to listen to yours just yet.'

'I believe, sir,' said Jack, 'that I—I have not observed sufficient formalities. I shall go straight home to my father, and I hope to obtain his full consent. But it is due to me to let me say that my mind *is*, and always will be, quite unalterable. And I'm not sorry I spoke, sir—I can't be!'

'No,' said Mr. Stanforth, 'but I must desire that you make no further attempt at present.'

'I hope, Mr. Stanforth, that you don't imagine I would attempt anything underhand!' cried Jack impetuously.

'I shall have every confidence in you,' said Mr. Stanforth, gravely; 'but remember, I cannot regard you as pledged to my daughter by anything that has passed to-day.'

Jack made no answer, but he closed his lips with an expression of determination.

When Alvar came back, having succeeded in instituting an inquiry into the merit of Pedro's character, there was a discussion of plans, which ended in the three brothers agreeing to go by the shortest route to Seville, whence Jack could at once start for England; while the Stanforths followed them by a longer and more picturesque road, and after picking up their own property, would also go home *viâ* Madrid some week or two later. Alvar was not nearly so much astonished as the others, nor so much concerned.

'It was natural,' he said, 'since Jack's heart was not preoccupied, and would doubtless pass away with absence.'

Jack was so excessively indignant that he did not condescend to a reply, only asking Cherry if he was too tired to start at once.

This proposal, however, was negatived by Mr. Stanforth, who remarked that he did not want to hear of any more adventures in the dusk; and it was agreed that both parties should start early on the following morning. In the meantime the only rational thing was to behave as usual. Jack was however speechless and surly with embarrassment, and stuck to Cheriton as if he was afraid to lose sight of him; while Gipsy bore herself with a transparent affectation of unconsciousness, and, though she blushed at every look, coined little remarks at intervals. Miss Weston kindly professed to be seized with a desire to inspect the Dominican Convent, and carried her and Alvar off for that purpose; while Jack held by Cherry, who was glad to rest, though this startling incident had one good effect, in driving away all the haunting memories of the late alarm.

The next morning all were up with the sun, Gipsy busily dispensing the chocolate and pressing it on Cheriton as he sat at the table. Suddenly she turned, and, with a very pretty gesture, half confident, half shy, she held up a cup to Jack, who stood behind.

'Won't you have some?' she said, with a hint of her own mischief in her eyes and voice. Jack seized the cup, and—upset it over the deft quick hands that tendered it to him.

'Oh, I have burnt you!' he exclaimed, in so tragic a voice that all present burst out laughing.

'No,' said Gipsy, 'early morning chocolate is not dangerously hot; but you have spoiled my cuffs and spilled it, and I don't think there's any more of it.'

'Jack's first attention!' said Cherry, under his breath; but he jumped up and followed Alvar, who had gone to see about the mount provided for them. Miss Weston was tying various little bags on to her saddle.

'I say, Mr. Stanforth,' called Cherry, 'there's such a picturesque mule here; do come and see it.'

He looked up with eyes full of mischievous entreaty as Mr. Stanforth obeyed his call. 'Well,' said the latter with a smile, 'I may ask *you* to come and see me at Kensington, for I must get the picture finished.'

'That was a much prettier picture, just now,' said Cheriton, 'and I'm sure Jack would be happy to sit for it *any* time.'

When Gipsy, long afterwards, was pressed on the subject of that little parting interview, she declared that Jack had done nothing but say that he wouldn't make love to her on any account; but however that might be, she soon came running out, rosy and bashful; while Cheriton put her on her mule and gave her a friendly hand-squeeze and a look of all possible encouragement. Mr. Stanforth went into the house and called Jack to bid him a kind farewell. After the party had set off, Gipsy looked back and saw the crowd of mule drivers and peasants, the host and hostess, with Mariquita kissing her hands, and the three brothers standing together in the morning sunshine, waving their farewells. As they passed out of sight, her father touched her hand and made her ride up close to his side.

'My little girl,' he said, 'this is a serious thing that has come to you; I do not know how it may end for you. I am sure that it will bring you anxiety and delay. Be honest with yourself, and do not exaggerate the romance and excitement of these last few days into a feeling which may demand from you much sacrifice.'

Gipsy had never heard her father speak in this tone before, she was awed and silenced.

'Be honest,' repeated her father, 'for I think it is a very honest heart that you have won.'

'Papa,' said Gipsy, 'I *am* honest, and I think I know what you

mean. But I don't mind waiting if I know he is waiting too. He said "begin at the beginning" with him.'

'Well,' said Mr. Stanforth with a sigh, '*Ché sará sará;*' but with a sudden turn, '*He* is young too, you know, and many things may happen to change his views.'

'I cannot help it now, papa,' said Gipsy, who felt that those days and nights of terror had developed her feelings more than weeks of common life. She gave her father's hand a little squeeze, and looked up in his face with the tears on her black eyelashes. She *meant* to say 'I love *you* all the better because of this new love which has made everything deeper and warmer for me,' but all she managed to say was —'There! There are all the things tumbling out of your knapsack! I'm not going to have *that* happen again even if—if—whatever should take place in the future.'

'I hope, my dear, that nothing more will happen, at least till we are at home again,' said Mr. Stanforth meekly; but Gipsy put the things into the knapsack, and after a little silence they fell into a conversation on the scenery as naturally as possible.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A SUMMONS.

'Once from high Heaven
Is a father given.
Once—and, oh, never again!'

After Jack returned home, with the understanding that the disclosure of his holiday occupations should await his brother's return, and after the Stanforths had also left Seville, Alvar and Cheriton spent several weeks there without any adventures to disturb their tranquillity. Alvar was a good deal with his grandfather, whose health was not at this time good, but who had evinced great curiosity as to the details of their detention on the mountains. He used also to go to the different clubs and meet acquaintances, where they talked politics and scandal, and played at cards, dominoes, and billiards. It was an aimless existence, and Cheriton sometimes fancied that Alvar grew restless under it, and would not be sorry to return to England. This, however, might have been owing to Cheriton's own decided dislike to the young *Sevillanos*, who struck him as almost justifying his grandmother's preconceived theory of Alvar's probable behaviour.

'Ah, they do not suit you, that is not what you like,' Alvar said cheerfully, but he never said 'It is not *good*, this sort of life does not make a nation great or virtuous.'

Manoel was of another type, and perhaps a more respectable one; but they saw very little of him. Cheriton liked the ladies, who were kind, and possessed many domestic virtues; and at Don Guzman's

country place there was something exceedingly pleasant in the cheerfulness and gaiety of the peasants. He would have liked to have found out something of the working of the Church, of the views of the clergy, and how far they differed, not only from those of an Anglican, but of an intelligent Roman priest in more civilised countries, but on these subjects no one would talk to him. He heard mutterings of hatred towards the priests in some quarters, and a good deal of chatter about processions and ceremonies from the young ladies, but nothing further. He did not want for occupation. He could now read and speak Spanish easily, and although the Cid, Ferdinand and Isabella, the Armada and the Inquisition had been about the only salient points in his mind previously, he made a study of Spanish history, without much increase of his admiration for the Spaniards. He was able, also, to do much more sight-seeing than at first, and of the cathedral he never tired, and never came to the end of its innumerable chapels, each with some great picture which Mr. Stanforth had taught him how to see; never ceased to find something new in the mystery and solemnity of its aisles with their glory of coloured lights.

These quiet weeks formed a sort of resting-place during which he was able to think both of the past and of the future; he could dare now to look away from the immediate present. Cheriton's eyes were very clear, his moral sense very keen, and he saw that he had been under a delusion, that Ruth and he were as the poles asunder, that her deliberate deception, her want of any sense of honour, had marked a nature that never could have satisfied his. Love in his case was no longer blind, but it was none the less passionate, and, whatever else life might hold for him, the memory of all his first best hopes could never bring him anything but pain. This pain had been as much as he could bear, but others, he thought, had suffered as keenly, and had led lives that were neither ignoble nor unhappy. Because one great love had gone out of his life was nothing else worthy or dear? 'Nothing' had been the answer of his first anguish, but Cheriton's nature was too rich in love for such an answer to stand. The help for which he had prayed had been sent to him, and it came in the sense that home faces were still dear—*how* dear his late alarm had taught him, home duties still paramount, that he could be a good son and brother and friend still. And he thought with a sort of surprise of the many pleasant and not unhappy hours he had passed of late, how much, after all, he had 'enjoyed himself.' He hardly knew that his quick intelligence was a gift to be thankful for, or that his unselfish interest in others brought its own reward. On another side of his nature, also, he resisted the aimlessness of his lost hopes. The thought of Ruth had sweetened his success at Oxford, but he would not be such a coward as to give up all his objects in life, he would make a name for himself still, and show her that she had not brought him to utter shipwreck. This motive was strong in Cheriton, though it ran alongside with much higher ones.

One picture in the cathedral exercised a great fascination over Cheriton's mind. It hangs in the Capilla del Consuelo over a side altar, dedicated to the *Angel de la Guarda*, and is one of the many masterpieces of Murillo to be found in Seville. It represents a tall, strong angel with wide-spread wings, and grave, benevolent face, leading by the hand a child—a subject which has been of course repeated in every form of commonplace prettiness. But in this picture the figure of the angel conveys a sense of heavenly might and unearthly guardianship which no imitation or repetition could give. It is called the 'Guardian Angel,' but Cheriton had been told by one of the priests that the name given to it by the painter himself was 'The Soul and the Church,' which for some reason or other had been changed by the monks of the Capuichin Convent, to whom the picture had originally belonged. It was a thought and a carrying out of the thought which, seen among such surroundings, was full of suggestion, how and why that Divine Guidance seemed here in great measure to have gone astray, how the great angel's finger had not always pointed upward, and yet how utterly helpless and rudderless the nation was when it cast off the Guide of its fathers. Then his thoughts turned to his own life and to the Hand that held it, to the Guidance that was sometimes so hard to recognise, so difficult to yield to, and yet how the sense of a love and a wisdom above his own, speaking to him whether in the events of his own life, the better impulses of his own heart, or in the visible forms of religion, was the one light in the darkness.

'O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.'

As he murmured the words half aloud a hand touched his shoulder. He looked up and saw Alvar standing beside him.

'*Mi querido*, I have been looking for you. Will you come home. I want you,' he said.

'There is something the matter,' said Cheriton quickly, as he looked at him. 'What is it?'

'Ah, I *must* tell you!' said Alvar reluctantly. 'It is bad news indeed. Sit down again—here—I have received this.'

He took a telegraph paper out of his pocket and put it into Cherry's hand.

'Mrs. Lester to Alvar Lester.

'Your father has met with a dangerous accident. He wishes to see you. Come home at once. He desires Cheriton to run no risk.'

Cheriton looked up blankly for a moment, then started to his feet, crushing up the paper in his hand.

'Quick,' he said, 'we must go at once. When? By Madrid is the shortest way.'

'Yes—I—' said Alvar; 'but see what he says.'

'I *must* go,' said Cheriton. 'Don't waste any words about it. I *know* he wants me. I'll be careful enough, only make haste.'

But he paused, and dropping on his knees on the altar step, covered his face with his hands, rose, and silently led the way out of the Cathedral.

Alvar, with his usual tact, perceived at once that it would be impossible to persuade him to stay behind, and did not fret him by the attempt, though this hasty journey and the return to Oakby in the first sharp winds of March were more on his own mind than the thought of what news might meet them at the journey's end.

It was still early in the day, and they were able to start within a few hours, only taking a few of their things with them, amid a confusion of tears, sympathy, and regret; Don Guzman evidently parting from Alvar with reluctance, and bestowing a tremendous embrace on Cheriton in return for his thanks for the kindness that had been shown to him. Manoel, on the other hand, was evidently relieved at their early departure.

Some days later, on a wild blustering morning in the first week of March, Jack Lester stood on the step of the front door of Oakby. The trees were still bare, and scarcely a primrose peeped through the dead leaves beneath them; pale rays of sun were struggling with the quick driven clouds, the noisy caw of the rooks mingled with the rustle of the leafless branches. Jack was pale and heavy-eyed. He looked across the wide wild landscape as if its very familiarity were strange to him, then started, as up the park from a side entrance came a carriage and pair as fast as it could be driven, and in another minute pulled up at the door.

'Oh, Cherry, we have never dared to wish for you!' cried Jack, as Cheriton sprang out and caught both his hands. 'Come in—come in! Oh, if you had *but* come last night!'

'Not too late—not too late altogether?'

Jack shook his head, his voice choked, but they knew too well what he would tell them, and the two brothers stood just within the door, holding by each other, Jack sobbing with relief from the strain of responsibility and loneliness, and Cheriton dazed and silent, unable to utter a word.

The servants began to gather round them.

'Oh, Mr. Cheriton, it's some comfort to see you back, sir!' said the butler; and—'Thank heaven, sir, you're come to help your poor grandmother!' cried the old housekeeper; while Nettie, flying down stairs, threw herself into Cheriton's arms, as if they were a refuge from the agony of new and most forlorn sorrow, while he held her fast with long speechless kisses.

Alvar stood still. In that instinctive mutual clinging in the first shock of their common grief he had no share, and for the moment he stood as much a stranger among them as when, more than a year

before, he had come into the midst of their Christmas merrymaking, and had silenced their laughter by his unwelcome presence.

Jack was the first to awaken to a sense of present necessity.

'You have been travelling all night,' he said. 'Come and sit down —you must be tired out.'

'We had some breakfast at Hazelby, while we waited for the carriage,' said Alvar; and Cherry, as Nettie released her hold, unfastened his wraps, and moved over to the hall fire, sitting down in the great chair, as they began to exchange question and answer.

'What happened—how was it?'

'Didn't you get my telegram?' said Jack.

'No, only granny's. Where is she?'

'Asleep, I hope. The meet was at Ashrigg, and old Rob fell in taking the brook, just by Fletcher's farm. And so—so he was thrown, and it was an injury to the spine; but he was quite conscious, and sent that telegram to Alvar. After that he didn't often know us—till—till last night. And it was over before eleven. We did not think you could possibly get here till to-night, and we had no news of you, so I telegraphed again as soon as I got home; but I suppose you missed the message.'

'We wrote and telegraphed from Madrid,' said Alvar; 'it is quite possible that there should be delay there; and in Paris and London we had hardly a moment to catch the trains. Cherry has been too anxious to feel the fatigue, but he *must* rest now.'

'There must be a great many things to attend to,' said Cheriton, standing up, and passing his hand over his eyes as if he were rousing himself out of an unnatural dream.

'Not yet,' said Jack, 'it is so early. Mr. Ellesmere will come back by and by.'

Cherry looked round. He noticed that a pair of antlers had been removed from one of the panels, and an impulse came to him to ask why, and then the oddest sense of the incongruity of the remark. He rather knew than felt the truth of the blow that had fallen on them, and all the different aspects of this great change, even to remote particulars, passed over his mind, as over the mind of a drowning man, but as thoughts, not as realities. Suddenly there was a bark and a scutter, and Buffer, in an ecstasy of incongruous joy, rushed into the hall, jumped upon him, yelping, licking, dancing, and writhing with rapture. He was followed by Rolla, who came slowly in, and laid his great tawny head on his master's knee, looking sorrowfully up in his face as much as to say that *he* knew well enough that this was like no other home-coming.

Cheriton started up and pushed them all aside. He walked away to the window and stared out at the park, into the library and looked round it, evidently hardly knowing what he was about. Alvar, who had been standing pale and silent, roused himself too, and followed him, putting his arm over his shoulder.

'Come,' he said, 'come up stairs. Jack, where is there a fire?'

Cheriton yielded instinctively to Alvar's hand and voice, and Jack led them up stairs, saying that granny had insisted on their rooms being kept ready for them. Nettie withheld Buffer from following them, and crouched down on the rug by the hall fire till Jack returned to her.

'They have both gone to bed for a little while,' he said, 'even Alvar is tired out. Nettie, you had better go to granny, as soon as she is awake, and tell her that they are here, and that Cherry is pretty well.'

'I suppose Cherry will tell us what to do,' said Nettie, as she stood up.

Discipline and absence from home had improved Nettie; she was less childish and more considerate, remembering to tell Jack that he had had no breakfast, and to order some to be ready when the travellers should want it.

Bob, who had been sent for a day or two before, now joined them. He had grown as tall as Jack, but grief and awe gave him a heavy, sullen look, and indeed they said very little to each other. Jack wrote a few necessary letters, and sent them off by one of the grooms, and telegraphed to Judge Cheriton, who was coming that same evening, the news of what he would find. But their father had been so completely manager and master, that Jack felt as if giving an order himself were unjustifiable, and as soon as he dared, he went to see if Cherry were able to talk to him.

'Come, Jack,' said Cherry, as the boy came up to him, 'come now, and tell me everything.'

Jack leaned against the foot of the bed, and in the half-darkened room told all the details of the last few days. There had not been much suffering, nor long intervals of consciousness, so far as they knew. Cherry could have done no good till last night. Granny had done all the nursing. 'I never thought,' said Jack, 'she loved any one so much.' Mr. Ellesmere had been everything to them, and had written letters and told them what to do. 'But last night father came more to himself, and sent for Mr. Ellesmere, and presently he fetched me, and father took hold of my hand, and said to me quite clearly, "Remember, your eldest brother will stand in my place; let there be no divisions among you." And then—then he told me to try and keep Bob straight, and that I had been a good lad. But oh, Cherry, if he had but known about Gipsy! But I couldn't say one word then. And then Mr. Ellesmere said, "Shall Jack say anything to Cherry for you?" And he smiled, and said, "My love and blessing, for he has been the light of my eyes." And then he sent for Bob and Nettie, and sent messages to old Wilson and some of the servants. And he said that he had tried to do his duty in life by his children and neighbours, but that he had often failed, especially in one respect, and also he had not ruled his temper as a Christian man should; and

he asked every one to forgive him, and specially the vicar, if he had overstepped the bounds his position gave him; Mr. Ellesmere said something of "thanks for years of kindness." And then—we had the Communion. And after a bit he said very low, "If my boy should live, I know he will keep things together." Then I think he murmured something about—about your coming—and the cold weather—and—and—you were not to fret—it was only waiting a little longer. And then quite loud he said, "Fear God, and keep His Commandments," and then just whispered, "Fanny." That was the last word; but he lived till eleven. And poor granny, she broke down into dreadful crying, and said, "The light of *my* eyes—the light of *my* eyes is darkened." Nettie was very good with her; but at last we all got to bed—and—oh, Cherry, it isn't quite so bad now we have you!' and Jack pressed up to his side.

Cheriton had listened to all this long faltering tale leaning on his elbow, his wide open eyes fixed on his brother, without interrupting him by a word. Jack cried, and he put his arm round his neck, and said, 'Poor boy!' but no tears came to him.

'I never thought,' said Jack, whose natural reserve was dispelled by stress of feeling, 'I never thought what a good man he was, and how much he cared.'

'Yes, he loved goodness,' said Cherry, with a heavy sigh.

It was true. With some prejudices and many weaknesses, Gerald Lester had set his duty first, he had lived such a life that those around him were the better for his existence, he had left a place empty and a work to be done. Who would fill the place—how would the work be done?

Through all the crush of personal grief, his two sons could not but ask themselves this question; but they could not bring themselves to speak of it to each other; and after a few minutes Cheriton said—

'I think I will get up now. We must talk things over together; and I want to see granny.'

'If you have rested.'

'Oh yes, as much as is possible. I am quite well, indeed. Go down, my boy. I will come directly.'

Jack went with a lightened heart. If Cherry were well and able to take the lead among them, everything could be borne. When Cheriton came into the library he found that Alvar had already appeared, and was eating some breakfast, for it was still only twelve o'clock, while Mr. Ellesmere was standing by the fire. The vicar greeted him kindly and quietly, and Alvar poured out some coffee for him; and then Mr. Ellesmere began to explain some of the arrangements he had been obliged to make, and that he had sent to their father's solicitor, Mr. Malcolm, to come in the afternoon. Cheriton thanked him, and asked a few questions; but Alvar did not seem to take the conversation to himself, till the butler having taken away

the breakfast things paused, and after looking first at Cheriton, turned to Alvar, and said rather awkwardly—

'Do you expect the Judge by the five o'clock train, sir, and shall the carriage be sent to Hazelby to meet him?'

There was a moment's silence, the three younger brothers coloured to their very hair roots, and Cheriton made a half step away from Alvar's side. The sudden pang that shot through him by its very sharpness brought its own remedy. He put his hand on Alvar's arm as if to call his attention.

'The train comes in at five—we had better send, hadn't we?' he said.

'Oh, yes!' said Alvar.

He had grown a little pale, and he turned his large black eyes on Cheriton with a look half-proud, half-appealing, and so sad as to drown all Cheriton's momentary shrinking in self-reproach.

'Alvar,' said Mr. Ellesmere, 'if you will come with me, I have a message for you from your father.'

He led the way into Mr. Lester's study, and Alvar followed him to the room, of which his last vivid recollection was of the painful dispute after the breach of his engagement. He stood by the fire in silence, and the vicar said—

'Alvar, your father desired me to tell you that, of all the actions of his life, he most regretted the neglect which for so many years he showed you. He bid me say that on his death-bed he desired his son's forgiveness.'

'My father made me every amends in his power,' said Alvar, in a low voice.

'He commended your grandmother and your sister to your protection and kindness; your brothers also, and thought thankfully of all that you and Cherry have become to each other.'

Alvar was much agitated, for some moments he was unable to speak, then he said, vehemently—

'This is my inheritance, as it was my father's; but to my brothers I seem an interloper. This is the wrong my father did to me, he made me a stranger in my own place.'

'It was a wrong of which he deeply repented.'

'It does not become me to speak of it,' said Alvar, proudly.

'You must not exaggerate,' said Mr. Ellesmere. 'It would be hard for Cheriton to see any one in his father's place; but you have won from him, at any rate, a brother's love.'

'I am his dear friend,' said Alvar; 'but it is different with Jack.'

'Don't draw these fine distinctions. *Be* a worthy successor to your father; live here among your people, as he did, in the fear of God, and doing your duty as an English gentleman, and be, as you have ever been, patient and kind to your brothers. Doubtless it seems a hard task to you, but I earnestly believe that by God's blessing you may be

all to them that even Cheriton might be in your place. Nay, the very differences between you may have been the means of good.'

'You are very kind to me, sir, and I thank you,' said Alvar, courteously; but Mr. Ellesmere felt as if his words had fallen a little flat. He felt sorry for Alvar, but he could not look forward to the future without uneasiness. He saw that the wrong was neither forgotten nor forgiven, and that there was in the young Spaniard's nature a background of immovable pride that promised ill for accommodating himself to unfamiliar duties, and a want of moral insight that would be slow in recognising them.

It seemed rather inconsistent when Alvar said meekly, 'Cheriton will tell me in all things what I should do,' and led the way back to the library.

Here they found the others gathered in a group by the fire; Nettie sitting on a stool at Cheriton's feet, Jack leaning over the back of his chair, and Bob close at hand. How much alike they looked, with their similar colouring and outline, and faces set in the same sorrowful stillness and softened by the same feelings! Alvar paused and looked at them for a moment, but Cheriton, seeing him, rose and came forward.

'We have been waiting for you, Alvar,' he said. 'I have been to see grandmamma, but I did not stay—she could not bear it; but now —will you come up stairs with us?'

He gave a look of invitation to Mr. Ellesmere also, and he followed them silently into the chamber of death.

There lay their father, all the irritable marks of human frailty smoothed away, and the grand outline and long beard giving him a likeness to some kingly monument. The twins held by each other, their grief almost overpowered by shrinking awe. Jack frowned and set his mouth hard, and wrung Cherry's hand in his stress of feeling till he almost crushed it, while Cheriton stood quite still and calm by Alvar's side.

'Let us pray,' said Mr. Ellesmere; and as they all knelt down he repeated the Lord's Prayer, and such other words as came to him.

When they rose up again Cheriton bent down and kissed his father's brow, and one by one the younger ones followed his example. Only Alvar stood still, till Cheriton turned to him, and taking his hand, with a look that Mr. Ellesmere never forgot, drew him forward.

Alvar obeyed him, but as his lips touched his father's face the thought suddenly struck Cheriton that it must have been for the first time—that never, even in babyhood, had a caress passed between the father and son; and then, in contrast, he thought of himself, and the grief, hitherto unrealised, broke forth at last. He hid his face in his hands and hurried out of the room into his own, away from them all.

(To be continued.)

MINE OWN VINEYARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DREAMS AND DEEDS,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MILDRED.

MR. KENHAM was a widower with six children, whose ages ranged from six to sixteen. Mildred was the eldest, and little Dora the youngest; between these came Jack, Ned, Alice, and Harry. The latter was fourteen, a tall, pale-faced boy, who just before his mother's death had lost his sight completely, through an accident in a chemical experiment he was making.

Mrs. Kenham's death and Harry's blindness cast a deep shade over the Homestead, and Mr. Kenham especially seemed unable to rouse himself from his great depression. At last, however, he did so, helped by God, Whom he so truly loved and served, to make the needed effort. He was an earnest Christian, and he had every reason to believe that his children were all walking with their faces set Heavenwards.

At the time my story begins, the Homestead was a bright, happy home, and its inmates formed a very united family, who loved each other dearly, and showed all possible tenderness to the blind Harry, who bore his trial so sweetly and patiently.

Mrs. Childers, Mr. Kenham's widowed and childless sister, superintended the education of Alice and Dora, as she was fond of teaching, quite capable of instructing them, and preferred doing so to their having a governess. The three younger boys went to school at Saxby, as day boarders; and Mildred read to herself, and studied, besides having masters for drawing and music.

Mildred, one sunny spring morning, had risen early as usual, and having thrown open her window, which gave out on the lawn, and in the view admitted a peep at the distant hills, she sat down and began reading. She had finished her prayers, and now was reading her Bible, which she always did for some time before going down stairs. Ever since her mother's death, Mildred had made a point of getting this early time, and she found the benefit of it very great. That morning she had plenty of time, and she looked over the subject for her Sunday-school lesson for the morning, and took notes of it carefully. Then the breakfast gong sounded, and the voices of the

children as they talked while going down stairs, echoed pleasantly through the corridors and the great panelled hall from which the dining-room opened. After breakfast came prayers, and then the post-bag was brought in.

They received their letters late at Saxby, and this morning there were a great many. Two for Mildred, who immediately opened and read hers. One was from a London bookseller, saying that the books she had ordered would be sent at once. Her father having given her some money for her birthday the week before, she had decided to spend part of it on books; amongst others she had ordered *Archbishop Trench on the Parables and the Miracles*, which she very much needed in helping her to prepare for her Sunday-school work. For Mildred gave herself a great deal of trouble in preparing for Sunday, and always studied her lesson for the morning and the afternoon with great care. But, besides for that purpose, she really had long wished to possess these and some other books, amongst them a Bible. Her own was worn out, and she had been able to get a Bagster's limp-covered Bible, which she had long wished to possess.

The other was a short letter from a school friend, a girl she had known some years ago when she had been at school at Brighton.

In a few days the books came; and every day Mildred tried to study her Bible, and any books that would help her in that. At that time Mildred's life was very simple and truly religious. She knew that she ought to study, as she had left off school, and she conscientiously did it, sure that in thus following out her father's wishes she was doing right. Her brothers and sisters, and all who knew her, loved her, for she was most sweet and gentle tempered. Not that she was never put out, but she had great control over herself, and knew Whom to ask for aid in struggling against that or any sin. She was very careful to pray earnestly every morning that she might spend a day in God's service, and that 'the daily round, the common task' might indeed draw her soul nearer to Him; and through the day, at lessons, or study, or walking, working, speaking, Mildred endeavoured to preserve a spirit of recollection. Then when she visited her poor people she endeavoured to go carefully, asking to be taught what to say and how to say it. At night, her careful self-examination, would reveal her faults and shortcomings, her omissions and commissions, and to Him Who is faithful and just to forgive us our sins she confessed them.

But one day it suddenly dawned upon her that she might be doing more in the parish, in the way of visiting the poor, and school work. She spoke to her father about it, and he readily acquiesced in her demand to be allowed to do more, and gave her permission to do it.

'Only, my dear child,' he added, 'don't do too much.'

'Oh no, father,' said Mildred, delighted at the ready permission granted her, 'I shall not undertake more than I can do.'

'Very well, child. So long as you do not overtax your strength, and do not neglect yourself—I mean spiritually, mind, as well as physically—you may go on, and, it is to be hoped, prosper.'

Mildred hardly understood what her father meant by neglecting herself, and as she fancied he was busy she did not like to stay and talk more of it, besides which, she was ever shy of speaking of herself.

She went quietly up stairs, and after dressing to go out, she was soon out of the Homestead grounds, on her way to Saxby.

It was a lovely day, and the walk to Saxby was a very pretty one. There were high hedges on either side of the road nearly all the way; behind them were high trees, the leaves of which had only just burst into full leaf; the birds were singing, and from the openings into tiny winding lanes came the perfume of the sweet spring flowers, primroses, among their crisp green leaves, violets grew plentifully, and the meadows were gay with buttercups and Lent lilies. It was Easter week, and all nature seemed to join in the joy of that blessed time when, long years ago, He who was delivered for our offences rose again for our justification.

At the end of the road before the turning into Saxby itself, Mildred met Miss Wilton, who was the superintendent of the Sunday-school, a district visitor, and general assistant and promoter of good works in the village, She was an energetic elderly lady, and she did a large amount of good. Mr. Hanson, the vicar, who had a delicate wife and ten children, would have felt as if his right hand was gone without Miss Wilton.

'Oh, Miss Wilton,' said Mildred, 'I am glad to meet you. I was just going to your house.'

'Were you, my dear? Well, I am sorry I cannot offer to turn back with you; but I am going to spend the afternoon with my sister at the Grove, and I am afraid I could not spare the time.'

'It does not matter at all, as I have met you, I can ask you here just as well,' said Mildred. 'I want to know if I may help with the afternoon infants' class—may I?'

Miss Wilton looked surprised. Mildred had a class, morning and afternoon, in the school.

'It will be too much for you,' she said, shortly.

'Oh no, indeed, it will not,' said Mildred, bent on carrying her point. 'The afternoon class, as you know, is before the Sunday school, and I shall have to come in earlier for that, that is all.'

'Very well, my dear. I am very glad of your help, as we want a teacher for the infants; but, all the same, I think it is too much for you. You will never be able to prepare the lessons carefully,' said Miss Wilton, who always 'spoke her mind,' as she expressed it, and was often very regardless of the feelings of others, being quite innocent of sensitiveness herself. But Mildred did not mind; although she was

sensitive, she had a gentle and forbearing spirit, and knew Miss Wilton of old.

'I shall not neglect the preparation of the lessons, Miss Wilton.'

'And don't imagine, Mildred, that because they are infants, babies almost, that you will need less thought and care in your work. It is *far* more difficult to teach little children than big, very often. Now mind you don't fail to keep up to the mark. Good-bye!' And Miss Wilton walked off. Mildred ran after her to know if she might begin the next day, and was told 'yes.'

Then Mildred went on to the vicarage, and told Mr. Hanson she would undertake the lending library on Monday afternoons; and he told her of his plan of establishing a night school for boys in the village, after the harvest was over. He had not mentioned it yet to Miss Wilton, but he felt sure she would help him in it.

CHAPTER II.

CHANGES.

THE summer days passed away very quickly. The corn ripened and took a golden tinge, and the harvest that year was a very good one.

The Homestead, or rather its inmates, went on well. All was happy and peaceful there. Mrs. Childers was much loved by her nephews and nieces, and Mr. Kenham thought what a good day it was when she had come to take charge of his motherless children.

Harry had taken to music very much lately; and the village organist, who was a talented man, thought that Harry might be able to get on very well if he persevered. He did persevere, and no one can tell, except Him whose good gift the taste for music was, how great a joy it was to the blind boy to think he could do something.

Mildred was very busy. Her time was certainly at her own disposal, for her brothers and sisters had little claim upon her, and no household duties of any kind fell to her share. Of course there were some things that Mildred always did: she dusted her father's study, and kept his fishing tackle tidy. He, like old Izaak Walton, dearly loved angling, and after a long spell of hard work at his books, it did him good to indulge in that gentle sport. Mildred never neglected this or anything else that she had to do, although her hours were much more filled up than in the spring.

Besides the lending library on Mondays, she had agreed to superintend a sewing class for village girls on three afternoons of the week, and as the vicar was attempting to teach these same girls to sing on the Tonic sol-fa system, she went down to help him on two other

afternoons. Then on Sundays she had hardly a moment to spare, and returned from the evening service thoroughly exhausted.

One Monday morning she came down to breakfast looking very white, and Mrs. Childers remarked that she did not look well.

'I do not feel ill, Aunt Emma,' said Mildred, who was always slow to acknowledge that anything was the matter with her.

'You were up later than usual,' remarked her aunt. 'I did not hear a sound in your room until half an hour ago.'

'No, I did not get up as early as usual. I was tired,' said Mildred, who did not add that since she had undertaken so very much she had gone to bed so tired that she found in the morning that getting up early was hardly possible. If she did so, she felt half-asleep all the day.

She missed the early morning hour that had been such a help and comfort to her. She tried to get it at another time, but rarely succeeded. Do you wonder at it?

Has any one that has made the practice of having a quiet time before breakfast, every day, given it up and tried to get it at any other time often been successful? Rarely. If that hour is not had in the early morning, the chances generally are that the prayer and reading which should occupy it are either hurried or left undone altogether. Then, if done later, it is *never the same*. To consecrate the first hours of the day by prayer; to ask for the needed strength for the possible trials; to pray for the grace to battle more successfully against the sin which does so easily beset you; to read that Holy Word of God quietly—is not that best done early, before the work of the day has begun, when the house is still, and, above all, the mind fresh?' Surely, the reward in going to the battle armed and with a prepared soul, is worth a thousand times the self-denial the act of rising early involves. If not, then often a hurried prayer is said, and perhaps a text or two read from an almanack, or a 'Dewdrop,' or 'Manna,' or 'Crumb' text-book, which, though excellent in their way, do not, cannot take the place of drawing direct from the fountain and store of the Bible itself.

This was exactly what Mildred was doing now. She tried to go up to her room after breakfast, but it was never the same, and she always felt that she should be in the schoolroom, reading or practising.

'Mildred,' said Alice to her that morning, 'we are going to Brierly Wood, this afternoon. Can you come?'

'Do, dear!' said Mrs. Childers, 'the country walk will do you good.'

'I can't, Aunt Emma, it's my lending library day.'

'Well, to-morrow, Mildred, can you come?—we can wait till then for you.'

'No, to-morrow is the sewing class,' said Mildred, 'and I shall be busy all the afternoon.'

'I hope you take plenty of exercise, my dear,' said Mr. Kenham, looking at Mildred, who certainly did not look as well as she usually did.

'Oh yes, father, I have the walk in and out of Saxby nearly every afternoon,' answered Mildred, and nothing more was said.

After breakfast she went to her bedroom and tried to pray, as she had not had time after rising later to do more than dress herself hurriedly. She knelt in her accustomed place, and the familiar words of her usual prayers fell from her lips; but it was an effort, and a very great one, to keep her attention and to pray with her heart, for she had received a letter from a friend at breakfast time, that had caused her some anxiety, and, try as she might, she could not help thinking of it. She pressed her hands over her eyes, and tried to shut out all thoughts but the one great one that she was speaking to her Father in Heaven; but it was not satisfactory, and she felt as she rose from her knees how she wished she had the old early quiet times again. Then she took up her Bible and read a little before going down stairs to the schoolroom.

As she was going down she remembered that she had not brought down a book she was reading to Harry. Every morning, before studying, she read to him, and now they were going through a very interesting book that Harry much enjoyed.

She found Harry waiting for her, and she read to him, and they talked it all over, and then he went off to his organ lesson with his father; and Mildred, after hearing Dora's lessons, for Mrs. Childers was very busy that morning, went to study herself. However many the occupations Mildred took up, many more than she could do thoroughly and yet not neglect herself, it must be remembered that she *never* forgot her home duties.

All she had to do she did as well as ever, and her sisters and brothers had no cause to complain that she took exterior work and neglected what came at home. But in some things she was changed. She was much more irritable than she had ever been, and seemed less able to endure the small worries and petty annoyances that come into most people's lives. She was impatient very often with the children, and had been really cross to Alice once or twice lately.

Alice was a restless child, with a quick temper, and required a great deal of management. Mildred understood her thoroughly, and had until just lately always influenced her very much and guided her rightly; but, as I say, she had changed. Alice did not meet with so much sympathy as before, and Mildred had had some little skirmishes with her that had not resulted in much good.

Mrs. Childers thought that Mildred did not look well, and she was right.

The reason of these changes was one that did not lie on the surface

of Mildred's life. It was because she spent less time in quiet prayer for guidance and help, in reading the Bible, and at night she was generally so tired that she went to bed with but a very cursory self-examination, if any at all, and the confession of sin—the daily washing of the weary feet—was often omitted altogether.

What wonder, then, that Satan obtained many a victory, and that she, in teaching others, and forgetting to teach herself, felt the consequences in a less orderly life and less constant watchfulness?

CHAPTER III.

HER OWN VINEYARD.

'PAPA,' said Mildred, one afternoon, late in the autumn, as she was starting for Saxby, 'I want to know if I may help in the night-school?'

'What night-school? Ah well, wait a few minutes, dear, and I will come part of the way with you,' answered Mr. Kenham, 'and we can speak of it as we go along.'

When they were out of the Homestead grounds, Mr. Kenham asked Mildred what night-school she meant.

'One for boys, papa, that Mr. Hanson has organised. It is to be held in the village three times a week, and I should like to help.'

'Did he ask you?' asked Mr. Kenham, looking rather surprised.

'No, papa; but I know they want help, and Miss Wilton is going to be there, so I thought you might let me.'

'Very well, my child. Has your aunt any objection?'

'I asked her, papa, and she said you must decide.'

'Do as you please, dear. I did not think a night-school for boys just the work suited for you; but you must know best your own capabilities, and as Miss Wilton will be there you can work together. But how will you manage about coming home?'

'Oh, I have thought of that. Ned is going into Saxby on those very evenings to read with Mr. Lanton, and he can call for me, and we can walk home together.'

'That is all right. But, Mildred, my dear child, are you sure that you have the time for all this work—this additional work you have imposed upon yourself? I am glad you should teach on Sundays, but I think twice quite enough; and on week-days you seem never to have a moment to yourself. There's the singing class, and the sewing class, and the lending library, and I don't know what all,' said Mr. Kenham.

'I assure you, papa, I can manage it,' said Mildred.

'I have no doubt you can, Mildred. You are a methodical child, I

must say, and you arrange all your plans so as to fit in well one with another. But that is not what I was thinking of.'

'What then, papa?' asked Mildred.

'I hope, dear, that it is not too much for you in this way—that so much time taken up with outer work does not lead you to neglect the duties that lie nearer home.'

'Papa, I know I might do more; I know I might do better; but still I did not think I neglected home duties,' said Mildred, eagerly. It was not said in a boastful tone, by any means; but Mildred tried so earnestly not to neglect home duties, that she hoped she had not utterly failed.

'No, dear, you do not neglect them,' said her father, emphatically; 'and mark, *I* did not say, home duties; I said, if you remember, "duties that lie nearer home."'

'I thought that meant the same, papa,' said Mildred.

'No, I did not intend it to do so. What I was thinking, Mildred, was of your duties to *yourself*.'

'To myself, papa!' exclaimed Mildred. 'Why, what are they?'

'Dear child, do you remember when you asked me if you might undertake more parish work, that I warned you against neglecting yourself?'

'I do, papa,' said Mildred, in a low voice; 'but don't you think, papa, that that verse about—"that they should no longer live unto themselves"—you know the one I mean, and—"occupy till I come"—and, oh, plenty of others, teach one to try at least and live working for others?'

'Certainly they do, Mildred,' answered Mr. Kenham; 'but there are distinct duties to oneself which should be performed. The one should not be left undone whilst the other is being done. If we are to teach others we must teach ourselves, and as a wise man has said very truly—"Our mistake lies in thinking that we can give out until we have taken in." And besides, over-stress of work very often leads to not having time for the reading and prayer that is necessary for one's soul's health.'

Mildred said nothing, as conscience told her that certainly was the case as far as she was concerned.

Mr. Kenham continued, 'I must leave you now, Mildred, as I must turn down this lane; I am going to see Mr. George, at the Farm. Do you as you like about the night-school, my child, only remember these words—"They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept."'

And with a smile to his daughter, Mr. Kenham walked on.

Mildred pursued her way, and as she walked she thought over her father's words. That they were right and true she felt quite sure. All through her life he had guided and directed her wisely. She had

not always seen the reason for much that he had told her, but later on she found that he had been right.

However, she was bent upon the night school, and she undertook to go there on the appointed evenings.

'But,' she thought to herself, 'I shall not forget what papa has told me—I shall not neglect my own vineyard.'

One night, after returning from the night-school very tired, Mildred went into the drawing-room, where her aunt, and brothers, and sisters were all assembled. She had taken off her walking things, and had some tea, then she took a book, and established herself in her pet corner.

'Mildred,' said Harry, 'would you sing something?'

Mildred, though tired, did not like to refuse, and laying down her book, she went to the American organ, where Harry was playing, and she sang one or two of his favourite songs. Then they finished with 'Abide with me,'—and after supper Mildred went up to bed.

She had tried most perseveringly to read and pray, notwithstanding all her work, and she did do so, but it was not the same as it had been a little time ago.

Letting down her hair and putting on her dressing-gown, she now sat down near the fire—for the evening was chilly—and taking out her Bible she began to read. She remembered that she had omitted it entirely that morning, and so she was determined not to let that night pass without reading. Remember, Mildred did not do it as a form to be got over—she really loved reading the Bible; but she *could* not take the same pleasure in it when mind and body were wearied out. She felt worried and annoyed that evening. Everything had seemed to go wrong all day. The children had been troublesome—Alice had annoyed her very much, and she had had an argument with Ned about a point in English history, which had ended in her being thoroughly angry with him. They often had arguments on historical questions, for Ned was a clever boy, and liked the study of history as much as Mildred did, and generally when they had an argument it did them good, for it brought their knowledge into play, and if they differed, they agreed to do so, and finished up amicably agreeing to differ. But that day Mildred had been tired, and she was vexed, and she and Ned almost quarrelled.

Then she had had some time ago a difficult question to decide about a Sunday-school child. Mr. Hanson left the decision with her, as she knew the boy best; but she had been anxious to have the matter settled, and had decided hastily. It was a difficult matter, and should only have been settled after asking God's guidance upon the question, and after earnest prayer to be taught what to do. But Mildred had not done this, and the consequence was that she had said she could do nothing with the boy, and that he must be expelled. This had been

done some Sundays ago, and that day she heard that the boy spent his Sunday afternoons at the public-house, and was getting into very bad company. And Mildred could not help thinking that she had been hasty. Had she had more patience and faith she might have still kept the boy in her class, and saved him, perhaps, from the bad company he was now in. In any case, by expelling him she was losing her hold upon him.

Then some sharp words Alice had said when she was troublesome that day had revealed to Mildred that she possessed some faults she had no idea she ever had. The words were thoughtlessly said by Alice, who had no intention of wounding her sister's feelings; but still Mildred had felt them very much. Had she been constant in self-examination she could have hardly gone on so long in ignorance of these faults. These, and various other matters, made Mildred feel very much distressed that night. The other matters were all of this same kind. She had gone forth day by day to the battle, unarmed by earnest prayer; she had acted hastily, without seeking God's guidance, and she had not been watchful. The rest and peace she had once known seemed far from her, and as she read, her thoughts would wander.

In a few minutes, however, her eyes closed. She was so weary that even her sorrowful thoughts would not keep her awake, and, her head drooping over her Bible, she fell fast asleep. There was a peculiar smell of smoke when she woke, and on rising hastily she found to her dismay that her candle had burnt out in its socket, and that the carved wood candlestick it was in was burning, and the flames had caught the muslin of her dressing-table. The smoke, wonderful to say, had not made her more sleepy. The flames spread quickly, and as she ran towards the bell she noticed that her sleeve had caught fire, and her cambric dressing-gown—for she never wore flannel ones—was quickly being burnt.

When Mrs. Childers ran in she found Mildred trying to roll herself in the hearth-rug, so as to extinguish the flames. But Mildred, who had little presence of mind, and was very much alarmed, was slow in getting the rug, and when Mrs. Childers came to her she found her arm terribly burnt.

There is no need to dwell much upon the time that followed. The fright, combined with the burnt arm, made Mildred very ill indeed, and they were anxious about her for some time.

At last she got better, but it was not until Christmas was past, and the New Year a week or two old.

All the love and tenderness possible to have was hers, for her father and aunt, brothers and sisters, combined to do all they could for her. But when they were away and she was left alone, sometimes in those quiet hours Mildred learnt a great deal—much that influenced the whole of her life.

She, looking back, saw that she had *not* kept her own vineyard whilst keeping those of others, and in that fact lay the secret of much of the dissatisfaction she had experienced before her illness, and was the key to what had gone wrong.

When the early spring came Mildred was quite well again, and able to take her place in the family as usual.

Now she does a good deal of work in the parish, and is a great help to Miss Wilton, who is as active as ever. But whatever she does she is careful to ensure a portion of time for the quiet preparation for her work that is needed. She knows that the springs of all true usefulness lie in being fit for use and armed for the battle, by seeking God's help in prayer, His guidance in His Word, and His Holy Spirit to teach her wherein she fails, and above all, the recollection of His Presence, as the surest means of being watchful. Now, though helping to keep other vineyards, she does not neglect her own.

KÖRNER AND HIS FRIENDS.

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH DEATH TO VICTORY.

'Vergiss ihn nicht, mein deutsches Vaterland.'*
C. M. TIEDGE.

CHRISTIAN KÖRNER received Förster's letter safely, also a few cautiously worded lines written previously by Theodor himself under an assumed name; he had not thought it prudent to make any definite allusion to the circumstances lest the letter should fall into hostile hands.

'I beg you,' he says, 'to inform my wife at Vienna that I am in good health, and am still my own master, and think of leaving this place shortly for Karlsbad, and my second native land. Be not alarmed at any reports which may have reached you, for I am with excellent people who make me forget every pain.

'Yours respectfully,
'LORENZ JURANITCH.'

Theodor was anxious to leave Leipzig as early as possible, on account of the danger which his presence brought upon his kind friends; as soon, therefore, as the state of his wound would allow it, he set forth. He could only travel by short stages, and the risk of discovery was great; but he reached Karlsbad without molestation, and here he was safe. He had hoped to go on to Teplitz, where his family were living, but the journey brought on inflammation, and he was laid up for two or three weeks at Karlsbad. The chamberlain, Von Recke, and his wife insisted on removing him to their house, where Madame Recke nursed him like a mother; and much kindness and attention were shown him in the neighbourhood.

On July 2nd, his father's birthday, he wrote:—'Accept my most affectionate wishes for the day. God grant that you may celebrate your next birthday in your liberated fatherland. I am going on better. I sleep well at night, and the pain is intermittent—in fact of little consequence. Excuse my narrating the history of the unworthy affair until we meet. I would only mention that I was wounded while asking the rascals, without drawing my sabre, whether they were observing the armistice agreed on. . . . . To my mother and Emma and my aunt I send a most affectionate kiss, to you a hearty German

* 'Forget him not, my German Fatherland.'

handshake, and the assurance that in the most terrible moments of the last days I have never in thought been untrue to the good cause.'

From Karlsbad he also wrote to Madame Pereira, a letter, which is interesting as showing how strong a hold upon the mind a belief in omens or warnings acquired in childhood can retain.

'As to warnings, I have lately gained some important experience. Shortly before the unhappy affair at Kitzen, Major von Lützow had pointed out a grave, of which there are an immense number since the battle of Lützen. I rode towards it, and as I approached my horse fell on his forefeet; I returned to the Major a little disconcerted, I told him I was afraid things would not go well with us to-day; we had just discerned the French outposts at a distance. He laughed at me, and bade me banish my poetry out of real life. Shortly after, as I rode on with him to parley, his own horse, the best leaper in the corps, fell in leaping a small ditch. Lützow had some difficulty in extricating himself, and I had the unpleasant anticipation of impending evil a second time. Five minutes after I sank beneath three sabre cuts on my horse's neck, and to his plunging I owe my life, otherwise the fourth blow, which cut through my cloak, would have finished me.'

By the time that Körner was sufficiently recovered to leave Karlsbad it was needful for him to make arrangements for rejoining his corps before the conclusion of the armistice; he could not therefore visit his family at Teplitz.

On the 14th of July he writes:—'To-morrow I set out with General Sarrowsky for the army; shall be at head-quarters on the 19th, and unless my military destiny alters, at Berlin on the 23rd; my wound is healed, and as we do not travel at night, there is no cause for anxiety about my health. Our correspondence seems again liable to interruption; there is only one road open for letters, and none seem to have come by it. I have had no news since the 4th, and shall have to start without receiving any. Do not be anxious if you hear nothing from me. God has brought me so far, and He will bring me further. Consider only what a sacred duty is mine to fulfil; a true German heart must be prepared for any fate. I have heard from Antonia; she is in the country, and seems well.

'I have sufficient money with me, but thank you for your thoughtful addition to my funds. It is not impossible that I may be sent to the main army on a general's staff, but the inducements would have to be great, as I should be very sorry to break my connection with Lützow's brave band.'

On reaching the Russian head-quarters at Reichenbach in Silesia he was again obliged to halt, as his wounds had again become inflamed.

'Here I am,' he wrote on the 28th, 'much against my will, still in the Russian head-quarters, to which my wound has compelled me. I

hope in a couple of days to be quite well. I am staying with Count Gessler, and as there are many distinguished men here, no day passes without affording me some interesting moments, which compensate me for many tedious hours.'

A few days were all that remained to him in Berlin; during this time he arranged for the publication of the *Lyre and Sword*, containing all his martial poems then written. He rejoined the Lützow corps before the 17th of August, when hostilities were to recommence.

The period of the armistice had strengthened the position of the Allies; all Napoleon's efforts at separate negotiations had failed, and Austria had come to a decision, and had cast in her lot with the liberators of Germany. The Russian forces were greatly augmented, and were further strengthened by the presence of General Moreau, one of the greatest of the old Republican leaders, who now took service against the Emperor, once his comrade in arms, but now his bitter enemy.

Important news from Spain also arrived to the encouragement of the Allies on the eve of the resumption of hostilities. Wellington had utterly defeated Marshal Soult in the Pyrenees, the power of France in Spain was completely broken, and Wellington was preparing to enter France.

Körner's return to the corps was hailed with delight by all its members. The volunteers were posted in conjunction with General Walmoden's Russo-German corps, the Hanseatic legion, and some English auxiliaries, on the bank of the Elbe; while Marshal Davoust, with a large French force, augmented by the Danish troops, occupied Hamburg and the adjacent country, threatening the north of Germany, and inflicting untold miseries upon the unhappy Hamburghers. 'If God will,' wrote Körner on the 18th, 'we shall as true Germans deliver that noble Hamburg with our blood.'

The volunteers, being employed on outpost duty, were now almost daily in action.

On the 25th of August, Major von Lützow set out with his cavalry and part of the infantry to execute a plan of attack upon the enemy's rear. Körner of course went with him, and as they rode together we do not hear of any omens or warnings such as attended their ride to Kitzen. Towards evening they reached a place of refreshment provided for the French; they halted for a couple of hours and made use of the provisions they found there, and then continued their march to a wood near Rosenberg, where they concealed themselves, awaiting the return of a scout, who was to bring intelligence as to the best way of reaching a camp of the enemy, little more than a mile distant, which was said to be badly guarded.

In the meantime some Cossacks who had been on the look out brought word that a convoy of provisions and ammunition was

approaching, escorted by two companies of infantry, French and Saxon. Von Lützow immediately determined to capture it; he ordered the Cossacks to head the attack, and took half a squadron to fall upon the flank, leaving the remainder of his men in the wood. He headed the assault on the flank himself, with Körner as adjutant by his side. An hour previously, while they were waiting in the wood in the soft fragrance of the early August morning, Körner had composed his *Sword Song;* it was hurriedly written down in his pocket-book, and he was in the act of reading it to a friend when the signal for attack was given.

On the high road from Gadebusch to Schwerin the engagement took place; on one side of the road was a pine wood, on the other a narrow plain, edged by a thicket of small trees. When the Jägers sallied out of the wood the escort, taken by surprise, made a stout but short resistance, then fled across the plain to the thicket, where the first who reached it made a stand, and from the underwood opened a tirailleur fire upon the pursuers. Foremost among these was Körner, and it was here that he found that 'seliger Tod'* of which he had so often sung. The tall, slight figure, with the sabre flickering round his head, was seen dashing in hot pursuit close to the underwood, then horse and rider fell together. His comrades rushed to his assistance amid the hail of bullets showering round the spot; they lifted him from under the fallen horse, and bore him swiftly to the pinewood, where a skilful surgeon was immediately in attendance. All that could be done *was* done, but nothing could save him; a musket ball, fired from a few yards' distance, passing through his body, had shattered the spine, depriving him in an instant of speech and consciousness, and as he lay in Förster's arms it was only too evident that the dark head would never be lifted again, and those clear shining eyes were closed for evermore. One short, sharp spasm of mortal pain was all that he had suffered, and his countenance remained unchanged. With tender thought Förster cut off a lock of the clustering hair which lay upon the cold forehead, before, with an aching heart, he left him.

The conflict, which after Körner's fall was carried on with double fury, was now quickly brought to an end; the Jägers forced their way madly into the thicket, and few of the enemy escaped. When all was over the lifeless forms of Körner and two other of his comrades who had fallen were placed upon a carriage, and conveyed in the van with the convoy and the prisoners. The French troops, who had come up at the sound of fighting, did not attempt to recapture the train, fearing an ambuscade.

The little village of Wöbbelin, not far from Ludwigslust, in the Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was the spot chosen for Körner's burial. On

* 'Blessed death.

a piece of open ground there stood a grand old oak; beneath its branches they dug his grave, and carved his name upon the rugged trunk. Here nearly the whole corps assembled, in heartfelt sorrow, to pay the last honours unto one whose death each man felt as a keen personal loss. Among those who laid the sods upon the grave was a youth named von Bärenhorst, to whom Körner was deeply attached, and on whom his death made a deep impression. A few days later, being placed in a post of danger, in the battle of the Göhrde, he threw himself upon the enemy with the words, 'Körner, ich folge dir,'* and fell, pierced by many bullets.

Words would fail to tell of the sorrow which fell upon the Körners' household when the tidings reached them in a letter from Arndt, 'Your Theodor has fallen by a musket-ball, and is buried in Mecklenburg.' That which they greatly feared had come upon them, but Christian received the stroke with lofty resignation; he had given his best to his country, and he would not murmur that the sacrifice had been accepted in full. He knew that it was a death such as Theodor would have chosen, and for which his mind was prepared. 'What death can be so sweet,' he had once said, 'as to fall under the shots of the enemy?' And were not those words in the *Prayer during the battle* the expression of his own inmost feeling:—

'Father, oh, bless me.
Here in Thy keeping my life let me lay;
Thou gavest, and Thou canst take it away.
Living or dying, oh, bless me.
Father, I praise Thee.'

The deep and widespread sympathy which was manifested on all sides, and the many testimonies offered to the love and esteem in which Theodor was held, brought in some degree a comfort to their grief. The Duke of Mecklenburg requested permission to erect a tomb in the churchyard of Ludwigslust, but Christian Körner begged for the plot of ground where his son's brave comrades had laid him. His wish was granted; the ground surrounding the oak was inclosed and presented to the Körner family, and at the conclusion of the war a monument in iron, from the royal manufactory at Berlin, was erected upon the spot. Here the sorrowing family, who had not been permitted to stand by the open grave of the beloved dead, assembled with a large company of sympathising friends, while with solemn music and religious ceremony the monument was erected. It was in the form of a four-sided altar; on the top the lyre and sword surrounded by an oak wreath, on the sides an inscription to the memory of the departed, with quotations from his poems; the last

* 'Körner, I follow thee.'

verse of the *Consecration Hymn*, and some lines from the *Song before the Battle*.

'Fatherland, we'll die for thee,
As a righteous word has taught,
Those we love the heirs shall be
Of the freedom we have bought.
Grow, German oak, lift up once more thy head,
Thou tree of freedom, o'er our corses spread.'

We are not told how Antonia bore the knowledge that her young knight was slain; in after years another love found a place in her heart, and she became a wife; but on the gentle Emma Körner the blow fell with a crushing weight, beneath which she could not rally. Gradually her health declined, and she drooped and faded; her brother's portrait, which she finished from memory, was her great consolation, she lived to complete it, and to make a drawing of his tomb, and then she was laid beside him beneath the oak at Wöbbelin.

Through the kindness of a friend, a member of the Saxon ministry, the Körners were enabled to return to Dresden in the autumn; and after the battle of Leipzig, October, 1813, when Napoleon's army was shattered, and the Allies had again obtained possession of Dresden, Christian Körner was made a member of the provisional government of Saxony. During the winter months he watched the progress of those great events which fulfilled the hopes of patriotic hearts sooner than they had dared to dream. He beheld the German people, like streams united in one mighty river, driving the foe before them till the land was free from his presence; he watched the great tide that rolled on in victory across the Rhine, nor stayed until its waves surged round the walls of Paris.

When the peace of 1815 had at length produced a settlement upon the Continent, and states were restored to their hereditary rulers, Christian Körner took office under the Prussian Government, and shortly after his daughter's death he removed to Berlin. Here he spent sixteen years of honourable and useful life in the service of his adopted country and of mankind in general. Many loving friends gathered round the childless parents, and their home, though sorrowful, was not unhappy. Christian Körner died in March, 1831, and was buried beside his children.

Maria Körner survived her husband twelve years, in the peaceful calm of beautiful old age, retaining to the last the full possession of her faculties. Five years before her death she addressed a letter to Mr. Richardson, the translator of several of Theodor's works (from whose pages many of these particulars have been gathered). He has given us the following extract:—'For the last seven years since my dear Körner went home, I have lived alone—alone in the recollection of the great and excellent qualities I have experienced during a

union of five and forty years with the best, the noblest of men. Much joy and much sorrow was our lot; and now I only wait the hour which shall call me to share in the same repose.' She died at the venerable age of eighty-one.

Friedrich Förster was her constant friend, as he had been the friend of her husband and her son. It was his lot to survive all the dangers of the war. He served with honour in the campaign of 1813-14, and again in 1815; wounded several times, he twice fought his way to the gates of Paris, and when peace was restored he 'relinquished the sword, and resumed the pen.' He was the author of several military biographies, and of other valuable works.

It is impossible not to regret that Theodor Körner did not live to see the triumph which rewarded the heroic exertions of his country; impossible not to mourn over a life of such promise so early cut short, as we think of all the great possibilities that might have been fulfilled. The voice which had such power to move, the lyre which would never lend itself to anything unworthy or impure, what might they not have taught in after days, when experience had been added to the fervour of youth? Yet surely what he accomplished was worth living for; his voice gave words to the thoughts that were surging in thousands of hearts. Thousands of young men gave themselves up to the good cause as willingly as he, but it was his part to express that devotion in language which will never die—language which will have power to stir the heart wheresoever the great struggle between oppressor and oppressed takes place; and which will remain a legacy to his countrymen for ever. And what a deep significance was added to his words by the fact that he had sealed his testimony with his blood; what force do those lines acquire in the dedication to the *Lyre and Sword*—

> 'And if you miss me at the home returning,
> Weep not, dear friends, but envy me my fate.
> The sword doth thus fulfil the spirit's yearning,
> Which first the lyre hath striven to celebrate.'

And for himself, although he might not behold the triumph of his country, perhaps it was a glad thing to be called away in the first glow of that great national enthusiasm, before other passions and other motives had come into play to mar its purity; before men had had time to realise that deliverance from the foreign yoke was not the end of the work required. Would it not have brought disappointment to his soul to mark the discontent which sprang up at the conclusion of the war at the small amount of political freedom which, when the danger was over, the princes were disposed to accord to their subjects? There were many among the citizens who quietly laid aside their arms, and took up the broken thread of life where they had left it, desiring no change, but it was hardly possible that such should be the universal case. The love of liberty once fully roused finds more than one

channel; was it not they, asked the people, who by their united efforts had carried their princes shoulder high to victory, and were they not now to reap some benefit in extended personal liberties? or were all their natural expectations to be repressed in that morbid terror of a revolutionary spirit which makes rulers forget that the sure way to prevent revolution is to secure the full enjoyment of constitutional liberty to their subjects? Would not Körner have mourned to see a man like Arndt, whose voice had rung like a trumpet call in the hour of need, deprived of his chair, and forbidden to teach in the university on account of the liberal tendency of his opinions? Still more painful would it have been to him to find his own words quoted and their meaning distorted by men who sought to further their cause by acts of violence, like that of the fanatic Sand, who thought, as fanatics have thought since, that the dagger of the assassin could carve the way to freedom, finding instead that it tightens the chain, and closes the way against future concessions.

The dream of a united Germany was still far from being realised; Körner's words were still true that

> 'Deutsche Fürsten es verkennen,
> Dass ihre Kronen Schwestern sein.
> Und dass, wenn Deutschland einig blieb,
> Es einer Welt Gesetze schrieb.' *

It has been reserved for this generation to behold the outward fulfilment of that dream. May we not hope that in course of time internal union will also be achieved.

It has been ours also to witness another great struggle between Germany and France, when the sympathies of Englishmen were largely drawn (as will ever be the case) to the weaker and the suffering side. Hard things were said of Germany; men wearied of the talk about the Fatherland; they were shocked at the pious complacency that could return thanks to Heaven after days of unparalleled slaughter; and they grew indignant at the hardness of the terms imposed by the conqueror upon his prostrate foe. It is difficult to form a calm opinion upon events of recent date; but in thinking of the action of victorious Germany let us bear in mind the traditions of seventy previous years—the memories of cruel wrong avenged with singular moderation, and of the days when prosperity to France meant misery to her neighbours. We might almost pardon the Emperor William his telegrams to Augusta when we remember that his childhood was passed in the darkest hour of Germany's humiliation, and his youth drank in the spirit in which Körner fought and sang.

* 'Princes of Germany deny
That sisters are their royal crowns.
Could Germany united live
She to the world the law might give.'

Many tributes have been paid to the memory of the young hero and poet, both in prose and verse. Our own poetess, Mrs. Hemans, dedicated one of her melodious lyrics to him, and another to the memory of the brother and sister; she sent a copy of these to Christian Körner, and received in reply a letter of grateful thanks, with some lines of his own, expressive of his appreciation of the English nation.

Among the many memorials addressed in his own language, one of the most touching is that by Caroline Pichler 'To the mother of Theodor Körner':—

'No, I will not seek thy tears to dry,
That may no one even dare to try,
From thy heart to lift its heavy cross.
But my tears with thine may mingled be,
Sorely stricken mother, and with thee
I will weep thy never-ending loss.'

This poem, with several others by different authors, has been published in an appendix to one of the later editions of Körner's works; its last verse may form a fit conclusion to this sketch.

'He lives for aye, the gifted and the brave,
Himself his all to God he freely gave,
Thy Theodor, true "Gift of God" to thee.
God gave and He hath taken, in His love
Hath brought him early to His home above.
Too bright, too pure for earth such spirits needs must be.'

MARY HARRIS.

(*Concluded.*)

DE MORTUIS, NIL NISI BONUM.

WHENE'ER their names are said
Bare be the speaker's forehead, low his breath,
For what so awful as the thought of Death?
And these our friends are *dead*.

Our playmates once were they;
Joy leapt up at their footfall; they possessed
Watchwords of mirth now buried in our breast,
Dumb on their lips of clay.

Old books, old tales, old rhymes,
Quaint roadside fancies, fire-lit talks at night
They knew, and we, alone. What wand of might
Can conjure back those times?

'Tis sacred, almost dear,
The very weakness of a comrade gone,
Our playful mockery seems too shrill in tone,
Our warnings o'er severe.

His ill is hid from blame;
His good for aye endures and never sleeps,
His best and purest deeds our memory keeps,
And all men's tongues proclaim.

So fare our friends. 'Tis well.
Soft lie the love-strewn roses o'er their bed!
But have the old, the great, the famous Dead
As smooth a tale to tell?

That silent, ghostly throng,
Colossal shapes, with mighty shadows cast
As in Egyptian sunset, darkly vast,
Impalpable, yet strong.

We name their names in jest,
Play with their memories, treat their solemn lives
Like Christmas legends of old doting wives
That shun broad daylight's test.

Our spouse, or child, or friend,
Hovers around our couch, inspires our dream;
About our path, about our bed, doth seem
With work and rest to blend.

Have *they* no being still,
The old strong souls that shook the world of yore?
Or is their sense even sterner than before
Of potent good and ill?

We carelessly let slip
A tyrant's name, or traitor's. Should we smile
If we but thought, 'He lives, and all the while
That smile is on our lip.

'He writhes in self-disdain,
Each thought of his old life a throb of woe,
And marvels at our lightness. Could we know
One instant, half his pain!'

The sharp and fiery sting
That Memory wields of Life and Power misused,
The goading sense through every vein diffused,
As ages slow take wing,

And bring no hope, no light,
Yet fling no softening dimness o'er the Past,
Which came so swiftly, and which fled so fast,
Yet IS, in sternest might.

Aye, holiest souls of all,
The hero and the saint, Earth's nobly good,
Could they but cry, to check our jesting mood
With one deep, solemn call,

And tell—'How vast the weight
We carried to our graves, of Life and Thought,
Our dry antique historic deeds were wrought
By souls that live and wait,

'Even as your own, for doom;
You may forget the records of our day,
But right and wrong can never know decay,
Though grasses hide our tomb.

'You fling aside the page
That tells our tale, in languid weariness;
Our spirit at your side can scarce repress
Its cry of love or rage

'As those old times return,
To *you*, a dull unmeaning name or date,
To *us*, the breathless crisis of our fate,
With issues all-eterne.

'Of mighty Marathon,
Of Cressy or Poictiers, the site you trace,
Nor think each soul that fell there, face to face,
Shall, one day, greet your own.

'The bard whose song you praise
Lives not in fame alone from land to land,
But waits the solemn hour when he shall stand
And trembling, own his lays.

'Whene'er our names are said
Think you and we must meet, no distant day,
And as your souls are dear, O softly say,
"God's peace be with the Dead."'

VERITAS.

AN UNTRAINED GOVERNESS.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER VI.

GRAMMAR.

WHEN my first 'Hints to Untrained Teachers' were published, I could not forbear a little protest against the choice of English as a medium for a girl's introduction to the study of grammar. I still think that the *second* lesson should be the *careful and conscientious* use of Dr. Smith's *Principia Latina*, Part I. Since that time, however, many of the difficulties even in our disjointed accidence have been removed; while explanations of general principles, methods of classifying, and, above all, the arrangement of syntax and the analysis of sentences, have been made so much easier and more satisfactory, that I can no longer pity a governess—much—who is restricted to Mason's *Shorter English Grammar*.

Before entering farther into the method of teaching grammar, however, I wish to correct an erroneous opinion, often uttered, concerning the object of this lesson. Lessons on grammar, in general, affect habits of speech but little. As children hear a language spoken in infancy, so they speak, and even write. But careful instruction in grammar will effect a far more important object than forming an elegant form of speech; it promotes a correct form of thought. To young minds it is (perhaps happily) well nigh impossible to perceive an abstract idea apart from its name; very difficult to grasp it even with its name. But this leads to unintentional inaccuracy of language. A child catches up, not words merely, but whole phrases which it hears, or sees in a favourite book. Not *expecting*, by experience, to understand all, it will, unless carefully watched, add to its vocabulary a collection of phrases used in a *sense of its own*. Many a time has it been my lot to question a girl as to the meaning of an expression which greatly exaggerated or even misrepresented facts, and discover, as I expected, that she did not intend to be untruthful, but simply used words which had never been explained to her. The *baneful* effect of this habit on the moral sense is unsuspected; but, from being accustomed to use words knowing that they do *not represent* their meaning exactly, women, and even men, pass to a habit of using such as *misrepresent* it, without any sense of wrong; and in this way strict truthfulness becomes difficult, almost impossible, by the force of a settled habit of carelessness.

Now there are several studies which tend to correct the intellectual half of this sinful failing; botany, chemistry, and grammar are perhaps the three best which are generally within reach, and of these three, grammar certainly grapples most directly with the foe. If a young person is trained to scrutinise sentences, to assign each clause, phrase, word, and syllable to its proper class—not by ear or form only, but according to its derivation and to its function—she will cease to regard words as the caddis-worm does beads, stones, and straws, as indifferent particles, within a given number of which a given number of ideas can be inclosed according to circumstances; she will learn that a sentence is an organism, every member of which has a living power; the parts will assume the nature of *members* proper, and she will learn how difficult it is to substitute one for another without altering the proposition. I am not so sanguine as to think that David's "hasty" sentence could be averted by teaching all men how to be accurate; but teachers have it in their power to a very great extent to foster or repress every species of misrepresentation, by training their pupils to think clearly and to express their thoughts exactly.

The only book with which I am acquainted fit to teach little children from is Mason's *First Notions of Grammar*, published by Bell and Sons, price 8*d*. After what I have already said, I hope you do not expect me to recommend books from which you will be able to set tasks of so many lines or pages. That is not teaching! You must yourself read Mr. Mason's *Shorter English Grammar* carefully; *study* the preface; then lay the little *First Notions* before you, and *tell* the children the substance of it, sentence by sentence, throwing a remark as often as possible into the form of a question, so as to let the child feel its own power of going with you, and enjoy the sense of success in thinking out an answer for itself. Only you must not be betrayed into discursive conversation instead of the lesson which you have marked as sufficient for the day. Beginners should have a lesson on grammar every day; they should be desired to read the passage which you teach them in the morning over again in the afternoon, and then next day you must ask questions aloud and make the children write down the answers. Once a week ask questions ranging over the previous lessons, and carefully explain again any points forgotten. Before you begin your lesson next day you must dictate the words that have been misspelt, as well as remark on the faulty answers or bad writing.

The next step ought to be to study the first 'part' of Smith's Latin *Principia* without passing over a word. French, German, and English grammars are so much more intelligible after a child knows the Latin accidence, and the tracing of words to their derivation is so much more difficult without this amount of acquaintance with Latin, that I strongly urge parents and teachers to spare the time, and go through this one small and beautifully arranged book, even if they have no

wish to let the children carry the study any farther. After this they should begin the exercises of Mason's *Shorter English Grammar*, and you must teach them the definitions and rules carefully, as well as the forms. Recollect, however, that it is *impossible* to teach the English accidence tolerably unless you *quite* know at least as much syntax as is contained in this small book.

By the age of ten years a child ought to write well enough to begin to parse on paper. At first you must not *allow* her to meddle with more than nouns, personal pronouns, and personal verbs. Beginning young, she can spare time to parse completely and symmetrically. Many teachers, in their anxiety to insure a proper appearance in parsing-papers, forget that symmetry in writing is not *the* object of parsing, and begin on far too elaborate a plan. When a child has quite mastered these three sets of forms, she may add adjectives and participles and infinitives. *Take care* that you know these, and the gerund, with their *functions*. At this stage it is necessary to have the word, or phrase, or clause, which is *the subject of the sentence* written on the top line of the exercise, the word itself, without adjuncts, being henceforward *in printing characters*. I must here warn you against two errors which appear to be common among teachers. The first is confusing between a *clause* and a *sentence*. This leads to a horrible complexity of primary, secondary, almost to '*x*' number of 'subjects,' 'predicates,' and what not. Never forget that a sentence can have but one subject and one predicate; where one noun refers to more than one verb, or one verb to more than one noun, you are no longer treating *a* sentence, but two or three, interwoven for convenience. On the other hand, that which is an integral part of a sentence cannot be a sentence. It is equally mischievous to give the name 'phrase' to a group of words which 'contains a verb with its subject' or 'clause' to a group which does not.

The second caution refers not merely to grammar but to every subject. *Never suggest ambiguity*. I mean, never say to a child, 'Take care not to mistake,' for example, small e and small c. If you think it possible that such a mistake might arise, keep such a thought to yourself. But point out with emphasis that e has a loop; say nothing at that time about c; but at another lesson draw it and make your pupil do so, and *then* remark that it has no loop. A good teacher guards her pupils from the very knowledge of the existence of ambiguities, merely taking pains to insure the observation, not of details which are similar, but of those which differ. A bad teacher associates the partially similar forms first in her lesson, and then asks the child to be sure to dissociate them again! In the same way a bad teacher first teaches a general rule, and then contradicts it with exceptions which again have to be sifted by sheer memory into sub-classes, often perfectly arbitrary. The opposite is the true plan. First teach a small class of, we will say, nouns which form the plural on one plan; then another small but distinct group, until you have exhausted

the considerable 'exceptions,' and then say how *all the rest* are to be treated.

When your pupils have learnt to parse the various inflected words, they ought about once a week to write from memory the nouns or the verbs from some simple poem, varying this exercise with one of the same kind on a piece of prose. In selecting literary exercises for children, it is not enough to take care that the metre or style is correct and the sentiments unobjectionable; the subject must be interesting to a child. The love of country and that class of subjects are quite out of their horizon. Many children will read or repeat 'Horatius Cocles,' or 'Edinburgh after Flodden,' or 'Alexander Selkirk,' or some of Jean Ingelow's first series, or 'The Cry of the Children,' or 'The Voice of Spring,' as well as a grown-up person. Try the same child with a smooth piece of descriptive poetry, or a sonnet, and you will hardly understand a line. The mischief done by giving children poetry to learn, or even to read, which is above their age, is that they acquire a *habit* of reciting without feeling. This almost certainly produces defective emphasis and faulty 'stopping;' and the most careful drill in 'elocution' and in 'punctuation' will scarcely succeed in eradicating these. As a rule, children should not learn poetry of which they cannot write out the sense in prose; but where a child at once seizes on the sentiment on hearing a poem, no strict analysis need be exacted in that special case, if there is a short oral exercise in 'analysis' every day; that is, in telling you *what* each sentence is *about*, and *what is said about* this person or thing. But there is always a risk in employing language or imagery which is imperfectly understood as a vehicle for moral and religious lessons in childhood.

When your pupils have written the exercises in Mason's *Shorter Grammar*, you will not have much difficulty in training them to expand sentences, by substituting a phrase for a noun, an adjective, and an adverb, and then clauses for phrases. After this has become familiar work, you must let them select sentences from Chambers's or some other chronological series of writers, to expand or contract, and this will lead naturally to comparison of styles in the matter of diffuseness or the contrary. At the same time you must exercise them in writing simple narrative and description, always selecting a subject of which they have personal knowledge, or a story which you know them to have read. Allow no colloquial expressions, or grammar which will not parse, or negligent punctuation. Once a week a page of foolscap should be written in this way from memory; but do not ask for discussion before your pupils are capable of weighing evidence, or opinions when they are too young to have any. Show them the shortest form in which their ideas can be expressed without obscurity or ambiguity, and allow no redundancy, circumlocution, or figures of speech in exercises.

The formation of a clear, concise, and comprehensive manner of

writing should proceed while the foundation is being laid for an acquaintance with a few of the best poems in the English language. Very few can be studied in school days; but the careful examination of these will inform the taste more than the desultory reading of many volumes. In the Oxford and Cambridge Junior Examination lists for some years past you will find the names of quite enough to select from. Read the notes yourself, underline every word in the text that requires explanation, and be ready either to give this thoroughly yourself, or to refer the children to books which will *satisfy* their requirements. Divide the whole number of lines by the number of days over which you intend to spread the book, remembering to leave yourself a margin of time for unforeseen hindrances. Dictate your underlined words, which ought to include every proper name, every antiquated word, and every word used in an obsolete sense or construction. Let your pupils learn three or four lines off by heart. Next day let them write them, very neatly, from memory in your presence, underlining the words which you gave them to prepare; and then let them parse and explain these fully on paper, giving in all cases the derivation, as well as the use, of a word. Let them continue to distinguish the subject of their sentence, and its verb, by writing them in printing characters. By the time they are twelve or fourteen years old children may well begin one of the Clarendon Press series of Shakespeare, besides giving one hour in the week to prose pieces, such as those contained in Chambers's *English Reader*. Only remember that intellectual age as often lags behind as outruns the parish register. Require every answer to a question on grammar to be given in the form of a complete sentence. The gain in clear thought and accurate expression is well worth the trouble which this rule will cost you.*

The best lessons that I know on metre and the other mechanical contrivances of poetry are to be found in Parker's *Readings in Poetry* (Parker, Strand), and Campbell's *Sketch of English Language and Literature* (Laurie, Edinburgh). The careful study of the 'foot' and the 'verse' will, I fear, tend to lower the reputation of a few popular favourites; but every work of art must, in part at least, be judged according to the technicalities of art, and the beauty of the idea conveyed does not insure, though it may in some degree] replace, the beauty of the vehicle.

Whatever poem or prose piece you intend your pupils to study, go through it yourself first, and mark every word which requires an explanation either as to derivation, use, or antiquity; also every peculiar construction, where the parsing is embarrassed by license or by omissions or transposition. Let the children prepare these overnight for writing out in your presence; and let them read the text

* This rule is even more important in teaching arithmetic than grammar.

aloud, naming to you first the subject of the sentence, then the predicate, then the object, and then the adverbs or adverbial phrases or clauses, according to Mr. Mason's nomenclature. Once a week have a sentence, which you have selected for complexity, analysed and parsed on paper. First aim at completeness in this work; then insist on neat and symmetrical writing and tabulating; and at last you may demand rapidity of work as well. Study the *scope* of the examination papers set by the universities for junior and senior students, and set one on the same model at the end of each term. Do not let them read any piece without telling them the date and leading particulars of the author's life, and making them recall that period of history. Your elder pupils must also learn, and be able to write in their examination papers, the place and date of the production of the piece under consideration, the circumstances which led to it, if known, and its points of resemblance to other works of its author, or of other former or contemporaneous writers, either in language, arrangement, or subject.

You will, as I said, get through very few books in this manner in your school days; but your pupils will then be able to study for themselves, intelligently, all English literature—or any literature—and this is work for a lifetime.

Children ought to be taught to keep a register of the books they read. They should enter—1. The title, author, edition, place and date of publication. 2. The place and date of reading. 3. The (apparent) object of the writer. 4. Their own purpose in reading the book. 5. Remarks on the matter, arrangement, and style. 6. Their own remarks of pleasure or otherwise, which will be crude enough at first, but interesting to look back upon, and valuable in the end.

You will find the English Dictionaries published by Messrs. Chambers very useful for your pupils, and *Typical Selections of Early English Prose*, and *Specimens of Early English* (Macmillan) valuable for reference.

SHORT PAPERS ON THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

No. V.

SINCE I began these papers on the Laws of England, I have received more than one letter asking me to write specially on certain points more particularly affecting ladies—*inter alia*, the laws relating to the guardianship of children; and I propose in this and the following paper to deal with several such minor questions as fully as possible. Law, like all sciences, has its broad highways and its side-paths; the former may be traversed with comparative ease by any industrious and intelligent person, but when once the student seeks to thread his way through the numerous side-paths and labyrinths which lie contiguous to the high road of legal knowledge, he finds that no mere book-learning or knowledge of legal theories will avail him; nothing but constant experience and practice can enable him to walk safely in such perilous thoroughfares, if indeed they can be called *thoroughfares*. The broad principles of law, even the almost perfect doctrines of equity, are not and cannot be made to suit every case—indeed, as I have said before, no human system can meet all the requirements of society; hence it follows that perfect justice can never be obtained, for, though the Court of Chancery has ever proclaimed as its first and most fundamental maxim that no wrong shall be without a remedy, practically it is unable to redress all wrongs, and not unfrequently its remedies are worse than the diseases which require them.

I purpose in this and the following paper to deal, as far as I can, with the law relating to trustees and trusts (including under this head the law which governs the appointment of guardians of infants), the law relating to leases and agreements, and last, but by no means least, the law relating to investments; and once more I must beg my lady readers to remember that I can but tell them very little on these matters, and that if they wish to get up such questions thoroughly they must devote several years to the perusal of countless dry volumes by no means easy to understand.

What is a trustee? Perhaps a better question would be, what is a trust? Trusts, says Mr. Justice Smith, in his valuable work on equity, are divided into three kinds, viz., express trusts, implied trusts, and constructive trusts; hence it follows that a trustee may have to exercise a positive certain trust, a trust created or implied by the words of the instrument under which he acts, or a trust created by the Court of Chancery, *i.e.* a constructive trust.

According to Mr. Justice Smith, an express trust is a trust which is clearly expressed by the author thereof, or may fairly be collected from a written document; an implied trust is one which is founded on an unexpressed but presumable intention; and a constructive trust may be defined as a trust which is raised by construction of equity in

order to satisfy the demands of justice *without any presumable intention of the parties.* Thus, if a testator expressly leaves a sum of money in trust for another person, this is an express trust, as no discretion is given to the trustee; but if a sum of money is given to such of a certain class of persons as a third person shall appoint, and no appointment is made, this amounts to an implied trust in favour of all the persons named who will take equally; while if a person holding an estate under a defective title (in ignorance of the defect) makes improvements on the land, the true and lawful owner, on asking for relief in equity against the possessor, finds that he is bound to allow for such improvements, a constructive trust having arisen in favour of the former occupier.

My readers must pardon me for giving them such a dose of very dry law, but I do think it most important that the nature of trusts should be better understood, since it cannot be too often repeated that ignorance of the law is no excuse (*Ignorantia legis non excusat*).

Ladies are not often called to exercise the functions of trustees, but they are as a rule under trustees, and they ought to have some idea of the duties and liabilities of those who hold money in trust for them.

I suppose that no class of persons in England have more power and opportunity of doing wrong, or are more severely punished when found out, whether they have done wrong through ignorance or malice, than trustees. The Court of Chancery wishes and endeavours to do perfect justice no doubt, but, owing to the distinction between law and equity, which the attempted fusion of the two systems has not yet obliterated, it cannot, in my mind, do more than work rude justice—and very rude sometimes—between trustees and those for whom they act, called in Norman French *cestui que trusts.*

Now it must be clearly understood that the law never has, and does not even now, recognise trusts. It is true that an action in a court of law, which ought to have been brought in a court of equity, can be more easily transferred than it could have been formerly into the Chancery Division of the High Court, but still in law, trusts are not recognised. A testator may bequeath a sum of money to certain trustees to be invested for the benefit of a young lady, and the investments will stand, in the books of the various companies in whose securities the legacy is invested, entirely in the names of the trustees, who are considered *in law* as owners of the various amounts, which they can sell or transfer whenever they please, and, should the *cestui que trust* object to such a sale or transfer, she would be informed at once that the stock does not stand in her name and that she has no right to interfere. What is she then to do?

Should the money be invested in the funds, the old law allowed her to apply to the Court of Chancery for a writ of distringas against the Bank of England, which writ prevented the bank allowing the sale or transfer sought for, and should the money have been invested in some public company she might have obtained a restraining order, or stop

order, from the court; but I need not enter into the preliminaries necessary to obtain such instruments, because of late they have to a certain extent been abolished and a different procedure substituted. It appears to me that the simplest remedy to prevent abuse of their trusts by trustees would be to oblige the Bank of England and all companies to recognise trusts, and to insist that all trust accounts in their books should be marked as trust accounts, and that no sale or transfer should be permitted of such an account without leave from the Court of Chancery, for the present system is as severe on the unfortunate trustees as on the unprotected people they act for, since being considered the legal owners of the securities they hold, they are treated as legally responsible for any claims or liabilities incurred in respect of such securities—a most cruel responsibility for innocent or ignorant trustees (*vide* the Glasgow Bank case).

I hope my readers will now have some idea as to the position of trustees. They can without much difficulty act the part of knaves, and either escape with their ill-gotten gains or be made to expiate their crime; but at the same time, though not liable to criminal process, virtuous and honest trustees are too often ruined by the most innocent mistakes; hence it is most requisite to be careful as to the selection of a trustee in all cases.

Who then are the best persons to be selected as trustees? I answer emphatically that solicitors are best qualified to act in a fiduciary capacity. They know (or at least ought to know) the law, and are not likely to make mistakes; barristers also are fit and proper persons, for the same reason, to act as trustees; and, failing either of these, practical business men, such as merchants, bankers, or stockbrokers, may safely be relied on to act. Clergymen, though eminently fitted to act as far as their characters are concerned, seldom make good trustees, nor ought they to be burthened with such responsibilities. Every clergyman is, in the highest sense of the word, a trustee for the Church Whom Christ has bought with His own Blood; but, following the apostolic rule, clergymen ought not to be made 'to serve tables,' or, in plain English, to have to occupy themselves with such matters as investments, allotments, the rates of interest, &c., &c. Their education does not fit them for such responsibilities, and their sacred profession ought to prevent their being able to know much of the fluctuations of the money market. They are trustees and guardians of our souls, not of our worldly affairs; and the sacred service of the altar should not be intruded on by questions as to whether certain investments are authorised by the trusts under which the officiating priest acts, and clergymen we know are but men, and unable always to shake off worldly thoughts. The same objection applies, though in a less degree, to medical men, who ought to have their minds free to consider the cases of their patients; and yet numbers of clergymen and doctors are trustees at the present moment. Great mischief and misery would be saved were all trustees compelled to render annual

accounts of the moneys they hold in trust to the Court of Chancery, in the same way that committees in lunacy are; and I think it deserving some consideration that a staff of examiners of trust accounts should be legally appointed; but I fear it will be a long time before such a reform can be carried out, for the registration of every existing trust account would be no light matter, and I am by no means forgetful of the great difficulties that would arise if banks and public companies were compelled to recognise trust accounts in the present state of society, for the more liberty a man has to do what he likes with his own, the more contingencies must of necessity arise, and to attempt to control such a right now would be well nigh an impossibility.

We now come to the question of guardianship—not that we have at all exhausted the question of the law relating to trusts and trustees, but that it is impossible to do more than to give a few hints in a magazine article on such a comprehensive matter.

The care of infants, as persons who are not able to protect themselves, belongs to the sovereign as *parens patriæ*, and where no lawfully appointed guardian exists, the Court of Chancery assumes the office of guardian, provided the infant has property; not but that the court has jurisdiction over all unprotected infants, but that where there is no property the court cannot usefully exercise its power, for it cannot undertake to support all the infants in England.

Who may be the guardians of an infant? The father is the natural guardian of his children during their infancy; but though it is a popular belief that parents are omnipotent as regards their infant children, the law does not so consider them. Parents may, on good cause shown, be deprived of the custody of their children, notably for the causes of cruelty, immorality, or avowed Atheism,* and it is open either to the relations or friends of the children to set the law in motion against parents who neglect their duty. We hear often of the duty of children towards their parents; would that the duty of parents towards their children was equally taught. *A father alone can appoint a guardian by will.* This I know seems hard, but so the law stands. A mother *cannot* appoint a guardian, and this fact should be borne in mind by ladies.

In many cases no guardian is necessary, for many children—I may say most—have no property vested in them, but only the prospect of succeeding to property on the deaths of *both* their parents. Neglect of making a will so that infant children become entitled as heirs, heiresses, or next of kin to property is a common cause of the interference of the court, and its consequent trouble and expense.

A guardian appointed by the court is of course responsible to the Court. He is bound to see that his wards are decently and properly maintained, and educated in a position suitable to their rank in life, and he has the right to send them to any fit school to be

* "Westbrook *v.* Shelley" (the poet Shelley).

educated, and the court will further compel the children to attend such school—not, of course, that the Lord Chancellor has ever been known either to lead a child by the hand to school, or lock him up in his chambers until he promises to be a good boy, though I presume, if necessary, an officer of the court would be sent down to take an obstinate boy or girl to school.

The law, as to religion, is that children should be educated in the religion of their father, yet, in a famous case, the father having waived his right to bring up his child in his own religion, and allowed his wife (very often it would be well if the religious education of children were absolutely entrusted to their mothers) to teach the child her own religious views, by his will appointed a guardian, and the guardian attempting to have the child brought up in the father's religion, the court interfered, and said that the child should continue to be instructed in his mother's religion, as it (the court) could not allow the child's mind to be unsettled by it being taught new views and doctrines.

I know that these papers have been throughout laudatory of the Court of Chancery, and they have been purposely so. Englishmen and Englishwomen ought to understand the true character and universal beneficence of that august tribunal, and not look on it as a corrupt and iniquitous system, as it has been depicted by unscrupulous and ignorant novelists, though doubtless, in past years, owing to the parsimony of the Hanoverian government, it has been unable to work justice without great delay and lavish expenditure. No other nation in the world possesses such an institution as the Chancery Division of the High Court, which, originally founded in days of ignorance and oppression by the Catholic Church of England to do right to all men, has to this day retained its original character essentially unblemished—a fact every Englishman should be proud of and thankful for. (N.B. It is strange that the court has never been denounced by the Church Association, for, as I mentioned in a previous paper, it had its rise in the Royal Confessional.)

We now come to the question of wards of court—*i.e.*, infants of whom the court is the guardian, failing all other guardians.

My readers must not be led astray by such books as *Bleak House*, clever as that work undoubtedly is, but believe me when I assure them that wards of court are treated kindly and well looked after, though I admit that considerable expense is incurred when a child is made a ward of court. I shall not go into the formularies necessary for making a child a ward of court, as I do not presume to write much on practice in these papers, but shall give some little insight into the *position* of young people who may be made wards. Having no other protector, and needing protection sorely, the Court of Chancery becomes their protector—maintains, supports, and educates them, and even condescends to look after their love affairs, though from a purely legal point of view.

I have already mentioned that the court obliges a guardian to support and educate his wards properly, and when the court itself is the guardian it of course attends to such matters, and takes care that its wards shall be properly maintained, and sent to fit and proper schools, but perhaps it exercises its prerogative most jealously over the marriages of its wards. A female ward of court is of course a most desirable bride for a needy young gentleman, inasmuch as she is sure to be possessed of some property; but owing to the strict supervision of the court it is by no means easy to succeed in winning a ward's fortune, though the suitor may succeed in gaining her heart and affections. It must be distinctly stated that leave of the court is necessary to allow any one to marry a ward, and if the gentleman elopes with his bride or marries without leave he is in contempt—that is, guilty of setting the court at defiance—and may be imprisoned. Any person assisting to bring about or conniving at such a marriage, even though he is not aware that the lady is a ward of court, is also guilty of contempt, for *Ignorantia legis non excusat.*

If the court has reason to suspect an intended and improper marriage without its sanction, it will interdict by an injunction or peremptory order, not only the marriage, but even any communications or interviews between its ward and her lover; and, for aught I know to the contrary, the young lady, if obstinate, may have to appear in the Lord Chancellor's chambers and submit to a sound scolding from the highest law officer of the crown.

If the marriage takes place, by connivance or otherwise, and the husband is in contempt, he is not discharged from, or allowed to purge himself of, his contempt, until he has consented to make a proper settlement, approved by the court, on his wife, and must stop in prison until he is willing to do what the court orders; hence a fortune-hunter derives no direct benefit from marrying a rich ward in Chancery, nor will the court allow the ward to waive her rights to such a settlement, even though she may have come of age since the marriage.

I may mention, before I close this paper, an amusing case *à propos* of an infant objecting to go to the place of education selected by a guardian appointed by the court. It appears that a certain young gentleman had a great desire to go to Oxford, and his guardian had an equally strong predilection in favour of his going to Cambridge. The young man took his own way and went to Oxford, and forthwith down came a messenger of the court to Oxford, who carried the recalcitrant infant to Cambridge and left him there. The infant, as soon as the messenger had departed, returned to Oxford, and, on a second application from the indignant guardian, the court despatched another messenger, who took the young man back to Cambridge, and apparently stayed there until the infant had completed his terms and taken his degree.

R. F. J.

A TANGLED TALE.

KNOT III.

THE DEAD RECKONING.

'I did dream of money-bags to-night.'

NOONDAY on the open sea within a few degrees of the equator is apt to be oppressively warm; and our two travellers were now airily clad in suits of dazzling white linen, having laid aside the chain-armour which they had found not only endurable in the cold mountain air they had lately been breathing, but a necessary precaution against the daggers of the banditti who infested the heights. Their holiday-trip was over, and they were now on their way home, in the monthly packet which plied between the two great ports of the island they had been exploring.

Along with their armour, the tourists had laid aside the antiquated speech it had pleased them to affect while in knightly disguise, and had returned to the ordinary style of two country gentlemen of the Twentieth Century.

Stretched on a pile of cushions, under the shade of a huge umbrella, they were lazily watching some native fishermen, who had come on board at the last landing-place, each carrying over his shoulder a small but heavy sack. A large weighing-machine, that had been used for cargo at the last port, stood on the deck; and round this the fishermen had gathered, and, with much unintelligible jabber, seemed to be weighing their sacks.

'More like sparrows in a tree than human talk, isn't it?' the elder tourist remarked to his son, who smiled feebly, but would not exert himself so far as to speak. The old man tried another listener.

'What have they got in those sacks, Captain?' he inquired, as that great being passed them in his never-ending parade to and fro on the deck.

The Captain paused in his march, and towered over the travellers—tall, grave, and serenely self-satisfied.

'Fishermen,' he explained, 'are often passengers in My ship. These five are from Mhruxi—the place we last touched at—and that's the way they carry their money. The money of this island is heavy, gentlemen, but it costs little, as you may guess. We buy it from them by weight—about five shillings a pound. I fancy a ten-pound note would buy all those sacks.'

By this time the old man had closed his eyes—in order, no doubt, to concentrate his thoughts on these interesting facts; but the

Captain failed to realise his motive, and with a grunt resumed his monotonous march.

Meanwhile the fishermen were getting so noisy over the weighing-machine that one of the sailors took the precaution of carrying off all the weights, leaving them to amuse themselves with such substitutes in the form of winch-handles, belaying-pins, &c., as they could find. This brought their excitement to a speedy end: they carefully hid their sacks in the folds of the jib that lay on the deck near the tourists, and strolled away.

When next the Captain's heavy footfall passed, it was the younger man who roused himself to speak.

'*What* did you call the place those fellows came from, Captain?' he asked.

'Mhruxi, sir.'

'And the one we are bound for?'

The Captain took a long breath, plunged into the word, and came out of it nobly. 'They call it Kgovjni, sir.'

'K—I give it up!' the young man faintly said.

He stretched out his hand for a glass of iced water which the compassionate steward had brought him a minute ago, and had set down, unluckily, just outside the shadow of the umbrella. It was scalding hot, and he decided not to drink it. The effort of making this resolution, coming close on the fatiguing conversation he had just gone through, was too much for him: he sank back among the cushions in silence.

His father courteously tried to make amends for his *nonchalance*.

'Whereabouts are we now, Captain?' said he. 'Have you any idea?'

The Captain cast a pitying look on the ignorant landsman. 'I could tell you *that*, sir,' he said, in a tone of lofty condescension, 'to an inch!'

'You don't say so!' the old man remarked, in a tone of languid surprise.

'And mean so,' persisted the Captain. 'Why, what do you suppose would become of My ship, if I were to lose My Longitude and My Latitude? Could *you* make anything of My Dead Reckoning?'

'Nobody could, I'm sure!' the other heartily rejoined.

But he had overdone it.

'It's *perfectly* intelligible,' the Captain said, in an offended tone, 'to any one that understands such things.' And so saying he moved away, and began giving orders to the men, who were preparing to hoist the jib.

Our tourists watched the operation with such interest that neither of them remembered the five money-bags, which in another moment, as the wind filled out the jib, were whirled overboard and fell heavily into the sea.

But the poor fishermen had not so easily forgotten their property. In a moment they had rushed to the spot, and stood uttering cries of fury, and pointing, now to the sea, and now to the sailors who had caused the disaster.

The old man explained the matter to the Captain.

'Let us make it up among us,' he added in conclusion. 'Ten pounds will do it, I think you said?'

But the Captain put aside the suggestion with a wave of the hand.

'No, sir!' he said, in his grandest manner. 'You will excuse Me, I am sure; but these are My passengers. The accident has happened on board My ship, and under My orders. It is for Me to make compensation.' He turned to the angry fishermen. 'Come here, my men!' he said, in the Mhruxian dialect. 'Tell me the weight of each sack. I saw you weighing them just now.'

Then ensued a perfect Babel of noise, as the five natives explained, all screaming together, how the sailors had carried off the weights, and they had done what they could with whatever came handy.

Two iron belaying-pins, three blocks, six holystones, four winch-handles, and a large hammer, were now carefully weighed, the Captain superintending and noting the results. But the matter did not seem to be settled, even then: an angry discussion followed, in which the Captain, the sailors, and the five natives all joined: and at last the Captain approached our tourists with a disconcerted look, which he tried to conceal under a laugh.

'It's an absurd difficulty,' he said. 'Perhaps one of you gentlemen can suggest something. It seems they weighed the sacks two at a time!'

'If they didn't have five separate weighings, of course you can't value them separately,' the youth hastily decided.

'Let's hear all about it,' was the old man's more cautious remark.

'They *did* have five separate weighings,' the Captain said, 'but—Well, it beats *me* entirely!' he added, in a sudden burst of candour. 'Here's the result. First and second sack weighed twelve pounds; second and third, thirteen and a half; third and fourth, eleven and a half; fourth and fifth, eight: and then they say they had only the large hammer left, and it took *three* sacks to weigh it down—that's the first, third, and fifth—and *they* weighed sixteen pounds. There, gentlemen! Did you ever hear anything like *that*?'

The elder tourist muttered under his breath 'If only my crazy sister were here!' and looked helplessly at his son. His son looked at the five natives. The five natives looked at the Captain. The Captain looked at nobody: his eyes were cast down, and he seemed to be saying softly to himself 'Contemplate one another, gentlemen, if such be your good pleasure. *I* contemplate *Myself*!'

LEWIS CARROLL.

NOTES ON WATER-COLOUR DRAWING.

DRAWING in water-colours is essentially an English art. In no foreign studio has ever been produced the exquisite transparency, the purity of atmosphere, the depth of colour, and the delicacy of finish, which appear on the walls in our spring exhibitions, or in the private collections of the many lovers of art in our country. But setting aside the works of our great masters, we find a vast increase of power among amateurs; and a few practical hints to beginners, or to those who have not the opportunity of the highest education in this beautiful accomplishment, may be welcomed. Many have both the talent and the scope for much true work, who yet cannot rise to any perfection, because the first principles and teaching are defective. Sketching (or drawing from nature instead of copies), is one of the best masters we can have, and this in its most elementary form. Do not wait for great subjects, but *draw* with whatever materials or placed in whatever circumstances you may find yourself. Do not wait for so-called lessons in sketching—but sketch. Make a point of reproducing on paper every day something that you see—a box, a chair, a sofa, the angle of a room, a few steps, and a turn of the banisters, a spray of ivy, or a single wild flower—no matter what, but draw something every day, clearly and correctly, and with a decisive touch. Try it again to-morrow, and you will do it better; try it the next day, and you will do it better still. It is quite wonderful to see how by this education of the eye and finger correct outlining, and the due proportions of one object to another, becomes perfectly easy without any great or laborious work. That comes afterwards. It is an excellent practice, recommended, I, think, by Mr. Ruskin, to take a window by panes, dividing your paper into the number you mean to take in, and then sketching in each compartment what you see through its duplicate pane of glass. Especially is this plan good in winter when you can see the branches of trees without their leaves, and can study and mark down something at least like their delicate tracery. You must be able to sketch a good and complete outline before it is any use to put on colour. It is always weakened by the brush, and therefore needs the greater care to begin with. I once watched a lady who was making a sketch from Territet, of the head of the Lake of Geneva. For the beautiful Dents du Midi she left a space, saying that 'that would be easy to put in at home,' a speech which told what the drawing would be! I know of no outline more delicate, more varying, or more difficult to produce with any attempt at correctness, than that of the seven-headed mountain, and to those who love its every curve, or

point, or pinnacle; the idea of drawing it from fancy or memory is much like expecting to make a good likeness by jotting down the cut of a man's coat and collar, and leaving his features till he is out of sight. Some years ago a friend of mine mentioned my love for drawing and illuminating to Mr. Ruskin, who very kindly offered to lend me copies, and to begin with sent me a beautifully-finished letter (B) of the eleventh century, about an inch square, of which I was to make as exact a copy as possible, and then forward it with the original to him. I well remember his criticism on it. I had rather supposed my powers of drawing and copying to be above the average, but though kind and courteous, the sarcasm of the great connoisseur, as he condescended to comment on my work, brought down my conceit, while it in no wise daunted my ardour. 'Your friend,' he wrote to our medium, 'has not an idea of copying; she can do nothing till she has mastered that. Bid her take a page from *Lindley's Botany*, and for half-an-hour a day for a month copy petals, or leaves, or stamens, without any shading—just the mere outlines, taking care to reproduce the minutest curves and indentations; then trace the originals on oiled paper; place it over the copies, mark the slightest deviations, and begin again, till the eye has gained such exactness and proportion that the tracing covers her outlines. If she takes this trouble, bid her send to me at the end of the month for another copy.' I was too anxious to succeed to object to any trouble, and strictly adhered to Mr. Ruskin's advice, besides accepting his kind offer. My next copies were some beautiful letters from a missal of Saint Louis, and, in compliance with the kind proposal of the owner, I took my vellum leaves for his inspection and criticism, and received commendation which more than compensated my work.

Often since that time, when I have been sketching some jagged ridge among the Alps, or some distant range of mountain or hill, I have found the use of that close and exact copying of every curve and dent on the botanist's page, and gratefuly acknowledged how much I owed to Mr. Ruskin's kind advice. It is an invaluable help to have always at hand a small pocket-book, in which, by making the most of opportunities, you may constantly be adding to your resources. For instance, if at the sea-side, sketch in boats, ships, fishing-tackle, in any and every imaginable variety of position, not trying to make a drawing, but merely to get the eye acquainted with the different forms, and to have at hand correct models for future compositions. In fact, draw nothing ignorantly, and then you will not run the risk of being told by a sailor that your ship and your sails are at loggerheads, or that her bows and her bowsprit have parted company. In the same way, when in a finely-wooded country, collect studies of trees, branches, bits of foliage. Sketch in as if you were drawing a likeness the ramification of gnarled roots, wreathed as they often are with ivy tendrils, or covered with lichen. Make the utmost use

of a field full of cattle or sheep; jot them down singly, or in groups; sketch in the outline of their shadows; the actual colouring is easy when the form is correct. Gastiman always drew for his cattle first two square boxes, one large, one small. Put four legs to the larger box, and place the other box at one end; on the ground if the cow is grazing, on a level with the top if her head is raised. Then cut off the corners, and draw within these straight lines the outline of your cow.

We come next to some few broad principles of composition and colouring. Young artists are often puzzled how much or how little of a landscape they may take in. Hold your block or paper lengthways from the bridge of the nose; touch the end with your left hand or a stick, hold it in the air, and turn your paper with its face towards you, the centre touching your left hand or the stick held out. Whatever is *covered* by the paper may safely be included in the sketch—define the limit by not adding what appears outside the paper, held at its own length before you.

Never put your subject too high on your paper. A deep foreground is difficult to manage. When you begin to colour do so with very few colours, and gradually finish more highly as you approach the foot of the paper or board. A highly-wrought sky demands a fuller middle distance and a richer foreground. Arrange your lights and shadows before beginning. Let there be one chief light, to which all others are subordinate, but all linked by a connecting thought. As far as possible keep your high light towards the centre of the picture. Preserve distinct, shadows and reflections. In drawing still water put in first the reflections of trees, houses, rocks, clouds, &c., and bring your local colour in smooth washes *over* these, by which transparency is preserved. Nothing is more effective in water-colour drawing than water carefully handled, and nothing requires more careful and constant study. You may get the semblance of many things by superficial attention; but you cannot draw water, whether flowing or still, till after much keen observation, and then it requires delicate handling, or the effect cannot be clear. In a following paper will be given different methods of work as taught and followed by our three great modern artists, Copley Fielding, E. Richardson, and Callow. Lists and combinations of colours will also be given, and practical hints as to the choice of paper, &c.

BY A PUPIL OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS THREE WHOSE NAMES ARE GIVEN ABOVE.

(To be continued.)

A DOMESTIC FAMILY.

For three years a small collection of the Amphibia had been a continual source of interest to the writer, affording means of making many and varied observations on their nature, habits, and instincts; it is possible that some record of these observations may be of service to naturalists. My collection at first consisted of two common toads (*Bufo vulgaris*), one natterjack (*Bufo calamita*), three white-throated frogs (*Ranus ?*), and two green tree-frogs (*Hyla leucotænia*); the first mentioned six live together, the tree-frogs having a small case to themselves. This is necessary, for 'the Pope' (the ruling spirit among the toads) would assuredly eat his smaller relatives if he once got at them. Sometimes I have placed the two glass cases next each other, and watched for the result; the toads invariably got as near the smaller case as glass will allow, and gazed with hungry eyes at little greenies, who will also show signs of excitement. The toad could possibly eat them, but I firmly believe the little frogs have the desire, if not the physical capacity, for eating the toad family; certain it is that a sight of each other causes feelings of anger and cravings for revenge. Like the Zulu king who sent his warriors to 'eat up' the white man, my instinct-governed pets have but one idea, viz., to eat up any obstructor. One day Natterjack ate a fly on which the Pope had fixed his greedy eyes; in vindictive rage my lord grabbed at Natter, actually getting the latter's head into his capacious mouth, out of which perilous position I had to extricate the poor fellow. They always fight for their food in the most savage fashion: the toads make a dart at the frogs or at each other with the tongue, aiming chiefly at the adversary's eye with lightning-like rapidity.

During the whole three years only one death has occurred in the family, one of the white-throated frogs having died. The cause of death could not be discovered, but it is a remarkable fact that the frogs have never thriven so well as the toads and tree-frogs. They do not get fat, nor are they so lively as the toads, except at meal-time. A bluebottle they dearly love, and will make the most astonishing leaps after a fat fly crawling about in the case; at other times, however, they live underneath a great lump of cork, in a sort of cave covered with stones, damp moss, and the piece of cork. The creature that died had every attention paid during its illness. It had been observed to fail for several days, and at length was found stretched out quite stiff on its back; on being handled it took a great jump, apparently reviving for a few moments. It was then placed in a finger

glass of water, where it swam in a feeble manner; eventually it died, in spite of all our efforts at restoration. When first observed in the morning quite stiff, the other inhabitants of the case were assembled round the body, probably in solemn consultation, certainly in grave state. With the exception of this mishap they have lived comfortably for the whole time, and are as healthy-looking to-day as when first I took possession of them.

The family lived in a bell-shaped glass, which has a lid also of glass, fitted on to the surface of the bell with perforated zinc, half an inch thick, through which ample air is admitted. A bed of moss, with a little mould underneath, is placed in the case, a few stones, a bath with fresh water every day, a large piece of cork to form a dwelling for the frogs, and a ladder up and down which they exercise at times, form the entire equipment of their home. About once a month a fresh supply of moss is added, which makes them all very angry. Frogs and toads alike love to splash the water all over the moss, to form a sort of muddy conglomeration, and live at ease in the midst. We, on the other hand, like to see the case looking fresh and clear, so at the risk of incurring displeasure, we replace the muddy mixture periodically with fresh moss. The tree-frogs have a smaller case, a bell-glass arranged in a similar manner; shingle is placed at the bottom of the glass, with a covering of moss; they also have a bath and a ladder. In summer we give them a sprig of bay or some other tree in which they perch, and imagine themselves in their native south.

For food, frogs and toads both require living insects, and it becomes a difficult matter in winter time to obtain supplies; if we cannot find anything they go without. During the winter such creatures are supposed to sleep and not require any food for weeks together. Living in the Isle of Wight, I suppose from the mildness of the climate, this rule hardly holds good; they rarely go to sleep, and generally devour food whenever they can get it. The green frogs frequent their bath in winter, when, having but little food, they must derive means of sustenance from the water; in summer, having plenty of flies, they rarely go into their bath. The second toad is called Napoleon, because he squats on a solitary rock very frequently; it is, in fact, his special place by general consent. On one occasion he showed signs of a desire to hibernate; he straightway went and turned out the white-throated frogs from under the cork, and proceeded to settle himself. I believe he lived there for a couple of days, and then came forth; perhaps the weather became warmer, or perhaps he could not see enough of the world from his hole; in any case, out he came, and the frogs returned to their accustomed haunt.

At first we thought only flies would suit their palates, but this has been proved to be a delusion. Anything that creeps, flies, or crawls, in the insect line, my toads and frogs will be pleased to fight for; flies, beetles, moths, bees, wasps, earwigs, worms, ants, daddy-longlegs, in

fact anything, they will eat with relish. Wood-lice we give them by hundreds. At the last period when summer should have come we had for several days a great swarm of a species of moth, scores of which were caught in a butterfly net to feed the family. The wings of a moth are of considerable size for a toad to swallow, and are moreover covered with thick down. These small hindrances, however, were of no avail, and I would call attention to the marvellous instinct here displayed to overcome the difficulties. The quantity of down prevented them swallowing the moth, so they each proceeded to dip their fore-legs in water and wipe the side of the mouth so as to facilitate the swallowing of the dust-laden moth, wings and all. There is no imagination displayed here; numberless times were the creatures watched, and after the first desperate effort to swallow a dry moth, every time they resorted to the water to assist in the process of feeding, not one only, but all of them.

It is said that market-gardeners will give fourpence a piece for toads, and no wonder. If you have ants in a cucumber-frame, place a toad in it; I will undertake to say that every ant will rapidly disappear, the toad will eat them all. Put a toad in a strawberry-bed, and slugs will cease to be a nuisance. If troubled with black-beetles, keep a pet toad as I have done, and catch black-beetles for his food every day during a winter; and look for beetles in the following spring; you will find but few left. Among the insects they feed on I named the wasp. This is perfectly true, and as far as we can see the sting has no effect on the toad. The following is an authenticated fact, observed in a private garden on the Undercliff not long ago. A wasps' nest was noticed in a bank at the edge of a lawn, and a toad was seen to take up his abode hard by. He made a hole for himself at the entrance to the wasps' nest, and lived in that situation till every wasp that came in or out was eaten. I received this fact with incredulity. In order to test the matter I caught half-a-dozen wasps, and offered them to the Pope; he ate them all without the slightest hesitation, and would eat a hundred if we could only catch them, probably a hornet into the bargain. One day we had an empty wine case standing in the yard, in which a colony of wood-lice had appeared; we placed the Pope inside, and he ate with such avidity that we thought he would kill himself. We always say toads are unable to jump, and compared with frogs this is true; but the Pope certainly gave decided jumps on this occasion.

Towards the end of last year a discussion of some interest was started in the pages of *Science Gossip* on mistakes of instinct. After reading some remarkable cases, I determined to make some attempt to deceive my old toad. The Pope being the most cunning, I selected him for an experiment. It was in the month of June, when *Ophrys muscifera* (fly-orchis) was in flower. I took a single specimen, severed a flower entirely from the calyx, and loosely suspended it on a black

thread, which would be invisible to the toad's eyes. I gently played this over the cork, imitating, as far as possible, the motions of a fly right under old Pope's nose; it was successful, the old fellow thought it was a real fly, and ate him. For a day or two I had fears lest he might be poisoned, but nothing happened; probably he never knew the deception which had been practised on him. This is the only occasion on which we have seen either frog or toad eat anything not living. They are deliberate in taking food, especially in winter; the eye becomes riveted on the moving victim, and a curious muscular twitching of the leg may be observed, the hind toe jerking with great rapidity before the food is darted at. With the toads the tongue comes out like lightning after the few moments of contemplation, and rarely is the fly or insect missed. Their tongue is attached to the front part of the mouth, being free behind; it can be protruded at will, folding back into the mouth backwards. The Pope once gave a slap at my finger by mistake, but it was perfectly harmless, as they always are; no popular error is greater than that concerning the poison of toads, either by exudations from the porous glands or by its tongue. In France to this day two-thirds of the people would think a man would be poisoned if he touched a toad. The feeling of repulsion against them is remarkable, for they are as harmless as easily tamed; also the toad's eye is one of the most beautiful objects in nature: 'the jewelled eye of a toad' is a proverbial expression. I have said they are easily tamed, and am firmly convinced of this. The Pope, directly I approach his case to take off the lid, attempts to climb the side of the glass; I place my hand as a step, and he comes up rapidly; will go into my pocket and rest contented there, and is even occasionally taken out of doors to be fed. Their hearing is acute: the sound of the piano attracts their attention, also whistling causes them to look up. When the Pope comes to my hand it is not from mere effort to escape, for he will not approach strangers. He is exceedingly fond of being gently tickled, and I have frequently made him close his eyes by these means, apparently lulled to sleep. Only once have any of the toads been known to utter a sound. One day Natterjack, in a fit of temper, got on Napoleon's back, put his arms round the latter's throat, and made a desperate attempt to throttle him. We distinctly heard a squeak, and arrived in time to take off the clinging Natter, Napoleon being covered with a sort of froth, and evidently much exhausted. We all think he would have been strangled if nobody had been at hand. The pluck of Natter is extraordinary. By far the smallest of the lot, he fights each in turn, holding his own on most occasions, though Pope did once nearly swallow him. It is commonly said that the Natterjack has the power of emitting a disagreeable odour through the skin-pores; in the whole three years I have never noticed this peculiarity with regard to my specimen. It progresses by means of a quick, shambling gait, unlike the common

toad, and cannot make a spring or jump. The common toad and natterjack are the only species found in England, both being wanting in Ireland. A toad has been said to live a hundred years; this is probably a fact. Pennant, in his *British Zoology*, cites an instance of a toad living forty years, and eventually being killed by a raven. Numerous instances have been brought forward from time to time of toads living in lumps of coal, shut up in deep holes underground, &c. I think none of these instances have been fully verified. From practical experience I do know that a toad shut up in a hermetically-sealed box was found dead at the end of a month. Without food a toad may live for a long time; without air it is impossible. Frogs and toads change their skin annually. I watched the Pope through the whole process. He commenced with the hind legs; by some means getting the edge of the skin into his mouth, he gradually peeled off the hinder parts of the body by working the legs backwards and forwards. The entire process took several hours, in which time I made constant observations. They are commonly said to eat the old skin, but I have found they leave the bits about in the case; the idea of eating the skin may have arisen from the fact of the mouth being required to assist in the peeling.

Cuvier asserts that the tadpoles of toads feed on vegetable matter floating on the surface of ponds. Last spring we took tadpoles from the Bonchurch pond, and placed them in a round tub, with a large stone in the centre to enable the creatures to get on *terra firma* if they felt so disposed. For several weeks we kept these tadpoles, watching the gradual development visible from day to day. During this time they ate no food; small pieces of meat were put in the tub from time to time, but it is very doubtful if the tadpoles fed from the fragments. They steadily developed, till one fine night the whole lot walked off together, not a single trace being found in the morning. How or where they went we knew not. This is a natural habit. Near the New Forest, some time ago, a friend was startled one night by coming across an enormous quantity of small frogs, evidently migrating *en masse* from a pond hard by; the next morning not a single frog could be found in that spot, although there were hundreds the previous evening. Night is the lively time, I believe, with frogs and toads; mine hold grand carnival at night. Any one with a candle in the middle of the night would be sure to find high jinks going forward among my family. One day the whole household was startled by sounds as of a man snoring, sounds which we could not account for, till it was found to proceed from the white-throated frogs croaking; since then we have noted it is in damp weather that they are inclined to croak.

When once they do begin we can hear the sound all over the house. It should be stated that these white-throated frogs were sent over from Ireland. After the death of the third white-throat a

gentleman kindly brought me a huge specimen of the common English frog (*Ranus temporaria*) to replace the lost one. He let the creature out of a bag on the drawing-room floor; after gravely taking a look round it took a great spring, and gave no little trouble before we recaptured it. I placed the frog with my family, but it would not eat, drink, or be comforted; it pined for liberty, and had to be released. Weather has great effect on the tree-frog, causing it to vary in colour from day to day, being sometimes brilliant green, at others a dull inky green. The feet of the tree-fog are differently formed from those of ordinary frogs, having small suckers attached, which enable them to cling to any surface, even a smooth window-pane. They feed entirely on flies, or an occasional woodlouse if very small and tender. In captivity greenies never croak, though in the South of France they make an extraordinary noise for so small a creature.

C. PARKINSON.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'FAIR ELSE,' ETC.

VII.—VICTOR HUGO.

When M. Vinet tells us in his excellent *Études sur la Littérature française au* XIX^me^ *Siècle*, that the plays of Delavigne form a thermometer by which to measure the progress of romanticism, he alludes, not to romanticism in the English sense, but to that school of literature which arose after 1815, and did battle with classic traditions, revolutionised French literature, and finally made way for that materialistic school which is now producing works of which it has been said with terrible truth, 'No literature has so lowered the standard of culture, morality, and temperance; no literature has so thrown overboard honour and truth in order to revel in vice; no literature has ever so stained all the ideals most dear to God-fearing and man-loving men, nor heaped ridicule so basely upon all that is pure, and homely, and simple, and lovely, as this branch of the literature of France.' * Of such works as these we shall not again speak; no one with a grain of self-respect will wish to study the works of M. Zola and his followers.

Romantic was a name which the writers to whom it was applied never accepted, saying that they had no idea what it meant when used to describe their works. Their school professed to worship whatever was beautiful, without regard to tradition, and was an outcome of the revolt against all old rules, simply *because* they were old. Its search for truth, as interpreted by reason, connected it with the literature of the eighteenth century, and it sympathised both with the eclectic school, which endeavoured to construct a creed chosen out of the doctrines of all systems, and with what was called the *école doctrinaire*, which estimated men not by the accident of birth, or by morals, but by their intellectual gifts. Out of the conflict of politics, religion, and society, which followed the Restoration, came modern French drama and fictions, full of characteristic excitement and restlessness; and if it has created little else that is durable, we at least owe to the romantic school matchless lyric poetry, to whose birth a state of eager dissatisfied search is eminently favourable.

This school found a magnificent representative in Victor Hugo.

* Stopford Brooke, *On the Shipwrecks of Life.*

Like another great writer, Georges Sand, his very cradle was surrounded by conflicting influences which were to haunt and warp his life. His mother was a *Vendéenne*, a fervent royalist, though she married a republican, and followed him in his campaigns under Bonaparte,* until he became major-domo of the Palace at Madrid, when she returned to Paris, and lived in the ancient convent of the Feuillantines. Here Victor, then seven years old, received lessons from a grave, sad man, whose existence seemed full of mystery. He lived in strict seclusion, and the boy was taught never to speak of his presence. He was in fact a political outlaw, accused of having a hand in conspiracies against Bonaparte. For two years he lived in safety; no one thought of seeking him in the home of a republican officer; then, his refuge being discovered, he was thrown into prison, there joined with Malet in one of the most daring plots ever organised, and was shot with him on the plain of Grenelle, in 1812. M. Hugo, much alarmed at the responsibility which his wife had incurred, recalled her and her two boys to Spain. This arrest and death of General Lahorie filled Victor with anger and sorrow, not soon to die out, as his poems much later testify.

He had another fairer association with the Feuillantines; he used to play in its secluded convent garden with a lovely little girl to whom he gave his very youthful heart, and whom he later married. The means by which he, no richer than poets usually are, was able to offer her a home, are too honourable both to him and to Louis XVIII. to be passed over in silence. A friend was flying from a sentence of death, incurred by sharing in that conspiracy of Saumur, which cost so many young lives. Victor Hugo wrote offering to conceal him. 'I am too much of a royalist,' he wrote, "for any one to think of seeking him in my room.' Letters, even of known royalists, were then opened by the police. This one was sent to the king himself. Instead of punishing the writer, Louis XVIII. showed his appreciation of his conduct by giving him a pension which enabled him to marry. His wife is often alluded to in the tenderest terms in early poems, as raising, sustaining, consoling, and yet there is no knightliness in his prose works when he treats of women; he seems to have the Oriental feeling with regard to them. His ideal of a woman is that she should be a flower, a bird, a toy If she found a soul he would have appreciated it as little as in Undine's case did Huldbrand. A Romola or an Imogen would be inconceivable to him.

With much difficulty he had gained his father's consent to making literature his profession. There was as yet little sympathy between them. The different political and religious views of M. and Mme. Hugo had caused dissensions ending in a legal separation; the latter was dead before her son married, but he only clung the more fondly

* See *Mon Enfance: Odes et Ballades.*

to the views which he had learned from her. Unlike Lamartine, he had written and published from boyhood. His earliest articles appeared in *La Muse française*, the organ of the select ultra-royalists. Alfred de Vigny was another of its contributors, as were several talented women, such as Mme. Gay, some of whose novels give a lively picture of society under the Directory and Empire; and Mme. Desbordes Valmore, author of *Les Pleurs*, a title which rather cruelly recalls that of *Mes Larmes*, given to her poems by Blanche Amory in *Pendennis*.

In fact, sentiment got the upper hand in *La Muse française*. In an evil hour André Chenier had written the striking *Jeune Malade*, and *La Muse* continued to work the vein with a feminine *jeune malade*, a *sœur malade*, a *mère mourante*, and so many more sick and dying that the muse herself got tired of the strain, and would have no more of it, and a cruel critic suggested as a final wind-up of the subject an elegy on *L'Oncle à la mode de Bretagne en pleine convalescence*. *

The aim of the magazine was to support divine right and priestly authority, a line from which some of its contributors were one day to deviate widely—none so widely as Victor Hugo. His *Odes et Ballades*, however, show that in 1822 he was still of the 'opinion of his mother.' Six years later came *Les Orientales*, all colour, splendid imagery and sensuousness, followed by *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, and other volumes of poems, and between these, novels, dramas, and pamphlets.

It is regrettable that his prose is so much better known in England than his verse, for it is especially true of Victor Hugo, fine as much of his prose is, *le vers est de bronze, mais la prose est d'argile*. Clay is indeed mixed with the gold of his novels; they are full of that element of impurity which inevitably brings decay and oblivion in its train. We own this the more sadly, that in Victor Hugo we have a great genius, with immense gifts. Goethe recognised this, and of all French poets Victor Hugo has most of Goethe's own love of beauty and dramatic power. *Les Orientales* are strongly influenced by the great German poet. Less tender and pure than Lamartine, he has equal lyric charm, far greater power, and a much wider range. Nothing marks the contrast between them more than the different ways in which they regard nature. Lamartine loved her for herself; to Victor Hugo she is only interesting as connected with man. Take his grand poem of *Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne*, a poem of antithesis, which is a form he constantly affects. The contrast in this poem is between the two voices which he conceives himself as hearing.

'L'une venait des mers; chant de gloire! hymne heureux!
C'était la voix des flots qui se parlaient entre eux;
L'autre, qui s'élevait de la terre où nous sommes,
Était triste: c'était le murmure des hommes,

* Demogeot.

Et dans le grand concert, qui chantait jour et nuit,
Chaque onde avait sa voix, et chaque homme son bruit.
Or, comme je l'ai dit, l'océan magnifique
Epandait une voix joyeuse et pacifique, ...
Sa clameur, qu'emportaient la brise et la rafale,
Incessamment vers Dieu montait plus triomphale,
Et chacun de ses flots, que Dieu seul peut dompter,
'Quand l'autre avait fini, se levait pour chanter.' . . . .

Then comes the contrast with the other voice :—

'Qu'était-ce que ce bruit dont mille échos vibraient ?
Hélas ! c'était la terre et l'homme qui pleuraient !'

The exceeding beauty of Victor Hugo's poems makes it the more regrettable that many are marred by coarseness, or by his prevailing fault of mistaking violence for strength, and sometimes believing that he has said a new thing because it is said in a new way. In the striking poem on 'Daniel in the Lions' Den,' one of the lions relates feats which prove him a very Munchausen among his kind, and spoil the effect of another wise grand poem. This tendency appeared unmitigatedly in Victor Hugo's first romance, *Han d'Island*, where Han, a monster, and the descendant of a race of monsters, performs feats as amazing and far more disgusting, than the Syrian lion. Again, Victor Hugo's wonderful power over all the resources of the French language often leads him into abusing it, and there is a want of taste frequently apparent which strikes a jarring note, as when he compares the notes trickling from organ-pipes to 'water from a sponge.' In another case, death and exile are described as approaching *là bouche haletante, —L'un avec un tombeau, l'autre avec une tente*, an amazing metaphor which arrantly defies the good old rule that a picturesque metaphor is one which can be rendered by pencil as well as pen.

Victor Hugo is especially the poet of childhood. A whole volume * has been made out of his poems on children, and one of his latest works is *L'Art d'être Grandpère*, which however is far below the level of earlier poems. In *La Rose de l'Infante*,† is a portrait like one of Rembrandt's royal children. The little Infanta is sitting beside a fountain in the gardens of the Escurial, her staid duenna behind her, holding a rose in her hand, *avec la gravité d'une petite reine*. Evening is coming on, the birds chirp themselves to sleep, a rosy beam lingers on the marble statues, the sunshine vanishes from the gloomy palace ; all grows still. Then comes a striking description of Philip II., looking from its windows, haggard and silent :—

'Et c'est la Mort, à moins que ce ne soit le Roi !
Ceux auxquels il pensait disaient: "Nous étouffons."
Et les peuples, d'un bout à l'autre de l'empire,
Tremblaient, sentant sur eux ces deux yeux fixes luire.'

* *Les Enfantines.* † *La Légende des Siècles.*

He is thinking of the Armada; he smiles, picturing to himself how perhaps at that moment England is vanquished. Meanwhile, still sitting by the fountain, the little Infanta holds her rose, and now and then kisses it; suddenly a breath of wind shivers in the myrtles; shakes the pine-tree above her head; the rose-leaves are scattered over the basin of the fountain; they float far and wide—'*on croit voir dans un gouffre une flotte qui sombre,*' and while the child looks round amazed for 'this breeze which dared to displease her,' the duenna says, '*Tout sur terre appartient aux princes, hors le vent.*' A less true poet would have pointed the moral; Victor Hugo leaves the reader to conjure up the destruction of the Armada, the downfall of Philip's vision.

Les pauvres Gens is as beautiful in another strain. The fisherman is at sea, his five little ones sleep, and the mother listens to the surge upon the rocks, and prays, and thinks how poor they are, and how hard her good husband works. By and by she goes out to see if the boat is coming back. No sign of it; all is dark in the hamlet; dawn has not broken. She sees however an open door, where a sick widow lives, and goes in, to find the woman dead, and her little children smiling in their sleep. What can she do but carry them away with her? But then doubts and fears assail her. Two more! and so little to keep them; and what will her husband say?—her good husband, so hard-worked already! Lost in thought, she only perceives his return when he enters with a joyous '*Me voici, femme!*' Presently she tells him, falteringly, that their neighbour is dead. He looks grave, and says—

'Nous avions cinq enfants, cela va faire sept.
Déjà, dans la saison mauvaise, on se passait
De souper quelquefois. Comment allons-nous faire?. . . .
Si petits! on ne peut leur dire: Travaillez.
Femme, va les chercher. S'ils se sont reveillés,
Ils doivent avoir peur tout seuls avec la morte.
C'est la mère, vois-tu, qui frappe à notre porte;
Ouvrons aux deux enfants. Nous les mêlerons tous.
Cela nous grimpera le soir sur les genoux.
Ils vivront, ils seront frère et sœur des cinq autres.
Quand il verra qu'il faut nourrir avec les nôtres
Cette petite fille et ce petit garçon,
Le bon Dieu nous fera prendre plus de poisson.
Moi, je boirai de l'eau, je ferai double tâche.
C'est dit. Va les chercher. Mais qu'as-tu? Ça te fâche?
D'ordinaire, tu cours plus vite que cela.
Tiens, dit elle, en ouvrant les rideaux, les voilà!'

Space will not allow of extracts from other poems, though it is difficult to refrain from quoting parts of *L'Expiation*, *Waterloo*, and others, unequalled of their kind. Among these is the poem on the siege of Paris by the Germans, *France, être sur ta claie*, though here we find a touch of that self-glorification which is often unpleasantly

prominent in his writings. In his later poems he piques himself on singing, not royalty, but that democracy which, as De Tocqueville points out, has been steadily rising throughout all European history, and has been ministered to by the most contradictory events. The Crusades, the inventions of gunpowder and printing, the Wars of the Roses in England, Richelieu's policy in France, the Reformation, the Revolution, all tended in that direction. Victor Hugo undertakes to rear a new society, founded on veneration for age, and love to the young, apparently unaware that Christianity has offered all this and more already. His one remedy for all ills is, not that obedience to moral law which is the bond of rule, but to change our social condition. He revolts against suffering, seeing in it only the fault of society, and forgets that no state exists where sin and therefore suffering are not inevitably present; and as a consequence, magnificent as his poems are, no sad heart would ever turn to them for support or comfort.

'HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOR EVER.'

She gathered snowdrops when the world
And she were young together,
And thought such pure, white things were worth
Whole months of wintry weather;
And then the cold March brought her stores
Of daisies fair and bright,
Sweet violets and celandines,
An ever-fresh delight;
And April's treasures from the fields,
From copse and way-side lone,
She culled with little, loving hands,
And claimed them as her own.
They faded, but she gathered more,
And so, mid sun and showers,
Whatever childhood brought to her,
Her hands were filled with flowers.

She gathered lilies later on,
The light was pure and sweet
That fell through boughs of tender green
On broad leaves at her feet.
Each lily-bell tolled perfume faint
Upon the balmy air,
The wood-birds sang, her heart kept tune,
She felt no discord there.
A tender light was on her path,
Hope whispered to her soul,
'The world is fair, and life is sweet,
There's no such thing as dole.'
The maiden listened, strong in faith
That naught could e'er destroy
The love that made existence seem
A still and sacred joy.

She gathered buds of deeper hue
Beneath the summer sun,
Glad treasures these, like trophies brave
From field of battle won.

Each crimson rose she loved so well
She plucked with watchful care,
The dainty blossoms wooed her heart—
But thorns were also there.

Then came a time when hedgerows green
Were grey with autumn's dust,
The light grew dim, the chill, damp mist
Had well-nigh quenched her trust;
But still she sought for blossoms fair
Whereon her gaze might rest,
And seeking long, she found at last
Response unto her quest.
Stray poppies from deserted fields,
Asters from gardens rare,
Enough to keep her heart in tune
And ward off grim despair.
She said, 'My life is nearly done—
Made up of good and ill
It seems a weary dream, and yet
Some flowers are blooming still.'

The winter came with piercing winds,
And nights of bitter frost,
She said, 'No matter! God is good,
The flowers are not lost.'
And then, as if to prove her true,
From out the deepening snows,
Beneath the window where she lay
There bloomed a Christmas rose.
She watched it many days and long,
With loving, wistful eyes,
'If it should fade, I would not doubt;
God's mercy never dies—
Yet would I lay the gentle flower
Upon my tired heart,
And gaze into its pure, white face,
Before I hence depart.'
The morning sun with tender smile
Gleamed on her silver hair,—
A softened radiance round the brow
Most strangely free from care;
The pale, sweet features wore a look
Of infinite repose,

As soft she whispered forth the words,
'Love, gather me the rose.'
The blossom lay upon her breast,
She gazed into its face—
None spake—she seemed to muse apart
Some mystery of grace.
She held it in her quiet clasp
A few short peaceful hours,
And then—before its petals drooped—
God gave her fadeless flowers.

M. E. SHIPLEY.

Spider Subjects.

Bog-Oak, Wakatu, C. P., and M. C. P. have been collated for the names of flowers. Much abridgment of Bog-Oak has been needful. Wakatu was made out with difficulty from the careless writing of the botanical names. All names not absolutely local have been omitted.

LOCAL NAMES OF PLANTS.

Clematis Vitalba—Withy-wind, Honesty, Gloucester; Old Man's Beard, Fruz, Hants; Boy's bacca, Bucks.
Anemone nemorosa—Smell foxes, Hants.
Aconitum Napellus—Cat's-tail, Cuckoo Caps, Salop.
Ranunculus arvensis—Devil's Currycomb, Jack-o'-two-sides, Salop.
Ranunculus acris—Gold Cup, Sussex.
Caltha palustris—Hobblegobbles, Bucks; King Cups, Hants.
Papaver Rhœas—Red-weed, Hants; Headache, Sussex.
Cardamine pratensis—Smick Smock, Andover; Milkmaids, Yorks.
Alliaria officinalis—Jack cure all, Andover.
Sinapis arvensis—Tares, Devon; Vielk, Bucks.
Capsella Bursa-Pastoris—Pick-pocket, Bucks.
Viola tricolor—Love in idleness, Hants; Kiss-me, Jump up and kiss me, Bucks; Kit run about, Love in vain, Three faces under a hood.
Viola canina—Cuckoo's Shoe, Salop.
Polygala—Gang Flower (old).
Lychnis Flos-cuculi—Ragged Jack, Salop.
Lychnis diurna—Bobby's Eyes, Hants; Red Robin, Devon; Jack-in-the-Hedge, Salop; Robin Redbreast.
Lychnis vespertina—White Bobby's Eyes, Hants; Granny's Night-cap, Bucks.
Silene inflata—Birds' eggs, Salop.
Stellaria Holostea—Shirt-buttons, West Kent; All bones, Devil's eyes, Devil's corn, Salop.
Agrostemma Githago—Rabbits' ears, Hants.
Hypericum Calycinum—Jerusalem Star, Salop.
Geranium Robertianum—Cats' Eyes, Bird's Eye, Hants; Poor Robin, Dragon's Blood.
Oxalis acetosella—Alleluia, Cuckoo's Bread-and-cheese, Bucks.
Impatiens Noli me Tangere—Jumping Betty.
Trifolium Incarnatum—Napoleon, Apollyon, 'Polion, Hants.
Lotus Corniculatus—Milk-maids, Sussex; Pattens and Clogs, Ladies Fingers, Shoes and Stockings, Fingers and Thumbs, Hants; Cuckoo's Stockings, Sussex; Pettitoes, Bucks.
Anthyllis vulneraria—Staunch, Ireland.
Epilobium Hirsutum—Custard Cup, Salop.
Epilobium Angustifolium—Cats' Eyes.
Potentilla anserina—Argentine (old).

Geum rivale—Granny's Night-caps, Hants.
Cratægus oxyacantha—May, Fruit, Hog's Gazels, Sussex; Hippity-hoppety, Cuckoo's Bread-and-cheese tree.
Rose Bedeguar—Robin's Cushion, Hants; Hip-ball, Bracony-ball, Briars Boss.
Fritillaria Meleagris—Francup, Bucks.
Arum Maculatum—Lamb in a Pulpit, Devon; Adam and Eve, Kent; Devil's Men and Women, Cows and Calves, Sussex.
Sempervivum Tectorum—Sin Green, Hants and Bucks.
Laburnum—Golden Chains, Hereford; Golden Rain, Sussex.
Holly—Christmas, Holm (unberried), Hants.
Lilac—May, Kent.
Yew—Palm, Kent.
Scarlet Lychnis—Torch of St. John, Cross of Malta.
Spiræa Ulmaria—King of the Meadow, Salop; Sweet Hay, Sussex.
Saxifraga umbrosa—St. Patrick's Cabbage, Ireland; Our Lady's Needlework, Essex.
Sedum rupestre—Jealousy, Link Moss, Salop.
Sedum acre—Golden Moss, Bucks.
Sedum Telephium—Midsummer Men, Hants.
Scandix Pecten—Beggar's Needle, Salop; Hedge-hog, Sussex.
Bellis perennis—Baw Wort, Billy Buttons, Salop.
Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum—Horse Daisy, Hants; Moon Daisy, Salop.
Artemisia Arboretum—Old Man, Boy's Love, Hants; Lady's Love, Bucks; Lad's Love, Salop.
Tragopogon pratensis—Jack (or Betty) Go-to-bed at Noon, Salop.
Solidago virgaurea—Aaron's Rod, Salop.
Convolvulus Sepium—Old Man's Night-cap, Salop; Lilybine, Bearbine, Yorks.; Billy Clipper, Salop.
Convolvulus Arvensis—Withy-wind.
Pulmonaria officinalis—Jerusalem Cowslip, Hants.
Digitalis purpurea—Poppy, Hants and Devon; Ladies' Gloves, Ladies' Fingers, Thimble Flowers.
Linaria Cymbalaria—Mother of Millions, Cornwall; Creeping Sailor, Sussex; Travelling Sailor, Hants.
Rhinanthus Crista-galli—Rattle-box, Ireland; Hen-penny, Yorks; Cock's Comb, Salop.
Cotyledon Umbilicus—Penny Cakes, Penny Pies, Cornwall.
Veronica Chamædrys—Bird's Eye, Hants; Bonnie Bird's Eyne, Cumberland; Eye-bright, Salop.
Prunella Vulgaris—Lady's Slipper, Hants.
Nepeta Glechoma—Lion's Mouth, Sussex.
Primula veris—Paigle, Herts; Cowanlop, Salop.
Anagallis arvensis—Twelve o'clock, Hants.
Plantago lanceolata—Conquerors, Devon; Knockheads, Hants; Blackjacks, Fighting Cocks, Salop; Jack Straws, Kent.
Plantago Major—Waybred, Waybiet, Teviotdale; Englishman's Foot, America.
Urtica Vulgaris—Naughty Man's Plaything, Sussex.
Orchis Mascula—Dead Man's Hands, Hants; Dead Man's Fingers, Bloody Butcher, King's Fingers, Bucks.
Iris Pseud-acoris—Water Skeggs, Scotch; Cows and Calves, Hants.

Narcissus Poeticus—Butter and Eggs, &c., Devon.
Narcissus Pseudo-Narcissus—Lent Lily, Hants and Devon.
Hyacinthus non-scriptus—Blue Bottles, Hants; Cuckoo's Boots, Salop.
Bryonia—Poison Berries.
Polyanthus—Spring Flower, or Jack-in-a-box, Hants.
Narcissus—Sweet Nancy, Hants.

Escapes from Prison must be deferred till next month.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

An essay on helpfulness and officiousness.
What are the chief metres used in English poetry.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

Write notice to your servants at home when to prepare for your arrival.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The genus *Trifolium*, given as the subject for July, brought nearly the whole society into the field. From thirty-seven members exercises have been received. This is highly gratifying, and *Vertumnus* ventures to express a hope that there will be no falling from the standard which has now been reached. It is encouraging also to notice a continued improvement in the manner in which the specimens are presented and described. Cases of mistaken identity are however still apt to occur. In these packets, *e.g.*, it is curious to observe how many, even of the most proficient members have mistaken the Black Medick (*Medicago lupulina*) for a *Trifolium*. The botanical lesson taught by this particular blunder is, the importance of the *fruit* of a plant in determining both its family and species.

The allied genera to *Lactuca* and *Crepis* to be included with them in the October subject, had better be considered as limited to *Hypochœris*, *Apargia*, and *Thrincia*.

Will members be so good as to write their names on the first page of their little books, and to be careful to stitch the leaves together?

Notices to Correspondents.

High Schools and Local Examinations.—Dear Mr. Editor,—Will you kindly allow me a little space in which to make a few remarks in order to set right what I cannot but think an erroneous impression given by some passages in the last number of the 'Note Book of an Elderly Lady'?

First, respecting High Schools, and their effect upon their pupils. No doubt there are High Schools and High Schools; but I hope that Miss Sewell's experience regarding them has been exceptional. As far as I have had any experience in the matter, it is private schools, rather than High Schools which 'must pay interest upon the money invested in them,' and of which Miss Sewell goes on to say 'to do this they must attract numbers: numbers can only be attracted by reputation: reputation can only be gained by results which the public can estimate. . . . Therefore necessarily, without any fault, the attention of the governesses must be given to the girls who are likely to secure them this reputation.' I have heard of schools in which this has been the case, but they were not High Schools. I believe that the mistresses of most, if not of all High Schools would indignantly disavow this statement both in theory and practice. They would say that their aim and object was not to get distinction for a few clever girls, but to develop the intelligence of the rank and file.

Neither do I think that there are many High Schools in which dull girls would be likely to be taught in the same class with clever girls who were going to pass an examination. This might easily be the case in a private school, in which the struggling head mistress could not afford a sufficient number of teachers to do justice to all; but I cannot believe that it would be the case in a school which is supported by public funds, unless by great error on the part of the Council. The dull girls would be in a lower class, doing work suited to their powers: the cleverer girls working apart from them, under another mistress. I believe that in the best High Schools, the examination is taken simply as part of the school work, without any special preparation or assistance given by the mistresses; and I have heard of one High School in which the girls said that they felt a great deal more nervous about the school examination in which the mistresses examined their papers than about the Cambridge Senior Examination, where no personal element came into the question.

Certainly I have seen as dull and backward girls as could easily be found develop under High School teaching into bright, eager, intelligent creatures, enjoying their lessons, and roused to general interest in the world and their fellow-creatures: and this notwithstanding that they were of necessity put into quite a low class, with younger girls than themselves.

Of course there are girls whom class teaching does not seem to suit, and who must have individual attention; but I believe that these are a very small number, and that the intelligence of many dull and back-

ward girls is more easily awakened in *good* class teaching than in private teaching.

I do not think that Miss Sewell can warn us too strongly that education and cultivation are not the same thing. But, granted that High School teaching can only give the first and not the second, is not the obvious remedy that the boarding-houses belonging to them should be under the charge of ladies who can give the cultivating influence which a day school cannot do? I imagine that there are many High Schools where the Council is aware of this fact, and does its best to supply the need in the selection of the heads of the boarding-houses.

I cannot quite understand the plea upon which Miss Sewell wishes to extend the age for the Senior Examination to twenty.

The Cambridge Higher, in its present form, seems to supply every need for girls over eighteen. Why is it 'hopeless' to pass it after school has been left? It has no connection with a university degree, and no one need take up for it algebra, Euclid, or the classics. It may be taken piece-meal, year by year, the only proviso being that the English group and arithmetic should be taken up in the first year; and in this way many girls, both governesses and young ladies at large, who could not give their whole time to study, can get through group after group in successive years until they have earned their certificate. Two groups besides Group A (English) and arithmetic will give a certificate; a first or second class in two of the three groups an honour certificate. The only real difficulty to the self-taught—arithmetic—is likely to be nothing to girls fresh from a good school. I think room should be found in some group for general history, which is not the case at present, the questions both in Group A and Group D being confined to English history. With this exception there is choice for all tastes: Divinity, English literature and history, ancient and modern languages and literature, mathematics, moral science, physical science, and music. In many schools this now forms the final examination for girls, who often stay on to nineteen or even twenty, in order to pass it.

The Cambridge authorities are willing to co-operate as far as possible towards the setting up of new centres: where the number of candidates is not sufficient to make it worth while for them to send down an examiner to superintend the examination, they allow a resident in the place, who must be an M.A. of Oxford or Cambridge, to undertake the office. I think that no one who has been in for this examination, whether successful or not, finds it so formidable as the girls do of whom Miss Sewell speaks; and success in it does not seem to me to be an honour so highly regarded by the world at large as to make its possessor feel shy. But at the same time it certainly fills up a much needed want, and may prove a beneficial rival to the undisputed sway of lawn tennis and private theatricals.—*M. Bramston.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

On receiving, near Baltimore, U.S.A., the *Monthly Packet* for August, I read aloud to a group of ladies and gentlemen born in the Southern States, the question, 'What is meant by pass my persimmon?' Only two had heard the phrase, and they exclaimed simultaneously, 'Oh! it means that's a huckleberry above my persimmon.' As this

common saying among us will be equally unintelligible to English readers, I would say that both phrases mean *something that I cannot equal—a little more than I can attain to.* The persimmon is the American substitute for a medlar. It is a small and very pretty tree, generally covered with fruit, which, while green, is inexpressibly acrid, but it ripens, or rather decays, to a semi-transparent golden fruit, a little bigger than a cherry, which contains a stone. It is not eatable until touched by frost, when it is greedily sought for by boys, birds, and many kinds of wild animals.

Will the editor or any of the correspondents of the *Monthly Packet* give me any information on the endowing of a curacy? Where should the money be invested, and how can it be secured for that purpose exclusively?—*Athelstan.*—Probably the way would be to endow the living, on condition of a curate being paid to the amount; but it would be wiser to consult a lawyer.—*Ed.*

K. H.—The legend is that just before the persecution in which he was martyred, S. Peter was persuaded to flee from Rome. At the gate he met our Lord bearing His cross. 'Lord, whither goest Thou' ('*Domini, quo badis*')? he asked. 'I go to be crucified instead of thee,' was the answer, and S. Peter returned to his martyrdom.

Chibiabos.—S. Sidwell was an ancient British saint, martyred at Exeter.

Verlumnus.—'In the East Indies, a squadron under Commodore Peyton, on the 25th of June, in this year (1746), off Negapatam, fell in with the French squadron, commanded by M. la Bourdonnois, but although a partial action took place, in which the British loss amounted to fourteen killed and forty-six wounded, the engagement not being persevered in, as the Commodore had it in his power to do, the French were suffered to escape. Commodore Edward Peyton has been greatly censured for his conduct while holding the command on this station, and he was shortly afterwards superseded by Rear-Admiral Griffin.'—Allen's *Battles of the British Navy.—G. L. C.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

Can any one tell me where to find the following quotation?—

'Only those most highly favoured
Shall be proved unto the last,
Feebler souls whose Faith hath fainted
Mercy had not tried so sore,
God remembereth man's frailty
But His saints He bids *endure.*'

The Muffin-Man.

Whence come the saying 'As jolly as a sand boy?'

The author of the following lines:—

'Old folks say there are no pains,
Like itch of love in aged veins.'

Who was it that had been in a hundred battles, and died of a cherry-stone?—*J. A. B.*

Wanted, the remainder of

'I thought that the path of the pilgrim to heaven,
Would be bright as the summer, and gay as the morn;
Thou shewdst me the path, it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.'

—Mrs. Bigge, Hallerton Hall, Uppingham.

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

Muffin-Man, in April, asks whether in the song by Owen Meredith, *The Living Dead*, the girl is 'really alive.' The verses come from a long poem called *La Marguier*. The lover narrates his engagement to La Marguier after the supposed death of his love, with whom he has quarrelled. He accompanies La Marguier to the theatre, and, while thinking of his supposed dead love, he looks up and sees her above him. The author once told me, in allusion to the poem, 'that he had always imagined, could such a reappearance take place, when any keen recollection and regret had been awakened by music, that the past would at once overcome the present,' as he represents in this poem, and expresses in the words—

'If only the dead could find out when
To come back, and be forgiven.'

T. A. G.

Guinevere, July, 1880—

'Oh the little more how much it is!
And the little less and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this.'

From *By the Fireside*, Browning.—*J. A. Y.*

H., in the May number of the *Monthly Packet*, asks 'the particulars of the piece of *poetry* (?) called 'The New Tale of a Tub.' It refers to one of the stories told by two men, at one time well known characters in Anglo-Indian society, and noted 'drawers of the long bow.' The poem, such as it is, is in two small volumes called *Waifs and Strays*, something after the manner of *Bon Gautier*. The pieces are comic descriptions of the incidents of Anglo-Indian life, manners, and jokes.—*J. A. Y.*

'Time flies not, 'tis we, 'tis we are flying;
Life dies not, 'tis we, 'tis we are dying—
Time and Eternity are one,
Time *is Eternity begun*.'

Correct quotation by Rev. J. Knox Little, in Lenten Mid-day Services at S. Paul's, March, 1877.—*F. Y., Southfield, Worthing.*

N. R. will find the first of the poems she inquires for in *Ezekiel*, by B. M. I believe the one wanted by *L. H. Layard* is also in that book.—*Nina.*

The quotation asked for by *Subortna* is in Dante's *Divina Commedia, Purgatorio*, Canto xii., verse 84.

'Pensa che questo dì mai non raggiorna.'

Mary E. Hensman.

F. Y. can send the whole of the hymn—

'One sweetly solemn thought,' &c.

if *N. R.* will send address. It is from the *Lyra Sacra Americana.*

Miss Adelaide N. Holmested ventures to suggest that the line in Dante, as given, may be a misquotation, probably from memory, as the same sentiment is expressed thus in Cary's Translation, 1850 (*Purgatory*, Canto xii., line 78):—

'Consider that this day ne'er dawns again.'

Goldsithung, near Marazion, Cornwall.

SOCIETIES.

Those wishing for Correspondence Classes in English history or the French language, may communicate with *Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay,* who has some vacancies.

CHARITIES.

Old Barge House Wharf, Southwark, S.E.—Mr. Chas. Irons (not *Teons*, as printed) begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following sums for the *S. Alphege Mission and New Church Fund*, viz. :—Saltburn, 3*s.*; L. W., 1*l.* 1*s.*; E. T., 10*s.*; R. G., 5*l.*; C. H., 10*s.*; E. B., 5*l.*; V. and H., 10*s.*; E. G. B., 5*l.*; M. and E., 15*s.*; M. E., 5*s.*; Pansy, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Mrs. M., 1*l.*; W., 5*s.*; E. D., 15*s.*; S. G. M., 2*s.* 6*d.*

For the *Daisy Chain Cot*, S. T., 1*l.* 1*s.*

Bishop Wilberforce Confirmation Memorial Window now erected in S. Mary's, Southampton.—Miss L. Phillimore, The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames, gratefully acknowledges with her best thanks for the above :—Miss Crawley, 10*s.*; S., 2*s.*; K. C. F., 2*s.* 6*d.*; E. R., 2*s.* 6*d.* 416*l.* received; 49*l.* only required. Further offerings gladly received as above.

It is wished to establish little weekly or fortnightly entertainments in all workhouses and hospitals where permission can be obtained. The music may be simple in character, songs with choruses and favourite hymns are very popular. The audience should be invited to join in singing the latter. If possible, flowers should be taken round to the bed-ridden. At the cost of little trouble much pleasure can be given, much good done. The *Kyrle Society*, if requested, will send performers to workhouses and hospitals in London. Address—*The Lady Brabazon, Coombe End, Kingston-on-Thames.*

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

(1877.)

ABOVE we see a tender blue,
And soft autumnal grey
Rests sweet and still on wood and hill,
The light of All Saints' Day.

On yellow wood, on pale-green hill
—So like a calm farewell:
O blessed thought, the Church that taught
On holy dead to dwell

This day—for sacred memories
A quiet, golden time;
O'er those who sleep our watch to keep,
Hearing the music chime.

Beneath the lowly moss-grown tower,
Or roof with lofty spring
Of Cassia palm, resounds the psalm
All thankful hearts may sing.

And in that one communion blent
Who may forsaken feel?
That mystic cloud above us bowed,
Oh, who *alone* can kneel? *

* See Collect and Evening Lesson for All Saints' Day.

We listen, while in thrilling words
The tale of Saints is told;
We whisper low loved names we know,
And dream of, there enroll'd.

Warm on the redd'ning coppice now
Fall the last western rays,
From skies of gold, that Heaven unfold
To childhood's earnest gaze.

'Tis fading—but we know that there
Soon Mars' red lamp will burn;
And, 'mid the dark, a clear blue spark
Close to him light its urn.*

Fades it? or is that dying glow
Dawn of a distant day?
Faints into loss the Southern Cross
Before its dazzling ray?

And those who left us light to spread
With us will keep the Feast:
One household yet, though rise and set
Our suns from west to east.

F. S. HOLLINGS.

'For this community is undying.'
TERTULLIAN.

'Saints et Saintes de Dieu.'
MONTALEMBERT.

* Mars was very brilliant in the autumn of 1876, and there was a conjunction between it and Saturn.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXX.

THE THREE PARTIES IN FRANCE.

1575—1578.

LIFE was becoming more and more difficult to any honest man at the French Court. Henri III. seemed to have no power to exert himself in body or mind. He seldom went out except in a closed carriage, had given over all athletic sports, and only had three books: a Latin prayer-book, from which a few leaves were nightly read to him by one of his gentlemen; Machiavelli's Prince, which he daily studied for himself; and a coarse book of ballads and jests. He had surrounded himself with a set of young favourites, whom the world called *mignons*, fops, and boasters, who were continually getting involved in contemptible quarrels, often leading to bloodshed. An abscess in the ear, in the May of 1575, was ascribed by Henry to his brother, the Duke of Alençon, who had, he fancied, bribed his valet to scratch him with a poisoned pin while fastening his ruff. He actually ordered his brother's arrest, though the Queen Mother took it upon her to annul the order; and he sent for the King of Navarre, begged him to watch over his safety, and even advised him, in case of his own death, to assassinate Monsieur, and seize the crown. Henri of Navarre wisely treated this as delirium, but advised the Queen Mother to keep Alençon out of the way of the *mignons*.

Henri recovered, and the precautions he took against catching cold, and renewing his illness, made him more absurd than ever. There is no dwelling on the foulness of his Court, where contemptible vice, savage cruelty, and fanatical devotion reigned by turns. It was becoming each day more unbearable, and a fixed determination arose in the minds of Alençon and Henri of Navarre to break from it as soon as possible. Marguerite, the Queen of Navarre, was living at this time on easy friendly terms with her husband, each conniving at the dissipations of the other, and laughing together at the absurdities of the King and his *mignons*. Marguerite was in the confidence of her youngest brother, and knew his plans when he finally escaped, though it was thought better that her husband should not be aware of the time and means.

At half-past seven in the evening of the 15th of September, 1575, Alençon, wearing a cloak and a little half-mask, called a *tour-de-nez*, walked out of Paris, found the carriage of the Duchess of Nevers

awaiting him, and was driven to a house by the wayside. Here he alighted, and going out through the back door met four riders, with a led horse for himself. Near Dreux he was received by 300 horsemen of the insurgent party, who hailed him with rapture. Marguerite, meantime, appeared at the King's supper, and laughed and jested so as to prevent her brother from being missed. When at last her mother noticed his absence, she calmly said she had not seen Monsieur since dinner-time. Search was made, and it was then plain that he was gone. The Duke of Nevers was sent off with the guards in pursuit, but could not come up with him before he had entered Poitou, and been joined by 1,800 men, with La Noue and Turenne at their head.

Catherine sent orders to Nevers not to fight, as persuasion would serve her purpose better; and Alençon in return put forth a proclamation, demanding the liberty of Montmorenci and freedom of conscience. On learning the tidings, Condé, who was still collecting troops in Germany, sent off Thoré, the brother of Montmorenci, with 2,000 men, who had been got together to join the Duke. On hearing of it, Catherine sent him word that, if he did not disband his forces, she should send Thoré the head of his brother, Montmorenci. He replied that he could not act a cowardly part for any consideration; and that if she performed her threat, there was nothing he should not conspire to overthrow. However, the Duke of Guise encountered him with 12,000 men, and he was completely routed; but, in the combat, Guise received a shot in the cheek, which left so ghastly a scar that he was ever after known as *le Balafré*—a nickname which had also been given to his grandfather, Claude.

The whole of the Huguenot force began to rise in much greater strength than the massacre had been thought to have left it. Catherine quitted the Court to try her favourite plans of diplomacy upon her son, and Henri remained. He had been at first very angry, and talked furiously of bringing back his brother; but he soon seemed to think of nothing but the strange diversions of his Court. He took the Queen about with him either in his coach or his gondola, visiting all the convents, and bringing away needlework, sweetmeats, or little dogs, for which creatures he had a curious passion. Or he had processions of penitents to the shrines to pray for offspring, and gave himself up in the intervals to extravagantly splendid banquets. Likewise he had set himself to improve his Latin, and would be found conjugating a verb with a professor, when business was in arrear for want of his attention.

Miran, his physician, really began to think there must be some disease on the brain to account for his strange conduct. His *mignon*, the Marquis de Guast, had mortally offended the Queen of Navarre by reporting some of her evil deeds, and she took advantage of her mother's absence to incite a ruffian, called the Baron de Viteaux, to

assassinate him as he lay in bed at night. Henri lamented him violently at first, but consoled himself by having him buried with splendid obsequies before the high altar of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Catherine meantime found that nothing could be done until Montmorenci was restored to liberty, and sent to act as a mediator. Even then only a six months' truce was agreed upon, and, before it was over, Condé, who was not bound by it, appeared on the frontier with 18,000 men. There were now three armies in France—Condé's in Burgundy, Alençon's in Poitou, D'Amville's in Languedoc, all nearly penniless, and living by forced contributions on the inhabitants. Paris was in the hands of Guise, and becoming daily more contemptuous of the wretched King, who, regardless of the general misery, lavished huge sums on his pleasures and in gifts to his *mignons*. How did he raise the money? To the consternation of all Paris, a portion of the so-called True Cross, preserved with the Crown of Thorns in St. Louis's beautiful Sainte Chapelle, had vanished, and it was more than suspected that it had been pledged to Venetian merchants.

All this time, Henri of Navarre had so lived at Court that he was supposed by the most clear-sighted to be just such another as his weak, easy-going, dissipated father. And though he had said in confidence to one or two friends that he was only biding his time, and they would see what he was by and by, nobody believed him.

One night, the 2nd of February, 1576, he had a slight feverish attack. Two of his own gentlemen, Agrippa d'Aubigné and the Count of Armagnac, were sitting with him, and had drawn his curtains, thinking him dozing, when they heard him sigh, and then chant to himself the Huguenot version of part of the 88th Psalm—

'Tu m'ôtes, pour comble d'ennuis,
L'ami que j'avais cru fidèle;
C'est en vain que ma voix l'appelle
Dans l'état funeste où je suis.
Hélas! au fort de ma détresse
Chacun se cache et me délaisse.'

This was so unlike the laughing, merry trifler that Henri usually appeared, that D'Aubigné exclaimed—

'Then can it be, sire, that the Good Spirit still dwells and works in you? If so, why are you a captive here, obeying a woman, while your own people are fighting? Those who guarded your cradle had far rather fight under your standards than those of Alençon. As to ourselves, sire, we had made up our minds to flee to-morrow; and those who may succeed us may not scruple to use the poison or the knife.'

All night they talked, and Henri came to the decision that this was the time to shake off the yoke he had endured for nearly four years. His escape was fixed for the day of a grand hunt at St.

Germain. Four more gentlemen were admitted into the plot, but not the Queen of Navarre; and Henri, to avert suspicion, continued to solicit the post of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. Some days before the intended escape, he asked permission to go and hunt at Senlis. In his absence, Fervaques, one of his gentlemen, found himself in conversation with a lady of the Court, betraying the secret; and immediately on leaving her, hurried to the other two, Epernon and Roquelaure, to beg them to warn the King of Navarre.

They found him breakfasting at Chantilly, and implored him to lose no time. He turned to the Marquis de St. Martin, whom he knew to be a sort of spy upon him, and said that, having received an intimation that he was to be arrested, he would await orders at Senlis, and requested the Marquis to carry the information to the King. He did so, but Henri III. was acute enough to see through the message in a moment.

'He is no longer at Senlis!' he exclaimed. 'Heaven help me! I perceive that he too has some bad and traitorous design against me.'

No sooner was St. Martin gone than Henri mounted his horse, and rode deep into the forest. He passed the Saône at Poissy, reached his own dukedom of Vendôme, where he met 200 Gascon gentlemen, and traversed the Loire, the division between the Guise and the Bourbon. He was silent till he had reached the other side, then sighed deeply, and gave thanks that he was safe.

'In Paris they have destroyed my mother, the Admiral, and all our best men, and but for Heaven's mercy they would have done the same by me. I will not go back unless I am dragged!' Then presently he added, 'I regret only two things I have left behind—the mass and my wife. As for the mass, I shall try to do without it; but I mean to have my wife again.'

Henri, it seems, really preferred the Roman Catholic Church, and likewise knew that to return to Calvinism would greatly damage his chances of the French crown; and it was not till he felt that he should never be thoroughly trusted by the Huguenots, unless he were one with them in religion, that he publicly abjured Romanism at Niort, three months after his escape. He was welcomed with joy in his hereditary government of Guyenne, and with absolute rapture in his own counties of Béarn and Foix, where he was indeed a king; and his mother was remembered with tender and indignant grief.

The King of France alternated between despair and fury when he found that he had lost the one kinsman whom he trusted. He visited his wrath on his sister Marguerite, whom he confined to her apartments, though she declared her entire ignorance of her husband's plans. The Queen Mother, on the other hand, declared she was glad he was gone, since there was now sure to be a quarrel among the chiefs, and she should the sooner obtain a peace.

Marguerite remained for two months in captivity, and during that

time she acquired a taste for reading and writing. Her mother took her in her train on going to Touraine to endeavour to come to a treaty, also all the greatest beauties of the Court.

Condé, La Noue, and Casimir, another son of the Elector Palatine, had mustered so large an army, that they were slow to be persuaded to come to terms; but they were not strong enough to stand alone without the *Politiques*, or moderate Catholic party, and the wiser among them must have known how little to be relied on were the German mercenaries. The release of Montmorenci and of Marguerite, the perfect freedom of worship, and equality of rights for the Calvinists, the annulling of the sentences of Coligny, Montmorenci, and others, and the rehabilitation of their heirs, a disavowal by the King of all share in the massacre, and an exemption from taxes for the widows and orphans of the victims, and the surrender of a large number of cities as guarantees, were demanded—nay, even payment for the German army! All the Court thought the demands far beyond what could be granted; but money was not to be had for levying troops, Guise would not come forward, nor give any counsel at all, and Catherine advised her son to grant everything, declaring that the heretics would be insolent, the country would rise against them, Alençon would be disgusted, and the game would then be in the hands of the Court. Everything was accordingly granted, Casimir even stipulating that Orange, in Provence, should be restored to its prince! Alençon was promoted to be Duke of Anjou, and received the provinces of Touraine and Poitou as his appanage, so that if he had married Queen Elizabeth these provinces would again have been estates of English royalty. The King also passed his solemn word that the States General should be assembled in six months' time. The treaty was then signed, in May, 1576, and was called Monsieur's peace, as Alençon (now Anjou) was to enjoy the credit of it. Marguerite was not, however, restored to her husband; he demanded her, but the Queen Mother replied that she could not be given to a Huguenot, and she returned to Court, where she set the fashion to all the ladies.

The King showed little interest in all this. No sooner was peace concluded than he carried his wife on a progress through Normandy, bidding all the dealers in little dogs, parrots, and monkeys meet him at Dieppe, where he made large purchases. On his return he found the following placard everywhere in the streets:—'Henri, by the grace of his mother, inert King of France and imaginary King of Poland, concierge of the Louvre, churchwarden of S. Germain l'Auxerrois, beadle of the Paris churches, son-in-law of Colas, gaufferer of his wife's ruffs, mercer of the palace, inspector of stones, guardian of the four beggars, conscript father of the white flag, gallant protector of the Capuchins.'

Colas was Nicolas de Vandémont, Queen Louise's father, who was

laughed at, as being of too low rank for his daughter to mate with a king. The King did in fact give what he considered as the religious part of his life to flogging and being flogged, to cutting illuminations out of old missals and breviaries and sticking them on the walls of churches, and to telling his death's-head rosaries; and ruffs were his special study. His favourite fashion was a tall, high, stiff one; so harsh, that when handled, it crackled like parchment.

The mode of wearing the short Spanish mantle was likewise matter of constant study, being sometimes worn over one shoulder and sometimes straight, while one cuff of the doublet was unbuttoned. Nobody at Court ventured to have less than twenty-five or thirty different suits of clothes, as each day a variety was expected.

The royal chamberlains, or *mignons*, as the world called them, together with their master, led the way in all these absurdities. The King slept in a room with the floor strewn with flowers, in a gilded bed, hung with cloth of silver, and with crimson satin pillows, on which he reposed in a white satin nightgown, his hands in medicated gloves, and his face in a perfumed oily vizor to preserve his complexion. On rising in the morning, the hair of these gentlemen was tortured with irons heated in a chafing-dish, so as to make it stand up in short stiff curls all over the head, then powder was dashed over it from a puff, a valet twitched out all straggling hairs from the eyebrows, the face was painted, the beard tinted; and to the silk stockings, dainty shoes, tight doublet, upright ruff, and plumed hat, were added two pairs of perfumed gloves, a handkerchief, rings and chains, attaching to the person a little mirror, a lace fan, boxes of pomade, and a sachet. In addition, the King often carried, slung round his neck, a light basket, lined with satin, as the conveyance for his little dogs, of which he kept nearly a hundred in his rooms, where cushions were provided for them. Parties of these dogs were taken out in turn, in the basket round the King's neck, airing in the carriage with the Queen. Parrots and monkeys also swarmed in the royal chambers, the former instructed in all the libellous slang of the Court, the latter sometimes set on to torment unwelcome visitors. The King used to lounge on the cushions, amused by the songs and antics of the *mignons*, who used to ape the dress and manners of women, even cutting out garments and compounding perfumes, washes, and pomatums after new receipts. Indoors they were all effeminacy, out of doors all swagger; but manly exercises had no place with them, except that they were terrible duellists. If one fell in a combat, Henri would come and weep over the corpse, take out the ear-rings he had given, and have elaborate obsequies performed. Fits of devotion and flagellation often came on the King, and yet his habits became constantly more debased. Drunkenness was the only vice from which he was free, he never touched anything stronger than sherbet, which he would sip while diverting himself with the intoxication of his

companions. The only pure spot in the Court was the chamber of the gentle Louise, who kept up her course of prayer, reading, meditation, and needlework in her own rooms, gently obeying when dragged out by the King on his foolish expeditions with a coachful of dogs, enduring patiently to have all kinds of fashions tried upon her, but keeping away the foul evil from her presence by her innocent dignity, and sheltering her ladies, who fled to her for protection from the insults of the *mignons*.

Of the other two queens, Catherine carried on all the government, such as it was, only having recourse to the King for his consent and signature; and Marguerite held a Court, quite as licentious, though more witty, and less utterly debased and contemptible than that of her brother.

Meantime the hope of the family seemed to be with Monsieur. Ugly and spiteful as he was, he had gleams of courage; and having never been a favourite with his mother, he was less absolutely perverted than his elder brother. His courtship of Elizabeth was going on after a strange fashion, and she continually wore a little gold frog or fish as a token from him.

Whether this absurd wooing came to anything or not, it was equally distasteful to zealous Roman Catholics. There seemed no hope of offspring of the King and Queen; and the Duke of Anjou, the suitor to Elizabeth, the chosen protector of the Dutch, was kept unwedded, while the next heirs were the avowed Huguenots, Henri of Navarre and Henri of Condé, as descendants of S. Louis through his youngest son, Pierre of Bourbon.

Looking on at the utter degradation of the Court, and the prospect that effeminacy might give place to Calvinism, it was no wonder that the Duke of Guise set his mind sternly on the plan of a change. Had he waded in blood on S. Bartholomew's Day for this? To see on the throne a far more contemptible being than the unhappy Charles, to find toleration again declared, and every prospect of a relapsed heretic as his sovereign? Every instinct was revolted, and the Guise family, being only half French, and ranking as princes of the Holy Roman Empire, had not the blind devotion and loyalty to the royal line which was felt by the Montmorencis, and by most of the other true Frenchmen, whether *politiques* or Huguenots.

Unlike the English, there had been no choice among the members of the royal family, and the male line of the House of Paris had gone on unbroken from Hugues Capet to Henri III. unquestioned and undisputed, save when the exclusion of females and their heirs was established on the accession of Philippe VI. Probably no one who was not half a foreigner would ever have dared to think of altering the succession.

Guise had left the disgusting and degraded Court, and gone to his own estates. There he found the provincial nobility of Picardy in

alarm at the notion that the Prince of Condé would assume the government of their province as his inheritance. A League was drawn up among them, declaring that they would never surrender the strong town of Peronne to any heretic whatever. This seems to have been the germ of the great Catholic League, which soon became a most formidable body. Every one, whose loyalty to the Church seemed to him incompatible with his loyalty to the divine right of kings, began gradually to join it—at first only to keep the Huguenots out of places of authority, but soon aiming at more.

One of the members, a lawyer named David, drew up a statement to be shown to the Pope, that Hugues Capet had been a usurper, throwing out the true line of Charlemagne, of which the Duke of Lorraine was the direct representative, declaring that all the evils and troubles of France arose from this usurpation, and demanding the sanction of the Pope to the dethronement of the King, and his being shut up in a monastery, like the last of the *fainéants* by Pepin, while the throne might go to the Duke of Lorraine, who was married to the second daughter of Henri II.

This document was carried to Rome by David himself. He saw the Pope, and appears to have had no decided answer; but, on his way home, he sickened and died at Lyons, and his papers were seized by Huguenots, who no sooner discovered their purport than they openly published them, to show the world and the King himself who were the truly dangerous traitors.

Henri really supposed the papers a forgery of the Huguenots, intended to throw discredit on the House of Guise; but he was undeceived by his own Ambassador at Madrid, who contrived to see, and copy, duplicates of the proposals which had been sent to Philip II. from the Pope.

Henri was an excellent dissembler, and betrayed no knowledge of the existence of the League. He convoked his States General according to promise at Blois, in the autumn of 1576; this assembly being, it should always be remembered, far more analogous to the English Parliament than was the Parliament of Paris, which was only a court of justice, with the power of registering laws, but not of making them. At this States General the effects of the S. Bartholomew were evident, for the Huguenots had few representatives of any great weight or rank. Henri of Navarre was summoned as Duke of Vendôme, as well as the Prince of Condé, but they would not again set foot among the toils from which they had scarcely escaped; and the representatives of Coligny and other great families were mere lads. Guise, on the other hand, had immense influence with many of the deputies from the cities, as well as with the nobles. Excepting for his ferocity towards the Huguenots, he had hitherto shown himself as brave and gallant a gentleman as his father and grandfather, and it was no wonder that the Catholics, when

contrasting him with such a wretched being as the King, viewed him as the hope of France.

Thus the States resolved against the terms of the pacification fixed by Monsieur's peace, declaring that there should be only one religion in France, and that the Roman Catholic. They likewise proposed that they should appoint twelve deputies and twelve commissioners, named by the King, whose decisions should become law without appeal. This would of course have been the utter overthrow of the power of the Crown, and Henri politely replied that, though he would gladly consult with the proposed committee, he should certainly only rule according to the old constitution of his kingdom. He hoped, however, to satisfy the Catholic party, and save his crown, by himself becoming the head of the League for the protection of the Church.

On this, the Huguenots set up a counter-league, of which Henri of Navarre was declared head, and Condé his lieutenant, and tried to ally themselves with England and Germany. The war began smouldering again, and the first booty of the Huguenots was a whole troop of comedians from Venice, called '*I Gelosi*,' whom the King was importing. He was bent on ransoming them at any cost, and they were released and welcomed at Blois, where they performed in the evenings in the hall in which the deputies had been sitting. Their comedies were better suited to the taste of the *mignons* than to that of respectable persons. The monks and friars preached against them; but the King maintained their cause, and they went on at Paris in the same manner, though the scandal was such that the Parliament of Paris tried to prohibit them in vain. Their charges were high, yet they could, always obtain a larger audience than the most popular preacher. Such was the taste of France in the generation when Shakespeare was writing and acting in England.

Anjou fought on the Court side in this war, and D'Amville was gained over. Without the *politiques* the Huguenots had no chance of success, so that they accepted a fresh peace in September, 1577, which practically left things where they were before, except that all leagues were dissolved, and all processions in honour of the S. Bartholomew forbidden. Henri of Navarre remained in his county of Béarn, ruling at Nérac, and waiting to see the course of events. Henri of Guise watched in the same manner to crush all Huguenot demonstrations, and Henri III. daily plunged deeper into folly, vice, and degradation.

CHAPTERS ON EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the middle of the third century after Christ, when Christianity had been leavening the community of the great city of Carthage for more than two hundred years, S. Cyprian, bishop, confessor, and martyr, stands out boldly. Born in Africa, probably in Carthage itself, of a rich and illustrious family, S. Cyprian had already distinguished himself by his learning and the lectures he had given on rhetoric. He was converted to Christianity by the arguments of a holy priest named Cæcilius, whom we learn he ever afterwards loved as a friend and reverenced as a father.

While yet but a neophyte, he sold all his goods to distribute them to the poor. Thus relieved from all other cares, he occupied himself with studies suited to a Christian, reading with great care the writings of the fathers, especially those of Tertullian, whom he greatly esteemed, and whom he called his master, but whose errors he was able to avoid; rarely did he allow a day to pass without making it his study, and when he asked for it, he was in the habit of saying, 'Bring me the master.'

Between the baptism of S. Cyprian and his elevation to the Episcopacy, hardly a year elapsed. It was on the death of Donatus, Bishop of Carthage, in A.D. 248, or 249, the suffrages of the people and clergy called S. Cyprian to fill the vacant see within a year afterwards.

In the year 248, five priests, however, opposed Cyprian's election, followed by a small number of the people. These S. Cyprian pardoned with a kindness which was admired by all the world. The beginning of S. Cyprian's episcopate was calm and peaceable, but it was not destined to remain so long; in 249 it became known all at once that the Emperor Philip had been strangled, and that Decius, who replaced him, had published a cruel edict against the Christians.

S. Cyprian thus accounts for the troubles which were allowed to overtake the Church. 'Because long peace had corrupted the discipline divinely revealed to us, the divine judgment awakened our faith from a declining, an almost slumberous, state; and whereas we deserved yet more for our sins, the most merciful Lord hath so moderated all, that what has passed has seemed rather a trial of what we were than an actual infliction.' Every one was applying himself to the increase of wealth, and forgetting both what was the conduct of believers under the apostles, and what ought to be their conduct in every age; they, with insatiable eagerness for gain, devoted themselves to the multiplying of possessions. The priests were wanting in religious devotedness,

the ministers in fullness of faith; there was no mercy in their deeds, no discipline in their habits. For sins like these, what do we not deserve to suffer, after warning and words of divine judgment already given? 'If they forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments, if they break my statutes and keep not my commandments, I will visit their offences with the rod and their sin with scourges.' *

It was at Rome that the persecution broke out with the greatest violence, the pope, Fabian, being one of its earliest victims, finishing a holy life by a glorious martyrdom, in the year 250. He had governed the Church with unceasing care, placing deacons to watch over the sick and poor of the city, and bishops to spread Christianity through Gaul. S. Cyprian congratulated the Christians upon S. Fabian's martyrdom, rejoicing in the example he had set of uprightness and integrity.

For sixteen months it was found impossible, owing to the tempest that raged throughout the world, to elect any successor to S. Fabian, the jealous care of Decius preventing the possibility of electing another bishop, Decius affirming that he would rather have a competitor for the purple than hear of another bishop being elected at Rome. Besides Fabian, two other confessors were also seized and imprisoned, Moyses and Maximus, but all attempts made to make them relinquish the faith were in vain, and they were cheered in their sufferings by a letter from S. Cyprian, assuring them that his heart was with them continually, and his prayers constantly offered to God on their behalf.

From the commencement of the persecution, the infidels had cried out several times in the circus and the amphitheatre, 'Cyprian to the Lions;' and, as he was publicly proscribed by the name of Cæcilius Cyprian, Bishop of the Christians, he was forced to conceal himself, though he never ceased, during his absence, to assist his flock by his prayers and his instructions.

The picture which S. Cyprian has drawn of the number of those who lapsed from the faith at this time applies more particularly to Africa and Carthage than anywhere else. 'At the first threats of the enemy the greater number of our brethren,' writes S. Cyprian, 'betrayed the faith. They were overcome not so much by the violence of the persecution as by their own voluntary fall. Without waiting to be questioned, nor to be taken, they ran together to the public place, as if they were only waiting for an opportunity. So great a number were there who presented themselves at one time to renounce Christianity that the magistrates wanted to defer receiving their recantation until the following day.'

Many, not content with ruining themselves, became the means of

* Psalm lxxxix. 30.

perverting others. The degrees of their fall were various; some had sacrificed to idols, some had gone or sent to the magistrate, declaring that they were Christians, and could not sacrifice, but offering money in order to be exempted from this. Some who acted in good faith, and through ignorance, were afterwards received back into the Church more easily than others.

S. Cyprian's hiding-place was about forty miles from Carthage, within a sufficiently easy reach of his people to admit of his being consulted by them on all occasions. He wrote no less than thirty-eight letters concerning the needs of his clergy and people, sending them messages of comfort and strength.

After remaining two years in his retirement, and the persecution somewhat abating by the death of Decius, S. Cyprian, in 251, returned to Carthage, where he occupied himself in setting in order the differences that disturbed his Church.

Another Council of Carthage was held in the year 252 which had reference to the state of the lapsed who had fallen in the persecution of Decius. About this time the Roman world shared alike with Carthage the horrors of a plague which had commenced in Ethiopia in the reign of Decius, and had gradually spread through all the world, lasting twelve years. It made particularly great ravages in Africa: every day vast multitudes were swept away, and the streets were filled with the bodies of the dead. It killed half of the inhabitants of Alexandria, raged through Rome and destroyed the armies of Valerian in Persia. Every one trembled, and fled, and shifted for himself, deserting his dearest friends and relations, the Christians only bearing succour and comfort to those even who had persecuted them, but whose relations had deserted them in the fear and panic that prevailed, while many were intent upon plundering the goods of others, in the universal desolation.

It was then that S. Cyprian called the Christians together to instruct them in the duties of mercy and charity, saying that there was no merit to be charitable towards those whom we liked, but that the goodness of God our Father must be imitated, Who is kind even to His enemies. To each one S. Cyprian allotted his particular work according to their condition. The rich were to distribute out of their means, the poor giving even more by personal service. In this way considerable help was afforded not only to the Christians but even to the pagans who persecuted the Church. A number of conversions to Christianity was the consequence. In the autumn a decree had gone forth from Valerian, the new Emperor of Rome, to exact conformity with heathen worship from his Christian subjects throughout the empire.

This cruel edict reached Carthage about the middle of August. The proconsul Paternus sent for Cyprian to appear before him, and being seated on his tribunal said, 'Art thou Thascius Cyprian?' to which the

answer was 'I am.' He then informed Cyprian that he had received orders from the Roman emperors commanding that all who were of a different religion should worship the gods according to the Roman customs, and asking him what was his resolve.

S. Cyprian answered 'I am a Christian and a Bishop, I know no other God but that one and onlytrue God who made heaven and earth, and all that therein is. This is He whom we Christians serve, to whom we pray day and night for ourselves and for all men, and for the happiness and prosperity of the emperors.' 'And is this then thy resolution?' said the governor. 'That resolution which is founded on God cannot be altered.' Then the governor told him that he was to seek out the presbyters as well as the bishops, requiring him to discover them.

To this S. Cyprian gave no other answer than that according to their own laws he was not bound to be an informer. The governor told him that he was compelled to forbid all assemblies of the Christians, either in particular houses or in the cemeteries and catacombs, and to punish with death those who should attend them. S. Cyprian answered that he had had his orders, and as he was commanded he must do. Upon this he was banished to Curubis, a pleasant town on the sea coast about fifty miles from Carthage, to which he was allowed to take a few of his personal friends and followers.

From Curubis S. Cyprian wrote many of his epistles to the Christians in prison, whom, as we have seen, he exhorted to persevere to the end, and he spent his days in prayer and contemplation. Here news reached him of the spread of persecution in his own neighbourhood as well as throughout the Roman Empire. The emperor had sent orders that bishops, priests, and deacons should be put to death without delay, and that other Christians should lose their honour and estates and suffer death also if they persevered in their faith.

No less than nine bishops, with some priests and deacons, and a great number of the faithful, including young women and children were taken, who were treated with great barbarity; after being beaten with sticks they were sent to work in the mines and in the mountains. All the bishops had been present at the last Council of Carthage. After a twelvemonth spent in the retreat assigned to him S. Cyprian was recalled to Carthage. By the permission of the emperor he lived in a garden near the town, which he had sold on his conversion, and which Providence had returned to him. Here he ruled the affairs of the Church and distributed to the poor what remained to him.

Learning that the persecution had recommenced, and several different reports being abroad, S. Cyprian sent special messengers to Rome to gain certain tidings. They related to him what Valerian had written to the Senate, the martyrdom of Pope Sixtus, and the violence

of the persecution in the capital. He gave advice to his clergy, not immediately, but as soon as he could; he begged that the news might be communicated to the other bishops, that everywhere the faithful might be prepared for martyrdom. 'In order,' says S. Cyprian 'that each one of us may think more of immortality than of death.'

When summoned before the proconsul for the second time, a body of soldiers came suddenly upon him, but S. Cyprian expected to be taken, and they did not surprise him. They made him get into a chair, in which they conducted him some little distance out of Carthage to a country place where the proconsul had retired in order to recover his health. Cyprian went there with a cheerful and tranquil countenance, feeling assured of his approaching martyrdom; his trial was postponed until the following day. And now the matter had become spread all over Carthage that Thascius Cyprian had been led before the Consul. As he was known to all the world chiefly by his good deeds, a large number of people ran to the spot (Carthage yielding only to Rome as regards the number of its inhabitants), the faithful to strengthen their faith, and the pagans out of compassion. The faithful, who feared some cruelty might be shown him, passed the night in the street before the door of the house. They appeared to assemble there as though to keep the vigil of his martyrdom.

The next day, the 14th of September, the proconsul sent for S. Cyprian to appear; he came out from the house accompanied by an immense multitude of people. Loving hands had prepared a seat for him covered with white linen, honouring him to the last with this mark of Episcopal dignity.

'Art thou Thascius Cyprian?' asked the proconsul, to which the bishop replied 'I am.' 'Art thou the man who hast borne the highest offices of religion among the citizens?' 'Yes.' 'The most sacred emperors command you to do sacrifice,' continued the officer.

'I will not do sacrifice.'

'Be persuaded to do so at least for your own sake,' urged the proconsul.

To which S. Cyprian replied, 'Do what thou hast been ordered, for no persuasion can move me in a cause so just;' and then the sentence was pronounced, 'Let Thascius Cyprian be beheaded.' To which S. Cyprian replied, 'I heartily thank Almighty God who is pleased to set me free from the chains of the body.' The Christians who were present in crowds said, 'Let us be beheaded also with him!' and quite a tumult arose. He was then led away to the place of execution, an open field near the city, where crowds of people assembled, climbing up into trees to gain a better view of him, as they, mourning and weeping, exclaimed, 'Let us also be beheaded!'

Then S. Cyprian, divesting himself of his garments, folded them up at his feet, and falling down on his knees commended his soul to God

in prayer. After which he put off his dalmatic, or under-coat, which he delivered to the deacons, remaining in his linen vestment only. The executioner having arrived, he commanded the sum of about six pounds to be given to him, the brethren spreading linen cloths about him to preserve his blood from being spilt on the ground. His head was then struck off, on the same day at the end of the year, when he had had the vision touching his death. His body was deposited by the Christians in the neighbourhood at night, for fear of the Gentiles, with abundance of torches and ceremonies in the Mappalian way; and the regrets of Christians and pagans mingled over the grave of this holy man, the first bishop of his see who suffered martyrdom. He was followed by his deacon, Pontus, who loved him truly to the last, while he professed to rejoice not so much at the glory and triumph of his master, as to mourn that he himself was left behind.

S. Austin says 'that in S. Cyprian and S. Hilary God had transplanted two fair cedars out of the world into His Church.'

We have now arrived at the last struggle between pagan Rome and the Church of Christ. Diocletian in 284, on assuming the purple, associated with himself Maximian, who divided the Roman Empire with him, Diocletian taking the east, and Maximian the west. Diocletian's avarice was insatiable; he was constantly inventing new taxes, and new imposts, so that he might accumulate without end and measure. Added to this, he had a rage for building, which ruined the provinces;* here it was a circus, there a bath, elsewhere an arsenal. A palace too was needed for his wife and one for his daughter.

To make room for these improvements a great part of the town of Nicomedia, which Diocletian generally made his residence, and which he wished to make equal to Rome, was pulled down. The citizens were obliged to remove with their wives and children, just as if their country had been taken by the enemy. Nor was this all, for hardly had the buildings been finished, to the ruin of the provinces, than Diocletian said that they were badly done, and must be reconstructed. So they were demolished, to be rebuilt upon another plan.

One proof of this fastidious manner of building may be seen at Rome in the public baths, known under the name of the Baths of Diocletian. One hundred and forty thousand men were employed many years in building them. A great part of these, as well as those of Caracalla, are still standing; and with the vast arches, the beautiful and stately pillars, the quantity of foreign marble, the curious vaulting of the roofs, the spacious apartments, and a thousand other ornaments, form one of the greatest curiosities of modern Rome. So large were they that they exceeded the size of many towns.

As Diocletian was of a cruel nature, his avarice and rage for building cost the life of many of his subjects. Wherever he saw a well

* This is a harsh portrait. Diocletian was a fair ruler except as a persecutor.

cultivated field or a beautiful building, a calumny was at once ready to cause the death of the proprietor, and to confiscate the property; but nothing could have exceeded his cruelty towards Antioch. This town had been surprised by a Roman general whom the soldiers had declared emperor; the inhabitants taking arms, killed all the rebels as well as their chief. Instead of rewarding the inhabitants of Antioch for their courageous conduct, Diocletian caused the principal amongst them to be executed as accomplices in the revolt, and confiscated their goods.

To the people of Syria Diocletian became so odious that many years afterwards they could not hear his name without horror. Such is the portrait drawn both by pagan and Christian authors about this emperor.

Maximian was even more rapacious and cruel; the rich provinces of Italy, of Africa, and of Spain, offered him an easy prey. Under such monsters, even although no new edicts of persecution had been made, the Christians were persecuted in many ways and in different places. Alas! as it has been so well written,* 'those who knew how to bear injuries and wrongs were not proof against ease and honours, and the same declension of morals, the result of years of tranquillity, which preceded the reign of Decius, and which had to be visited with correction by the heavy hand of that destroyer, again discovered itself, and was to be submitted to similar discipline.' Sloth, dissimulation, and hypocrisy were again infecting the Church, when the avenger arose in the person of Diocletian, and more especially in that of each of his colleagues or immediate successors—Maximian, Galerius Maximius, and Maxentius.

Although the title of this dreadful persecution, which lasted for some ten years, is known by the name of the Diocletian, that emperor was far from being the sole, or even the most active author of it. It was not until the 19th year of Diocletian's reign that it became fierce and general. Edict after edict was now put forth; first the Churches were to be levelled to the foundations; copies of the Scriptures were to be committed to the flames; persons in office were to be dismissed; slaves were to be denied all hopes of freedom; presently the bishops were to be proceeded against, and then the people at large and in all quarters.

Two brothers named Marcus and Marcellianus, S. Sebastian, S. Victor, and the soldiers of the Theban Legion were amongst those who fell victims to this cruel persecution. The Theban Legion, which was composed entirely of Christians, were commanded by Diocletian to come from the east to Rome; he then sent them to join Maximian in putting down a revolt of the Gauls, but their bishop gave them still

* Blunt's *History of the First Three Centuries.*

more important orders, which they soon had an opportunity of putting into practice.

When Maximian would have made use of the services of the Theban Legion together with his other soldiers to persecute the Christians, they refused to obey. 'We understand,' said they, 'that you are resolved either to defile us with a sacrilegious worship, or to terrify us with a decimation. Spare any further search concerning us. Know that we are all Christians; our bodies we yield subject to your power, but our souls we reserve entire for Christ, the Author and the Saviour of them.'

To recruit a little from the fatigues of his journey the emperor had made a halt in the Alps, at a place called Octodurus, the Theban Legion being close to the foot of Mount S. Bernard, a few miles further on. When near the Alpine town of Agaunum, distant from Geneva about sixty miles, and fourteen from Lake Leman, which is now called S. Maurice, from the leader of the Theban Legion, the soldiers discovered that they were to be employed in the persecution of their brethren in the faith, and as we have seen they refused to obey. The emperor then sent some trusty troops upon whom he could depend, who surrounded the Christian soldiers, putting every tenth man to death, life being offered to the rest on condition that they would sacrifice to the gods.

The Theban Legion having learnt this second order, published all through the camp that they would rather suffer any torture than do anything against the Christian religion. Again Maximian ordered that they should be decimated, and that the others should be made to obey. The officer who most inspired the Christians with their admirable firmness was S. Maurice, their commander, with whom was joined Exuperius and Candidus, provost of the Legion.

These three officers were unceasing in their representation of the sanctity of the oath they had made to Christ, the fidelity which they owed Him as their true Sovereign, that it was a beautiful thing to die in the defence of the law of God, that the example of their companions, whom they saw lying dead in the dust as so many victims sacrificed to the glory of that great God, should wonderfully encourage them, and that from Heaven above, where they had just ascended, they held out to them their hands, showing them crowns similar to those which they saw shining on their heads.

They had little difficulty in lighting in the hearts of their soldiers this Divine fire with which they themselves burned. All sighed after martyrdom, which resulted in their presenting to Maximian a document conceived in more or less these terms:—'We are your soldiers, it is true, but withal, which we freely confess, we are the servants of God. We cannot follow your orders and deny God our Creator and Master, and also yours, whether you will or not. To you we owe military

services, to Him, innocency; if you command nothing of us that can offend Him we will obey you, as we have done hitherto, but, if not, we must obey God rather than you. Neither this extremity nor despair has brought us to revolt; we are ready to endure the fire, torments, sword, but as Christians we cannot kill and persecute Christians. Kill us and trample on us, we undaunted yield our necks to the executioner's sword; setting light by your sacrilegious attempts, we hasten apace to our heavenly crown.'

Maximian, despairing to overcome their constancy, ordered them all to be decimated. The devoted band made no resistance, but put down their arms and presented their necks to the persecutors. The ground was covered by their corpses, the blood running in rivers. The Legion is supposed to have consisted of 6,600.

With regard to the blessed martyrs of Agaune, tradition tells us that several years after their death the holy Bishop of Sion, Theodore, had revealed to him the place that contained their sacred bodies, and he had a beautiful church built on the same spot. The following legend is told of its erection:—

Amongst the workmen engaged in this building there was one who was a pagan. One Sunday, whilst the other Christians were at Divine service, he alone, disregarding the day, continued his work; but a troop of these holy martyrs appeared, surrounded by a brilliant light, he was caught by invisible hands and tormented for some time, whilst the martyrs reproached him with his impiety and his boldness in working with idolatrous and profane hands at a building destined to serve as the temple of the Living God. The poor man, frightened by this vision, and intimidated by this reprimand, rushed to the assembly of the faithful and became a Christian.

Maximian passed on by the shores of the Lake of Geneva and encamped in the broad plains of Gaul. At Amiens, S. Firmin offered himself up to the magistrates; they gave him no torture, but put him to death in prison. There is a beautiful monument to the memory of S. Firmin in the Cathedral at Amiens, which embodies all the chief features in his life.

Some time after the massacre of the Theban Legion, Maximian went to Marseilles. The solidity and magnificence of this great city made it very famous. Situated in a beautiful country at the entrance of France, from which she extends her commerce, both by land and sea, to the most distant parts of the earth; her riches, and the concourse of all nations which gathered in her ports, as well as the courage and natural valour of her inhabitants, had caused the Romans to choose her for one of their capitals in the west. The citizens seemed to have lost every vestige of humanity in the persecution which they declared against the faithful.

Diocletian's previous massacre had rendered his name terrible to

the Christians; those of Marseilles were now in great alarm when Victor visited them at night from house to house, encouraging them to the desire of martyrdom.

S. Victor was taken and brought before the magistrates, who exhorted him not to despise the worship, or refuse the friendship of Cæsar, for the prospect of certain death, and he was urged both by promises and threats to sacrifice to the gods.

On his refusal, S. Victor was ordered to be dragged along the city with his feet and his legs tied. Thus was he buffeted by the multitude, his sufferings being increased by the blows of those who took pleasure in contributing something to his torments.

As S. Victor was suffering, he raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed for patience from God. And then Christ appeared, bearing in His hands the standard of victory, saying, 'Peace to thee, Victor; it is I that bear the sufferings in my saints; be strong and courageous, I will be your firm support in the battle, as I shall be your glorious recompence after.'

The emperor, hearing of the constancy of the martyr, again ordered Victor to be brought before him, as if he reserved to himself the right to be his last executioner. But the firmness which he had displayed before did not forsake him here, although the insults and injuries were redoubled. Maximian caused an altar of Jupiter to be brought in, which was placed before Victor, and a heathen priest, the emperor saying, 'Take some incense, sacrifice to Jupiter, and be our friend.'

At these words the generous soldier, filled with the fire of the Holy Spirit, being unable any longer to conceal his zeal, approached the altar, as if to offer sacrifice, and threw it violently down with a blow of his foot. The emperor at once ordered the member to be cut off, which Victor offered to God as a first fruit of his whole body which was soon to be sacrificed. He was then cast into a mill, to which he went with as much lightness and joy as if he had suffered nothing; and when his head was severed from his body his work was accomplished. Immediately, those who were standing near, heard a voice from Heaven, which said, 'Thou hast conquered, Victor! thou hast conquered!'

While the persecution of Diocletian and Maximian in Rome was contributing to the spread of the faith both there and in the provinces, there is little doubt that Christianity also was increasing in Britain. In the time of Cæsar Constantius the Christians were probably numerous. It is related that when some soldiers who had been Christians, offered to conform to the heathen rites, he dismissed them from his service, saying that 'men who had been faithless to their God could never be expected to prove faithful to their prince.'

Of the names of those Christians who were abandoned to the

mercy of the pagan priests and magistrates, only three have been preserved—Julius and Aaron (of whom nothing more is known than that they were citizens of Caerleon), and Alban of Verulam, the proto-martyr of England, whose history has been transmitted to posterity, and has become famous in the Church, leading the van in the noble army of martyrs. By birth a Briton, but by privilege a Roman, his highest honour consisted in his being a citizen of the Heavenly Jerusalem, which is from above.

Though a stranger to the Christian faith, Alban* was hospitable and compassionate, which induced him to offer shelter to a Christian priest, who, as the edict of the emperors was being put in force against the Christians, was flying from the pursuit of his enemies. His charity received the promised reward. 'He that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man, shall receive a righteous man's reward.'

Alban was much edified by the holy deportment of the stranger, listening with diligence to his instructions, and in a short time received the sacrament of baptism. S. Alban, rejoicing that he had found so precious a treasure, no longer regarded anything else, despising for it the whole world, and life itself.

But the retreat of Amphiballus, to whom S. Alban had afforded a shelter, was soon to be discovered, and information was given to the governor that the man for whom they were seeking was in S. Alban's house.

To save the detection of his teacher by the soldiers, S. Alban delivered himself up to them in the attire of the priest, so that he might have an opportunity of escape, as well as of publishing the news of salvation to others. Alban was commanded to do sacrifice to the gods, and when it was discovered that he was not the person for whom they were seeking, he was ordered by the judge to be drawn before the images of the gods, saying to him, 'As you have chosen to conceal a sacrilegious person and a blasphemer, the punishment which he should have suffered shall fall upon you in case you refuse to comply with the worship of our religion.'

Although S. Alban had not long been a Christian he earnestly desired to shed his blood for Christ; and to the judge's command he answered with a noble courage that he would never obey such an order.

The magistrate then asked him his name, to which he replied, 'My name is Alban, and I worship the only true and living God who created all things.'

'If you would enjoy the happiness of life,' said the magistrate, 'sacrifice instantly to the gods.'

S. Alban replied, 'The sacrifices you offer are made to devils, who

* This is Bede's account. The fact is correct, but the manner is very doubtful, and much is real legend.

neither keep their votaries nor grant their petitions. Whoever shall sacrifice to these idols shall receive for his reward the everlasting pains of hell.'

The judge then commanded him to be scourged: he bore all his torments with an unshaken constancy, and even with joy.

Throngs of people went out to behold his execution; and a miracle which occurred just before converted the executioner, who threw his sword at the feet of the martyr, and begged either to die with him or in his place.

The sudden conversion of the executioner delayed the execution, and in the meantime the holy confessor, with the people, went up to a hill, where S. Alban fell on his knees, and at his prayer a fountain sprang up, and with the water he refreshed his thirst. The next executioner struck off the head of the martyr, but he miraculously lost his eyes. For having refused to embrue his hands in the blood of S. Alban, the first soldier was beheaded, being baptised in his own blood. The priest, in whose place S. Alban had suffered, was brought back, and stoned to death three miles from Verulam.

In the time of Constantine the Great a magnificent church was erected on the spot where the martyr suffered, which was rendered illustrious by several miracles. This was afterwards destroyed by the idolatrous Saxons; but the ruins were long visited by pilgrims, who believed that miraculous cures were wrought by his intercession. In 793, Offa, King of the Mercians, raised another with a great monastery which he largely endowed.

On the victory of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, A.D. 313, peace was restored to the Church, and it had a breathing time from the bitter persecution it had suffered. The ecclesiastical documents of the age give us ample proof that the British Church was in communion in faith and discipline with the other Christian Churches. The heresy of the Arians, if it found any home in Britain, was not known there until after it had been proscribed on the Continent. The success of the Pelagians, however, at one time gave rise to such fears for the purity of the faith, that the orthodox, finding their own strength too weak to encounter so dangerous a foe, asked for help from France; and Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, proceeded with Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, at the command of Pope Celestine, to Britain. The two Bishops cheerfully embraced the employment, and missionaries were received with joy, crowds following them wherever they went, as they confirmed the orthodox, reclaimed those in error, and preached openly in highways and hedges.

The aid of Germanus, and his companion, Bishop Lupus, was employed also against the Picts and Scots, who were pagans. Germanus baptised a multitude of these, and then began to prepare for his return home. Before doing so, however, he deposited first of all

many relics which he had brought with him in the tomb of S. Alban, considering it fit that their bodies should rest in the same grave whose souls rested in the same Heaven. He took with him a small handful of dust from S. Alban's grave that he might place it in a new church at Auxerre, which he afterwards dedicated in honour of S. Alban.

After his return, Pelagianism again broke out in Britain, A.D. 449, and he was solicited to return, which he did, accompanied by his friend Severus. Having just settled the British Church in good order, Germanus returned to his own country, and there peacefully died.

Diocletian, in the year 292, had made two new sovereigns under the name of Cæsar. One was a Thracian named Constantius Chlorus, who occupied a high military position; the other a Dacian, named Galerius, who, the son of a shepherd, and a shepherd himself, had become a Roman general. Diocletian adopted him for his son, giving him his surname of Jupiter.

Maximian adopted Constantius, and surnamed him Hercules. By command of their adopted fathers, Galerius repudiated his wife in order to marry Valeria, daughter of Diocletian; Constantius repudiated Helena, by whom he had already Constantine, afterwards emperor, in order to marry Theodora, Maximilian's step-daughter.

These four men divided the empire between them. They each of them possessed more troops than the whole empire had previously supported; and in order to maintain them, they levied extraordinary taxes, so that in consequence the lands were abandoned. They divided the provinces, and multiplied the government-officials.

Constantius had for his share all that district beyond the Alps owing obedience to the Romans, that is, Gaul and Great Britain. Maximian had Africa and Italy. Galerius took Illyria and the rest as far as the Euxine Sea. Diocletian kept Asia and Egypt. Constantius Cæsar was the best of the four; he was not reproached with any vice; but Cæsar Galerius was the worst, having in him more of the barbarian than the Roman. His countenance, gesture, voice, and speech, were all terrible. His father-in-law, Diocletian, naturally timid, feared him greatly. Such was the character of those then governing the empire. Although they left the Christians at liberty, it did not prevent Maximilian from following his cruel disposition, persecuting them as we have seen sometimes in Gaul.

The others were indeed favourable to them, even confiding to the Christians the government of provinces, and giving them posts in their palaces. We find the then Bishop of Alexandria exhorting the Christians holding these high offices in the state to acquit themselves with an entire and exact fidelity, so that the name of Christ might be praised both in small things and great.

As it was an honour to the Church that a pagan prince should

confide his life and his person to them, he besought them to use all the vigilance and the prudence possible to do honour to the faith they professed, and to extend it more and more. He exhorts them to make themselves agreeable to the prince by their alacrity and cheerfulness, particularly those charged with the care of his person, in order that the prince, wearied with the affairs of the state, might find both pleasure and repose in the gentleness, and patience, and exact obedience of his subjects—for he wished them to look upon his orders, when not contrary to God's laws, as if they came from God Himself.

The bishop also urged them to be entirely incapable of being carried away either by money or by prayers, or to give the prince any bad counsel, or to do anything which might occasion others to blaspheme Him whom they adored. 'Give no one any pain, so that no person may have cause for complaint against you. If they do you wrong, look on Christ, and forgive as thou wouldest be forgiven; that is the true way of conquering envy.' At this time the assemblies of the Christians were so numerous that the old buildings were no longer large enough, and it was necessary to build others even from the foundations, while no one hindered these great works.

This prosperity, says Eusebius, caused the Christians to fall into weakness and idleness. They were envious one of the other, the people being divided against the people, the chiefs against the chiefs, hypocrisy and dissimulation abounded. God, who punishes those whom He loves, not willing to leave these faults unpunished, allowed the persecution to increase by degrees, and although it did not prevent the Christians from holding assemblies, it made itself felt nevertheless in the army, where they began to persecute the Christians.

Galerius was the author of this persecution, the other princes not yet taking part in it. It was towards the end of the year 302, that the Emperor Diocletian and Cæsar Galerius were holding secret consultations. It was imagined that in these mysterious deliberations they were interested in the affairs of the capital of the empire; but this was not the case, for the design of Nero to exterminate Christianity occupied their attention. Galerius insisted upon a long and bloody persecution. The older emperor resisted for a long time, showing how dangerous it was to trouble the peace of the world, and to shed so much blood, that the Christians only wished to die, and that it would be enough to forbid this religion in the officers of the palace, and to soldiers.

As Diocletian was unable to change Galerius's intention, he resolved to consult other persons. It was Diocletian's habit, when he wished to do a good action, to take no one into counsel, so that he might have the sole honour; but to consult a great number, when he did a bad one, so that he might thus throw the blame on others. A few lawyers and officers of the army were taken into counsel, whose advice

was asked according to their rank. Some, through personal hatred against the Christians, said that the enemies of the gods, and of the public religion, must be exterminated. Those who thought differently, whether through fear, or knowing what was Diocletian's intention, appeared to be of the same mind.

But yet Diocletian did not give in, but said above all things the gods must be consulted. The oracle answered that it was the just who were upon the earth who hindered the truth from being told. Diocletian asked his officers who these just ones were? One of those who assisted at the sacrifices answered that they were the Christians without doubt. The emperor received the answer with pleasure, and resolved upon the persecution, not being able to resist Cæsar and Apollo.

The feast of the Terminalia was the day appointed to commence the operations against the Christians, the 23rd of February, which was the last day of the ancient Roman year. On this day the enemy hoped to put an end to the Christian religion.

Early in the morning, a prefect with some generals, and other officers, came to the church of Nicomedia, where they broke open the doors, and sought for an image of God; the Scriptures which the enemy found were burnt; every place was pillaged.

Diocletian and Galerius were at their windows, from which might be seen a church which was built in an elevated position. For some time they disputed whether it would not be worth while to destroy it; but Diocletian was afraid that if the fire were lighted it would burn a part of the town. The Pretorian solders were therefore sent with axes and other iron tools, who soon levelled the building to the ground.

The next day an edict was published to the effect that all the churches should be pulled down and the Scriptures in them destroyed; and that all those who professed this religion should be deprived of all honours and dignities, and be subjected to torture, of whatever rank or dignity they might be; and while every one might seek justice against them, they were debarred from the benefit of the laws in all cases without exception.

A Christian of distinguished rank was found bold enough to tear down this edict. He was seized, immediately tortured, and burnt before a slow fire, suffering with an admirable patience. This edict was very soon followed by another, which ordered the bishops especially to be taken and put into irons, constraining them to offer sacrifices by all sorts of means. The Emperor Maximian Hercules, and the Cæsar Constantius, were directed in writing to carry out this cruel course. But Cæsar Galerius, not content with these edicts, and wishing to urge Diocletian to a still more cruel persecution, was said to have set fire to the palace, and some part

of it being burnt, Christians were accused of being the public enemies.

After fifteen days a second fire broke out, and Galerius left the palace in haste, fearing that he should be burnt alive. And now the wrath of Diocletian spread rapidly, raging against all who bore the Christian name, even obliging his daughter and his wife to sacrifice. In putting to death also some of his most trusted servants, he did not see that he was laying himself open to the designs of Galerius, who had wearied himself for some time past to be the only Cæsar.

Among the leaders who were seized and put to death was S. George, celebrated in the east and west. When the emperor waged war against the Christian religion, he laid aside the high dignities to which he had been raised, and complained to the emperor himself of his severities and cruel edicts. S. George was immediately cast into prison, and tried first by promises, and afterwards put to the torture with great cruelty; but nothing could shake his constancy. The next day he was led through the city and beheaded.

S. George has been regarded as the patron of military men, partly upon the score of his profession, and partly upon a story of his appearance to the Christian army in the holy war before the battle of Antioch. The success of the battle proving fortunate to the Christians under Godfrey of Bouillon, S. George became still more famous in Europe, and military men implored his intercession more particularly.

It is said that a vision of S. George appeared to King Richard I. in his expedition against the Saracens; which vision being declared to the troops was a great encouragement to them, and they soon defeated the enemy. S. George is usually painted on horseback tilting at a dragon under his feet—an emblem of his faith and Christian fortitude in conquering the devil.

The priests and deacons during this persecution were also taken, and on their confession, they were led to the torture. The Bishop of Nicomedia had his head cut off; many others of all ages and both sexes were burnt, not singly, but in troops.

Through an excess of zeal, both men and women were said to have jumped of their own accord into the flames. Others, tied together in herds, were placed in boats and thrown into the sea with large stones tied round their necks. The persecution extended to all the people of Nicomedia; unheard-of torments were invented, and to prevent the possibility of Christians obtaining justice, an altar was placed on the tribunal to force them to sacrifice before they pleaded their cause.

In the same province of Bithynia a governor was transported with as great joy as if he had vanquished a barbarous people, because a Christian, who had resisted bravely for the space of two years, at last appeared to yield. Two centuries before, the governor of this province,

the philosopher Pliny, had condemned the Christians to torture and to death, although acknowledging their innocence, because they would not adore the idols of Jupiter and the other false gods.

In Egypt an infinite number of men, women, and children suffered death in divers ways. Nor did these cruelties last for a short time only; on the contrary, they continued for years together; sometimes ten, twenty, thirty, and even a hundred persons dying in one day, with their wives and little children. Some were beheaded and others burnt, so that both the executioners were quite fatigued and their weapons blunted.

Constantius had, like all the other emperors, a great number of Christians amongst the officers of his palace. He gave these the choice of remaining in their posts or of sacrificing to the idols; or, if they refused, to be banished from his presence and lose his favour.

Some preferred their temporal interests to religion, and some remained firm; but all were astonished when Constantius declared that he looked upon the apostates as cowards, and that, not expecting from them any more fidelity than they had shown to God, he banished them for ever from his service; while those, on the contrary, who had shown themselves true servants of God he retained near to him, confiding to them the care of his person and state, and counting them among his best friends. So says Eusebius in his panegyric.

Constantius was a wise, merciful, and virtuous prince; he merited the title of Cæsar which he had at first obtained by his eminent victories in Germany and Britain. The Britons having rebelled under their king, Coilus, Constantius himself went into Britain, but finding Coilus dead, he married Helena, the beautiful daughter of that monarch.*

Constantine the Great, her son and the first Christian emperor, had early received the seeds of Christianity from his mother herself, who was a strenuous supporter of the Christian faith, and who had instilled into the mind of her husband the blessings derived from a knowledge of the only true God, in which she had already been instructed. After displaying all the virtues that the most eminent prince could possess, Constantius died at York A.D. 306, having named his son Constantine his successor.

It may be asked whether in the transformation from paganism to Christianity, the children of Christian parents were sent to pagan schools, or whether they abstained, from scruples of conscience. Upon this point history is silent; but we may well be permitted to suppose that those who shunned public employments rather than participate in idolatrous rites would be equally careful not to commit the instruction of their children to masters who in teaching them the fables would at the same time have familiarised them with its manners.

* This is mere legend. It is much more likely that Helena was Bithynian.

As the churches became established there were doubtless schools for the children, as well as for those who were preparing for baptism and holy orders. The first trace of schools which may be called primary is to be met with in the fourth century, when they were held by priests, the children resorting to them from the age of five years.* The monks, as we know, acquired great merit by their efforts for the instruction of youth. S. Basil, in his rule, makes it one of their most important duties, and gives them precious counsel upon the manner of treating children and accustoming them to a wise discipline. More ample details would lead us away from our subject; it must therefore suffice to say that under the influence of Christianity education took a religious character, and became infinitely more moral than in the ancient world. Although, even in our own times, there are those who would banish from our schools this element, we must shrink from no sacrifice to preserve its influence, for the welfare of the world hangs upon its continuance.

S. Chrysostom especially makes this subject of religious education the object of his frequent exhortation. This great man, the eloquent interpreter of the Christian spirit, saw in its absence the cause of the decadence of the world. 'They occupy themselves,' said he, 'with acquiring honours and riches to leave to their children reputation and fortune, but they have no care for their souls, which makes them guilty of a great sin, for it is to devote their children to eternal death, and to contribute to the ruin of society.'† Yes, S. Chrysostom and the other fathers again and again return to the subject in the most pressing language; they would that, at an age when the will is still flexible, children should be led in the right way, and that pious impressions should be early formed in them.

While dwelling on the life of S. Cyprian we had occasion to allude to the martyrdom of the Pope Sixtus, who was one of the first upon whom Valerian's orders were executed. He was taken, with some of his clergy, whilst he was celebrating the holy mysteries in the cemetery of S. Callistus.

Calixtus, or, as it is written in all the more ancient MSS., S. Callistus, signifies the best, most excellent, or most beautiful.‡

Yes, persecution was heavy upon the Church, in spite of the kindness of the Christians to the heathen in the days of the pestilence; they were therefore again obliged to hold their meetings in those long galleries where the saints slept. Into these the Roman soldier dared not enter, fearing to be lost in their endless windings.

As they were leading Sixtus to the torture, Laurence, the first deacon of the Roman Church, followed him crying, saying to him

* Palladius, *Vita Chrysostom in Opp.*, t. xiii. p. 77.

† *Hom. de Viduis*, t. iii. p. 317.

‡ Bishop Butler.

'Where are you going, my father, without your son? Where are you going, Holy Father, without your deacon? You are not accustomed to offer the holy sacrifice without assistance; in what have I displeased you? Try me now, and see if you have made choice of an unfit minister for dispensing the Blood of the Lord.' To which Sixtus replied, 'It is not I that leave you, my son; but a greater trial and more glorious victory is reserved for you who are strong and in the vigour of youth, we are spared on account of our weakness and old age. You shall follow me in three days.' As Prudentius has it—

'Desiste discessu meo
Fletum dolenter fundere,
Præcedo, Frater; tu quoque
Post hoc sequeris triduum.'

'"Grieve not that I depart," he said,
"Let not your tears for me be shed;
I go before, in three days space—
Brother, thou runnest the same race."'

S. Sixtus then charged S. Laurence to distribute immediately among the poor the treasures of the church which were committed to his care as deacon, fearing that they should fall into the hands of its persecutors, and that the poor should thus be robbed of their patrimony.

'Hic primus et septem viris,
Qui stant ad aram proximi
Levita sublimis gradu
Et ceteris præstantior.'

'Foremost and first of those who wait
The altar near in dire estate,
To him the chief priest of the seven
The sacred treasury was given.
And ruled he with true hand and fair
The gifts that good men offered there.'*

Filled with joy at the prospect of being so soon called to God, S. Laurence set out immediately to seek for all the poor widows and orphans, and distributed money to them all. At night he arrived at the house of a widow on the Celian Hill whose name was Cyriaca; she kept many fugitive Christians concealed in her house, ministering to their necessities with unceasing charity. Finding her sick, S. Laurence healed her by laying his hands upon her, and then he washed the feet of the Christians who were in the house and gave them alms; thus, consoling the persecuted, and performing works of charity and mercy, S. Laurence prepared himself for martyrdom.

Even the sacred vessels were sold to increase the money for the poor. The Church of Rome was then possessed of considerable riches, for besides the necessary provision for its ministers it maintained many widows and virgins, and fifteen hundred poor people, of whose

* Prudentius.

names the Bishop or his archdeacon kept the list, and it often sent large alms into distant countries. It had likewise very rich ornaments and vessels for the celebration of the divine mysteries, as may be gathered from Tertullian and the profane heathen scoffer Lucian.

Eusebius tells us that the magnificence of the sacred vessels inflamed the covetousness of the persecutors. S. Optatus says that in the persecution of Diocletian the churches had very many ornaments of gold and silver, and Prudentius speaks of chalices of gold and silver embossed and set with jewels.

Thus the prefect of Rome, believing that the Christians had great treasures in reserve, caused S. Laurence the deacon to be led before him, and seeing him in his presence said, 'You complain ordinarily that we treat you cruelly: there are no torments here. I ask you mildly after what concerns you. They say that in your ceremonies the priests offer the libations in cups of gold, and that the blood of the victim is received in cups of silver, and that in your nocturnal sacrifices you have wax tapers fixed in golden candlesticks. It is said to furnish these offerings the brethren often sell their inheritance and reduce their children to poverty. Bring these hidden treasures to daylight, for the prince has need of them to re-establish his finances and to pay his troops. Also I learn that according to your doctrine you are bound to render to Cæsar the things that belong to him; now the emperor claims for his the money upon which his name is engraved. I only ask you for what is just; unless I am deceived I do not think your God causeth money to be coined, He brought none into the world with Him, He only brought words. Give us, therefore, the money, and be rich in words.' S. Laurence replied, without showing any emotion, 'I acknowledge that our Church is rich, and that the emperor has not such great treasures as it possesses. I will show what there is most precious in it, only give me a little time to set everything in order and to make a calculation.' The prefect, content with this answer and thinking himself already possessed of the treasures of the Church, granted him three days' respite.

During this time S. Laurence went all over the city to search in every street for the poor whom the Church nourished, and whom he knew better than any other person—the blind, the lame, and the decrepit; these he assembled, after writing down all their names, in front of the church. The day fixed having arrived, he went to the prefect and invited him to come to see the treasures of the Church. The prefect followed him, but seeing these troops of poor people, hideous to behold, he turned towards S. Laurence with threatening looks and asked him what this meant, and where the treasures were which he had promised to show him.

S. Laurence answered, 'What are you so displeased at? The gold which you so eagerly desire is a vile metal drawn from the earth, and serves to incite men to all sorts of crimes. The light of Heaven is the

true gold which these poor objects enjoy. The bodily weaknesses and sufferings which they have to undergo are their highest advantage, as they are the means of giving them the virtue of patience. Which is to be preferred, to have diseases of the body or of the mind? Behold in these poor persons the treasures I promised you. In addition to these I now point you to those noble pearls and precious stones, those widows and consecrated virgins who form the Church's crown, and by which it is pleasing to Christ. These are her treasures, make use of them then for the advantage of Rome, of the emperor, and of yourself,' —reminding us of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, when a Campanian lady, who was her guest, ostentatiously exhibited her jewels, the finest that could be possessed in that age, addressed her, upon her own children returning from school, and said, 'These are my jewels.' So S. Laurence answered the prefect as he pointed to the treasures of the Church, namely, the poor when they are rich in faith. 'Do you thus mock?' replied the prefect; 'is it thus that the ensigns of the Roman power are insulted? I know that you desire to die, that the death of martyrdom is an acceptable offering, but you shall not die immediately as you imagine. I will protract your tortures that your death may be the more bitter, as it shall be slower. You shall die by inches.'

The prefect then caused a great gridiron to be prepared, and live coals, almost extinguished, to be placed under it so that he might burn by slow degrees. S. Laurence was then stripped and stretched upon it, and bound with chains, until his flesh was broiled by little and little. To some of those around his face seemed surrounded with a beautiful light, and as the fire consumed his body by little and little there came forth from it a sweet smelling savour, but the unbelievers neither saw the light or perceived the smell.

'And lo, the fire-consumèd frame
As borne upon the gale became
To these a blast of poisonous heat,
To them an odour soft and sweet.
Thus Christ the Eternal Light Divine
Upon the just in joy doth shine,
But to the guilty in His ire
Is ever a consuming fire.'

The martyr felt not the torments of the persecutor, says S. Austin, so vehement was his desire of possessing Christ. S. Ambrose observes that while his body burned in the material flames the fire of Divine love which was far more active within his breast made him regardless of the pain. Having the law of God before his eyes he esteemed his torments to be a refreshment and comfort.

So peacefully and tranquilly did S. Laurence bear his torments that, after having suffered a long time, he turned to the judge and said to him with a cheerful and smiling countenance, 'Let my body now be turned, this side is broiled enough.' 'Assatus est. Jam versa et manduca.' In his sufferings, no doubt, S. Laurence was consoled with a

heavenly message—'Puer meus noli timere, quia ego tecum sum, dicit Dominus. Si transieris per ignem, flamma non nocebit tibi, et odor ignis non erit in te.'

As the prefect continued to insult him, the martyr turned his eyes to Heaven, and with sighs and tears poured out his prayer with his dying breath for the city of Rome. He begged Christ that as the kingdoms of the world had been brought under the dominion of Rome, so Rome might be the means of bringing them under the dominion of Christ's kingdom; that the faith triumphing at the head, might the more easily be spread among the provinces or members of the empire. This grace he asked of God for the sake of that city for the two apostles S. Peter and S. Paul—S. Peter to whom He had given the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, and S. Paul the Evangelist of the Gentiles,—who had there planted the cross and had watered the ground of the city with their blood.

When S. Laurence had finished praying he lifted up his eyes towards heaven and gave up the ghost. The prefect and his executioners, seeing that the saint was dead, went their way in great wonder and consternation, leaving his body on the gridiron; but God began to grant His saint's request almost as soon as it was uttered, for Hippolytus and Justin, two senators who were present at the death of S. Laurence, were so moved by the tender and heroic fortitude he had displayed that they became Christians on the spot, and taking the sacred corpse on their shoulders they gave it honourable burial near the road to Tibur, A.D. 258.

'No more of speech to him was given,
The exultant spirit soared to heaven;
Then reverently the lifeless clay
Hands of patricians bore away,
Who from his faith and dauntless zeal
Honour for Christ had learned to feel;
To leave their vanities, and love
With awe and reverence One above.'*

As our Lord had said, 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'†

When the prefect heard what Hippolytus had done he commanded him to be tied to the tail of a wild horse—and thus he perished. But God suffered not that this wicked and cruel prefect should escape the punishment of his crimes.

As he sat in the amphitheatre of Vespasian presiding over the public games, suddenly miserable pangs came over him, and as he cried out upon S. Laurence and Hippolytus he died. And from the day of the death of S. Laurence the worship of the gods grew colder, and the people from frequenting the temples betook themselves to the religion

* Prudentius. † S. John xii. 24.

of Christ, and soon, as Prudentius says, the senate itself was venerating the tombs of the martyrs: and to S. Laurence himself was given a crown of glory in heaven, and upon earth eternal and universal praise and fame, for there is scarcely a city or town in all Christendom which does not contain a church or altar dedicated to his honour. In the reign of Constantine the Great a church was built over his tomb on the road to Tibur, which is called, 'S. Laurence without the walls.' Seven other churches in that city bear the name of this saint. S. Laurence is always represented in the dress of a deacon, and as a young man holding a gridiron in his hand. About 250 churches are dedicated to his name in England. The poet Prudentius, who has been already quoted, and who was born in Spain about the middle of the fourth century, breaks out into words of admiration at the happiness of the inhabitants of the city which possesses the bones of S. Laurence.

'O happy! tenfold happy he
To whom it is allowed to see
And pour at will his rapturous strains
Where rest, Laurentius, thy remains,—
Where with low reverence he may bow,
Where let his tears unhidden flow,
Where with his breast the green earth press,
Where murmur vows of thankfulness;
But us, alas! the Tiber's tide,
And Alpine mountains far divide;
The Pyrenees' eternal snows,
The Cottian ridge, its barrier throws.
Scarcely to us the tidings come
How full of relics dear is Rome;
How frequent o'er the city spread,
Rise the fair tombs of saintly dead.
But we, because we lack this grace
And long in vain thy steps to trace,
Must raise aloft our eager eyes,
And view the martyr in the skies.
There, whilst we seek thy passion blest,
Our aching gaze may find a rest;
To thee a twofold home is given;
The body here, the soul in heaven,
A dweller in that city fair,
Thy brows the noble chaplet bear.'

In his quality of deacon S. Laurence is always represented with the Gospels in his hand, because the office of the deacon was to read the Gospel in the Church of Rome founded and endowed by Constantine; he carries an open book, upon which may be read these words—explaining the zeal of the holy deacon in distributing to the poor—'Dispersit dedit pauperibus.'

In devotional pictures S. Laurence is represented wearing the deacon's dress, and carrying the palm as martyr. At other times he bears the gridiron, or a dish full of gold and silver money in his hand, the treasures of the Church confided to his keeping. *

* The reader must allow for legend.

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART IV.—THE SQUIRE OF OAKBY.

'A lord of fat prize oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pines,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A quarter-sessions chairman.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FUNERAL.

'Wild March wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing?'

It was on a wild March morning, when sudden gleams of radiant sunlight contended with heavy storm-clouds, that Mr. Lester of Oakby was buried. There was no rain, but the violent wind carried the sound of the knell in fitful gusts over the mourning village, through the well-cared-for fields and plantations of Oakby, away to Ashrigg and Elderthwaite, bringing all the country side in a great concourse to the funeral. For it was a real mourning, a real loss. Long years ago Fanny Lester, with her bright smile, and clear, upward-looking eyes, had said to her husband, 'We have a piece of work in the world given to us, Gerald; let us try and do it.' And under her strong influence the dutiful and honourable traditions of conduct to which Gerald Lester was born, widened and were drawn highor; the various offices he held were exercised with conscientious effort for the benefit of his neighbours; and his tenantry, mind, soul and body, were the better for his life among them. They could trust him, and if he sometimes made mistakes from which the wise Fanny might have saved him, her death had consecrated for him every simple duty that she had pointed out. Now, while 'the old Squire' still meant his father, while he was still in the strength of his manhood, he was gone; and at the head of his grave there stood, not the son they knew with his father's fair face and his mother's fair soul, but the dark, stately stranger, who—among all those north country gentlemen, farmers, and labourers who crowded round, those 'neighbours' all so well known to each other—looked so strangely out of place.

So thought another stranger who, when he had travelled northwards, had little thought to find himself present at such a scene.

The Stanforths had long since returned to London, and Gipsy found herself once more in the midst of as pleasant a home-circle as ever a girl grew up in, while her attention was claimed by numerous

interests, social, intellectual, and domestic. Her mother shook her head over the story of Jack's proposal; but she said very little about the matter, secretly hoping that Gipsy would cease to think of it on returning to another atmosphere. All the advances, she said to her husband, must now come from the other side, and she could not but regard the future as doubtful, and was slightly incredulous of the charms of the travelling companions whom she had not herself seen. But Jack, while he was at Oxford, wrote to Mr. Stanforth, about once a fortnight, rather formal and sententious epistles, which did not contain one word about Gipsy, but which in their regularity and simplicity impressed her mother favourably. One long pleasant letter arrived from Cheriton during his last weeks at Seville, and of this Gipsy enjoyed the perusal. She did not show any symptoms of low spirits, and being a girl of some resolution of character, held her tongue and bided her time. Perhaps a bright and fairly certain expectation was all she as yet wanted or was ready for. She was young in feeling, even for her eighteen years, and in truth they were 'beginning at the beginning.'

Still she wished ardently that her father should accede to a request from Sir John Hubbard, that he should come down to Ashrigg Hall, and paint a companion picture of his wife to the one that he had taken of himself long ago. Lady Hubbard was infirm and could not come to London, or Sir John would not have made such a demand on Mr. Stanforth's time, now of course even more fully occupied than it had been ten years before.

Mr. Stanforth hesitated; he did not like the notion of any possible meeting with Mr. Lester, while Jack's views remained a secret from him; but Sir John had shown him a good deal of kindness, and he felt curious to hear something of his young friends in their own neighbourhood. So the first week in March found him at Ashrigg, in the midst of a large family party, for the eldest son and his wife were staying there, and there were several daughters at home.

'We had hoped to give a few of our friends the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Stanforth,' said Sir John, after dinner, when the wine was on the table, 'but our neighbourhood has sustained a great loss in the death of a valued friend of ours, Mr. Lester, of Oakby.'

'Mr. Lester of Oakby! You don't say so! Surely that is very sudden,' said Mr. Stanforth, infinitely shocked. 'I saw a great deal of his sons in the south of Spain,' he added in explanation.

'Indeed! They are at home now, poor fellows. They were just too late. I had this note from Jack—that's the second son—no, the third—this afternoon.'

'I know Jack, too,' said Mr. Stanforth, as he took the note. It was a very brief one, merely announcing his father's death, and adding—

'My brothers returned from Spain this morning. We hope that the journey has done Cheriton no harm.'

"Ah, poor Cheriton!' said Mr. Stanforth. 'I fear he must have run a great risk. It will be a terrible blow to him. We formed something more than a travelling acquaintance.'

'Poor Mr. Lester was here only a fortnight ago, speaking with delight of Cheriton's entire recovery,' said Lady Hubbard.

'Yes, he was much better,' said Mr. Stanforth, a little doubtfully, 'and full of enjoyment. But this will be indeed a startling change.'

'Yes,' said Sir John, 'one does not know how to think of Alvar in his father's shoes. It was a sadly mismanaged business altogether.'

'There is a great deal to like in Alvar Lester,' said Mr. Stanforth; 'but of course the circumstances are very peculiar.'

'Yes. You see while the elder brother, Robert, was alive, no one thought much of Gerald, and when this Spanish marriage came out, it was a great shock. And he was too ready to listen to all the excuses about the boy's health. If he had come home and been sent to school in England he might have grown up like the rest, and black eyes instead of blue ones would have been all the difference.'

'I have always thought his long absence inexplicable.'

'Well, Lester hated the thought of his boyish marriage, and these other boys came, and Cherry was his darling. His wife did make an effort once, and Alvar was brought to France when he was about seven years old; but they said he was ill, and took him back again. Then when old Mrs. Lester came into power she opposed his coming, and things slipped on. I don't think he was expected to live at first, and, poor fellow! no one wished that he should.'

'The second Mrs. Lester must have been a very remarkable person,' said Mr. Stanforth.

'She was,' said Lady Hubbard, warmly. 'She was a person to raise the tone of a whole neighbourhood. She made another man of her husband, and he worshipped her. She was no beauty, and very small, but with the brightest of smiles, and eyes that seemed to look straight up into heaven. No one could forget Fanny Lester. She influenced every one.'

There was much more talk, and many side lights were cast on Mr. Stanforth's mind when he heard of Alvar's broken engagement to Virginia Seyton, and of her pretty cousin Ruth's recent marriage to Captain Lester, 'though at one time every one thought that there was something between her and Cheriton.' He could not but think most of how his own daughter's future might be affected by this sudden freeing of her young lover from parental control; but he was full of sympathy for them all, and the note that he wrote to Cheriton was answered by a request that he would accompany Sir John Hubbard to the funeral: 'They could never forget all his kindness in another time of trouble.'

It was a striking group of mourners. Alvar stood in the midst, dignified and impassive, and by his side a tall, girlish figure, with

bright hair gleaming through her crape veil, the three other brothers together, looking chiefly as if they were trying to preserve an unmoved demeanour; Rupert's face behind them, like enough to suggest kindred and Judge Cheriton's keen cultivated face; Mr. Seyton, pale, worn, and white-haired, and his brother's tanned, weather-beaten countenance, ruddy and solemn above his clerical dress. Many a fine powerful form and handsome outline showed among the men, whose fathers had served Mr. Lester's, and behind, crowds of women, children, and old people filled the churchyard and the lanes beyond.

As the service proceeded the heavy clouds parted, and a sudden gleam of sunlight fell, lighting up the violet pall and the white wreathes laid on it, the surplices of the choristers, and the bent heads of the mourners. Cheriton looked up at last away from the open grave, through the break in the clouds, but with a face strangely white and sad in the momentary sunlight. Jack, as they turned away, caught sight of Mr. Stanforth, and the sudden involuntary look of pleasure that lightened the poor boy's miserable face was touching to see. When all was over, and, in common with most of those from a distance, Mr. Stanforth had accompanied Sir John Hubbard up to the house, Jack sought him out, hardly having a word to say; but evidently finding satisfaction in his presence.

'Oh, we have nothing picturesque at home, but still I should like to show you Oakby,' Cheriton had said, as they walked together in the beautiful streets of Seville; but the long table in the old oak dining-room, covered with family plate, the sombre faded richness of colouring that told of years of settled dignified life, were not altogether commonplace, any more than the pair of brothers who occupied the two ends of the table. It was not till there was a general move that Cheriton came up and put his hand into his friend's.

'We all like to think that you have been here,' he said. 'You will come again while you are at Ashrigg?'

'I will, indeed. And you,—these cold winds do not hurt you?'

'No, I think not. My uncle wishes Sir John Hubbard to hear some of our arrangements; you will not mind waiting for a little.'

He spoke very quietly, but as if there were a great weight upon him, while his attention was claimed by some parting guest.

'Well, Cheriton, good-bye, this is a sorrowful day for many. You must try and teach your poor brother to fill your father's place. We are all ready to welcome him among us, and we hope he will take an interest in everything here.'

'You are very kind, Mr. Sutton,' said Cheriton, rather as if he thought the kindness too outspoken.

Then a much older face and voice took a turn.

'Good-bye, my lad. Your grandfather and I were friends always, and I little thought to see this day. Keep things going, Cherry, for the old name's sake.'

'I shall be in London soon,' said Cherry ungraciously, for the echoes of his own forebodings were very hard to bear. Then Rupert came up with a warm hand-shake.

'Good-bye, my dear fellow. I hope we shall see you in London. Don't catch another bad cold. I hope you'll all get along together.'

'I dare say we shall. But thank you, it was very good of you to come just now.'

'Just off your wedding trip, as I understand?' said the old gentleman.

'Yes, we came back from Paris a few days ago, and I must get back to town to-night,' said Rupert, as Cheriton moved away to join his uncle for a sort of explanation of the state of affairs to the younger ones, and for the reading of the will, though its chief provisions were well known to him.

Alvar, as his father had done before him, inherited the estate free from debt or mortgage, with such an income as sounded to his Spanish notions magnificent; but which those better versed in English expenditure knew would find ample employment in all the calls of such a place as Oakby. It was quite sufficient for the position, but no more. The estate of course still remained chargeable with old Mrs. Lester's jointure. Mr. Lester had enjoyed the interest of his wife's fortune during her life, the bulk of which had come to her from an aunt, and was secured to her daughter; her three sons succeeding to five thousand pounds apiece, and for this money Judge Cheriton, and a certain General Fleming, a relation of the Cheritons, were joint trustees. So the will, made almost as soon as Mr. Lester inherited the property, had stood, and indeed most of its provisions had been made by his father. Since his illness, however, a codicil had been added, stating that Mr. Lester had intended to leave the small amount of ready money at his disposal equally among his three younger sons, but that now he decided to leave the whole to Cheriton 'whose health might involve him in more expenses, and prevent him from using the same exertions as his brothers.' He also joined his two elder sons, with their uncle, Judge Cheriton, in the personal guardianship of John, Robert, and Annette. There were a few gifts and legacies to servants and dependants, and that was all.

'Nothing,' remarked Judge Cheriton, after a pause, 'could be more proper than this decision with regard to Cheriton, though we hope its necessity has passed away; but under the very peculiar circumstances every one has felt that it would have been well if a somewhat larger proportion of his mother's fortune could have come to him.'

'Of course,' said Jack, 'it is all right.'

'But my father might have trusted him to me,' said Alvar.

'Such things should always be in black and white,' said the judge. 'Your father has shown marked confidence both in you and in Cheriton by giving you a share in the charge of the younger ones,

and this desire will of course naturally affect our arrangements for them. Annette's home at least must be fixed by her grandmother's.'

'But my grandmother will stay here,' said Alvar in a tone of surprise. 'Why should she change? It will be all the same. And the boys too, and my sister, and Cheriton—of course—we must be together.'

He spoke warmly, and crossing over to Cheriton took his hand as he spoke.

'This is your home, my brother, always.'

'You are *very* good to us, Alvar, thank you,' said Cheriton, hardly able to speak.

'Most kind,' said the judge; 'whatever may be decided on, your offer is suggested by a most proper feeling, of which I hope all are sensible.'

'Alvar is very kind,' said Jack shyly.

'Would you not expect that Cheriton should be "kind" to you? then why not I, as well?' said Alvar.

'Such an arrangement,' said the judge, 'would not be *binding* on Cheriton even in your place. I am rejoiced to see so good an understanding between you. Alvar has a great deal of business before him, and it would be a pity to make any changes at present. But as for you Cheriton, is it wise to remain here so early in the year?'

'No,' said Alvar; 'I think we should go to the south for a little.'

'I think the calls upon your time—' began the judge, but Cheriton interposed.

'I don't think I am any the worse for the weather,' he said, 'and I should not like to go away now. We shall all have a great deal to do.'

Sir John Hubbard spoke a few friendly words and offered any assistance or advice to Alvar in his power, and then took his leave, as did Mr. Malcolm. Alvar and Jack, with the judge, accompanied them into the hall; and no sooner had the door of the study closed than Nettie, who had been a silent spectator of this scene, suddenly burst out—

'I don't care! I will say it! It may be very kind of Alvar, but it is horrible, *horrible* to think *he* is master and may do what he pleases with us. I hate to stay here if *he* is to give us leave.'

'I told you, Nettie,' said Bob with masculine prudence, 'that no one ought to *say* those things.'

'Nor feel them, I hope,' said Cherry. 'Nettie, my dear child, you must not make it worse for us all. We feel our great loss; but you know the future will not be easy for Alvar himself.'

'I know,' sobbed Nettie, with increasing vehemence, 'that he will not be like—like papa. I can't *bear* to think that the dear place all belongs to *him*, and the things, and the animals even, and the horses. *He* doesn't love them, nor the place, and *we* do!'

'Be silent, Nettie,' said Cheriton, with unusual sternness; 'I will

never listen to one word like this. There is nothing wrong about it. Think of all that Alvar has done for me, and then say if such words are justifiable.'

The severity of the tone silenced Nettie—it was meant to silence poor Cheriton's own heart. He was stern to his sister because he felt severely towards himself; but Nettie thought him unjust, and only moved by partiality for Alvar. He saw complications far beyond her childish jealousy, and yet he shared it. And above all was the anguish of a personal loss, a heavy grief that filled up all the intervals of perplexing anticipations and business cares.

The twins went away together, and Cherry sat down in his father's chair and leaned his head back against the cushion of it. It was all over, all the love that had had so many last thoughts for him, and alas! no last words. They had indeed parted for ever in this life; but how differently from what he had expected last year. Over! and the future looked difficult and dark. '*He* does not love them, and we do.' It was too true. Cherry was tired out with the long hasty journey, the succeeding strain of occupation, and with the sorrow that weighed him down—a sorrow that only now seemed to come upon him in all its strength. He was not conscious of the passing of time till a hand was laid on his shoulder, and Alvar's voice said softly, 'I have been looking for you, Cherito mio.'

'Oh, I am very tired,' said Cherry.

How strange it was to rouse himself from thoughts in which Alvar's image brought such a sense of trouble and perplexity, to feel the accustomed comfort of his presence! How strange to shrink so painfully from the thought of his foreign brother's rule in his father's place, and yet to feel the fretting weariness soothed insensibly by the care on which he had learned to depend. He could not think this crooked matter straight, he could not even feel compunction for his own fears. He was tired and wretched, and Alvar knew just what was restful and comforting to him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE NEW MASTER.

'Against each one did each contend,
And all against the heir.'

By the next morning Cheriton's thoughts had cleared themselves, and matters began to take some shape; he could make up his mind to a certain line of conduct, or at least could place a distinct aim before him. He had often before been forced to acknowledge that Alvar's character, as well as his position, had its own rights; they must take him as they found him; neither his faults nor his excellences were

theirs, and how much Cherry owed to those very points in Alvar which had come on them like a surprise! Was it not the height both of ingratitude and of conceit to think of him as of one to be altered and influenced before he could be fit for his new station? Why would not Alvar's gentleness, honour, and courtesy, his undoubted power of setting himself aside, make him as valuable a member of society, as industry, integrity, and regard for those about him had made of his father? It was his misfortune, not his fault, that he was a square man in a round hole; and what could Cherry do but try to round off a few angles or poke a few corners for them to stick into? Was it prejudice and unworthy jealousy that made him unable to accept this view, or was there something in Nettie's vehement disapproval, however unkindly and arrogantly it was expressed? If Alvar chose he could make a very good Squire Lester. Yes, *if*—— There was the question. The English Lesters sometimes did right, and sometimes—some of them very often—did wrong; but they one and all recognised that doing right was the business of their lives, and that if they did wrong they must repent and suffer. They certainly believed that 'conduct is nine-tenths of life,' in other words, that they must 'do their duty in that state of life to which they were called.'

But in Alvar this motive seemed almost non-existent. He did not care about his own duty or other people's. Only such a sense, or the strong influence of the religion from which in the main it sprang, or a sort of enthusiasm equally foreign to him, could have roused an indolent nature to the supreme effort of altering his whole way of living, of caring for subjects hitherto indifferent to him—in short, of changing his entire self. No doubt Alvar would think something due to his position, and something more to please Cheriton, but he would not regard shortcomings as of any consequence; in short it was not that Alvar's principles were different from theirs, but that, as motives of action he had not got any; not that he had Spanish instead of English notions of property, politics, or religion, but that he did not care to entertain any notions at all.

Cheriton understood enough now of the shifting scenes of Spanish life to understand that this might be their effect on an outsider who saw many different schemes of life all produce an equally bad effect on society; but it was none the less peculiarly ill-adapted to an owner of English property; and he took leave to think that if Spanish gentlemen in past generations had administered justice in their own neighbourhoods, mended their own roads, and seen to the instruction of their own tenants, a happier state of things might have prevailed at the present time in the peninsula. Any how, to him, as to his father, the welfare of Oakby was very dear—dearer now than ever, for his father's sake. One thought had troubled Mr. Lester's last hours, that by his own conduct he had allowed Alvar to become unfit to succeed him: all

therefore that Cheriton could do to remove that unfitness was so much work done for his father's sake; all, too, that made Alvar happy, was an undoing of the wrong that he had suffered. There was no real discord between what was right by Alvar and by Oakby and by his own sense of right. To make the best of Alvar, to allow for all his difficulties, to help him in every possible way, was not only due to that loving brother, but was the right way to be loyal to his father's higher self, and to clear his memory from those weaknesses and errors which cling to every one in this mortal life—was, too, the only way to see his work carried on.

This 'high endeavour' came to Cheriton, indeed, as 'an inward light' to brighten the perplexed path before him. Sorrow, he had already learnt, could be borne, difficulties might be overcome now that his inmost feelings were at peace.

Certainly he had enough on his hands. Much of the correspondence with old friends fell naturally to his share. English 'business' was unintelligible to Alvar without his explanations, and though the new Squire showed himself perfectly willing to receive from Mr. Malcolm an account of the various sources of his income, and submitted to go through his father's accounts, and to hear reports from farmers and bailiffs, he always insisted on Cheriton's presence at these interviews; and though he was too easily satisfied with the fact that 'my brother understands,' no one could have expected him to find it all quite easy to understand himself.

Cherry apologised for putting his finger in every pie.

'Oh,' said Alvar, cheerfully, 'I could not make the pie if I put in both my hands.'

But Cheriton knew perfectly well that the parish and the estate believed themselves to be entering on the reign of King Log. Any breakers, however, in this direction were still far ahead; but within doors difficulties and incongruities came sooner to a point, and Alvar was by no means always to blame for them.

On the day after the funeral Mrs. Lester resumed her place in the family; but her son's death had aged her much, and to see Alvar in his place was gall and wormwood to her. She accepted his offer of a home, and thanked him for it with dignity and propriety; but she did not attempt to conceal from the young ones that she grudged him the power to make it.

The household arrangements went on as usual, and Alvar's behaviour to her was irreproachable in its courtesy and consideration, nor did she ever clash with him, but reserved her fears and her disapprobations for Cherry's benefit.

Nettie had come back from London at Christmas, and nothing more had been heard of Dick Seyton, who was then absent from home; but the recollection of that episode prompted Mrs. Lester to give a ready consent to Judge Cheriton's proposal that she should go at Easter to

school for a year. Bob, too, who had been taken away from school at Christmas, where his career had not lately been satisfactory, was at present reading with a clergyman at Hazelby, and was to be sent to a tutor by and by. In the meantime, both he and Nettie were as unhappy as young creatures can be when their world is all changed for them; with their hearts yearning towards what they already called old times. And all the force of their natures concentrated into a sort of fierce aggressive loyalty to every practice, opinion, and tradition of the past, and to this code they viewed Cherry as a traitor. It was a cruel offence when he happened to say that he liked to drink chocolate, and when Alvar made a point of his having some; when Alvar now and again used Spanish expressions in speaking to him, when he pronounced Spanish names in Spanish fashion, or, worst of all, regretted Spanish sunshine, when he yielded to Alvar's care for his health, or seemed to turn to him for sympathy—a hundred such pin-pricks occurred every day. And yet the foolish twins scrupulously did what they thought their duty. That Alvar owned their father's horses cost Nettie floods of tears; but she insisted on Bob asking his permission before he took one to ride to Hazelby, and she always showed him a kind of sulky deference.

'How can you be so silly, Nettie?' said Jack, in answer to a pettish remark. 'Do you want Cherry to quarrel with Alvar?'

'No,' said Nettie, 'but I didn't think he would have *liked* Spain, and have talked so much about the pictures and things. Last night he asked Alvar to play to him.'

'I should think you might be glad to see him pleased with anything; he looks wretched enough.'

'Well, *I* like what I am used to,' said Nettie, in a choked voice. 'I don't care to hear about all the stupid people you met in Spain.'

'The friends we made in Spain,' said Jack, in high indignation, 'were people with whom it was a privilege to associate.'

'I dare say,' said Nettie; 'but old acquaintances are good enough for me; and old weather and everything. Yes, Buffer, *I'll* take you out, if it *is* a nasty cold morning.'

And Nettie went off, with a train of dogs behind her, angry with all her brothers, for even Bob had had the sense to grumble out 'that people must do as they pleased, and she had better let Cherry and Alvar alone,' and feeling as if she only were faithful to the dear home standard.

As Jack stood by the hall fire, heavy-hearted enough himself, in spite of his rebuke to his sister, there was a ring at the bell, and the cloud cleared from his brow as he started forward to greet Mr. Stanforth with an eagerness unusual with him.

He was too unaffectedly pleased to be embarrassed, and began almost at once—

'My uncle Cheriton comes back to us to-night. He had to leave us

on the day after we saw you; Cherry has promised to speak to him, that we may come to an understanding before I go back to Oxford.'

Mr. Stanforth smiled a little.

'When do you come of age, Jack?' he said.

'I shall be twenty next week,' said Jack, in a tone of humiliation. 'If I take a fair degree, I shall try for a mastership in one of the public schools. I should like that, and—and it is suitable to getting married,' concluded Jack, blushing.

'Very well,' said Mr. Stanforth. 'Then you shall come and tell me of your intentions for the future in a year's time from next week. Wait a bit,' as Jack looked exceedingly blank. 'If circumstances had not so sadly changed, no other decision would have been possible for you. I have no objection in the meantime to see you occasionally at my house, as I think you should both have every opportunity of testing the permanence of such quick-springing feelings.'

Mr. Stanforth smiled as he spoke, but Jack said after a moment—

'You mean that I must earn her? Well, I will.'

There was a solemn abruptness in Jack's manner that provoked a smile; but his self-confidence was tempered by a look of such absolute honesty and sincerity in his bright blue eyes, he looked such a fine young fellow in all the freshness and strength of his youth, that it would have been difficult to doubt either his purposes or his power of carrying them out.

'Don't you think you might have asked Mr. Stanforth to take off his coat and come into the library before entering on such an important subject?' said Cheriton, joining them.

'I beg your pardon,' said Jack. 'Please come in; I was not thinking——'

'Of anything but your own affairs? No, that's very unfair, for I am sure you have taken heed to every one else's,' said Cherry, as he led the way into the library, where on the table was a great accumulation of papers, looking like the materials for a heavy morning's work.

Cherry sent Jack to find Alvar, and told him to order some wine to be brought into the library, apologising to Mr. Stanforth for not asking him to lunch, as their grandmother was unequal to seeing a stranger; and then, in Jack's absence, he listened to Mr. Stanforth's ultimatum, and owned that it was a great relief not to have to startle his relations just now with what would seem an incongruous proposal; but praising Jack's sense and consideration in their trouble, and speaking of him with a kind of tender pride, unlike the tone of one so nearly on the same level of age, and whose life also was but beginning. He said that he should come to London at Easter, but that in the meanwhile there was much to be done at home. English affairs were naturally puzzling to Alvar, and a great deal of the business concerned them all.

'You must remember that you ought to be still taking holiday,' said Mr. Stanforth.

'Oh, yes. At least Alvar and Jack never let me forget it. But indeed, I am quite well, and though I feel the cold I don't think it means to hurt me. It is better to have plenty to do.'

Cherry's manner was not uncheerful, and though he looked pale and delicate, there was no longer the appearance of broken health and spirits which had marked him at their first acquaintance; but the quick changeable brightness was gone also. He was like one carrying a load which took all his strength; but he carried it without staggering.

Alvar now came in with Jack, looking bright and cordial.

'My brother is teaching me how to be the Squire,' he said to Mr. Stanforth with a smile, as he put aside the papers to make room for the tray that had been ordered; 'but I am not a good scholar.'

'You must go regularly to school then,' said Mr. Stanforth.

'Ah,' said Alvar, 'I must know, it seems, about rents, and tenants, and freeholds—so many things. But there is something that we wish to ask of Mr. Stanforth, is there not, Cherry?'

'Yes—we spoke of it.'

'It is that he will try to make a drawing of our father for us, for there is none that my brothers like.'

'I will try with pleasure, but I am afraid likenesses under the circumstances are rarely quite satisfactory. You have a photograph?'

Jack produced a very bad daguerreotype, and a photograph taken for Cheriton before he left home.

'This is a good likeness,' he said; 'but Cherry thinks it wants fire and spirit.'

"I will take both,' said Mr. Stanforth, seeing that Cherry had turned aside from the photograph, and took no part in the discussion. 'I will make a little sketch, and when you are in London you can tell me what you wish about it. And now I think I must be getting back to Ashrigg; to-morrow I go home.'

Jack eagerly said that to-morrow he was going to London on his way to Oxford, and received the longed-for permission to call at Kensington. Poor boy! he could not keep himself from looking ecstatically happy even while he told Mr. Stanforth, as he walked through the park with him, how sorry he was to leave Cheriton with so much on his hands.

Cheriton himself would gladly have kept Jack beside him. He was capable of seeing both sides of the difficult question, and was moreover so individual and independent in his modes of thought that home matters were less personal to him. He had, too, his own hopes, and had chalked out his own career, so that, young as he was, he was a support to Cherry's spirits, even while more than half the reason why his own were less overpowered was that the brother who was all in all to him was still left. His presence did not always conduce to peace with Bob, for he had grown away from him, and was disposed

to lecture him; but though he departed with more good advice to his family than was necessary, he left another gap, and Cherry, trying to rouse himself from the added feeling of loneliness, went over to Elderthwaite to see the old parson. He had been away so long that every familiar place brought fresh associations, and he tried to get the first sight of each one over quickly and alone.

He could not walk past the stables and through the farm-buildings without the image of his father meeting him at every turn. Here they had planned a new fence together, in this direction the very last walk he had had strength for before leaving home had been taken. How well he remembered *then* sitting on that bench under the stable wall, and watching his father with a sad wonder if he should ever sit there again. This was the short way from the station by which he used to come home from school. Here his father used to meet him—nay, suddenly he recollected, with a memory that started into life after lying asleep for years, *here* he had parted for the last time from his mother, and the long-past grief seemed to come back in the light of the new one. He said to himself that he ought to rejoice in the thought that his parents were once more together; but in the strangest way he longed for this long-lost mother to comfort him in the new grief of his father's death.

And then he walked on through the fir plantation, across the bit of bare bleak fell, into the woods of Elderthwaite. And as he walked he thought of Jack's bright hopes, and of that sweet and promising future that was to make up to him for all that the past had taken from him. Here, by the broken stile and ruinous wall, all hope of such a future had been dashed away from Cheriton's heart. *This* memory had no sweetness to temper its pain; and he hurried on through the plantation and down the lane that led to the vicarage. As he passed the church he saw that some one was trimming the ivy round the windows, and it struck him that they had been cleaned, and that the whole place had a somewhat improved appearance. A little girl made him a curtsey; she wore a smart red flannel hood, and had a clean face; he thought that he had never seen an Elderthwaite child look so respectable. Nay, as he passed one of the larger cottages, it shone upon him resplendent with whitewash, and looking in at the open door he beheld a row of desks, and sundry boys and girls seated thereat, and with curiosity much excited by this evidence of reform he hastened on towards the vicarage.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PLANS AND EXPERIMENTS.

'I am sick of the hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main.'

VIRGINIA SEYTON had spent her Christmas at Littleton, and after returning to London for her cousin Ruth's marriage, had come home again at the end of January. At Littleton, more than one old friend had advised her to reconsider her resolve to live at Elderthwaite; but Virginia did not feel herself tempted by any proposal of cottage, however charming, or companionship, however congenial. She had been lonely, unhappy, and forlorn at Elderthwaite; but somehow it pulled at her heart-strings. She could not rejoice over all the well-ordered services at Littleton, much as they refreshed her spirits, as she did over the new hymn which she and Mrs. Clements drilled into the Elderthwaite children; and she found herself believing, when receiving the correct answers of her former scholars, that there was after all 'something' in the north-country intellect, however untrained, that was superior in quality, if not in quantity, to that of the south. When she went back to London, common acquaintances brought her into contact with the Stanforths. She and Ruth went to an evening party at their house, just as Mr. Stanforth and Gipsy returned from Spain, and were invited to come afterwards and see the Spanish sketches. Ruth was glad to make all the business that pressed on her an excuse for refusing; but Virginia went, and was happier than she had been for months in hearing Alvar spoken of, and spoken of in terms of praise. Neither girl was conscious of the other's interest in this meeting—how Gipsy listened to 'some one who had known Jack all his life,' how Virginia watched Alvar's recent companion; but Gipsy's blushes came in the right place, and in spite of her extreme amaze at the idea of Jack in this new capacity, Virginia guessed where the spark had been lighted, and so could listen fearlessly to the story of the adventures at Ronda, and could look with pleasure at the sketches of which Alvar's figure was a picturesque element. It was a pleasant peep at a new life linked with her old one.

Ruth's was a very brilliant wedding. Everything was arranged by her grandmother, and bridesmaids, dresses, breakfast, and even church, were all chosen with exact regard to the correct fashion of the moment. Ruth wished it all to be over that she might find herself away with Rupert; then perhaps she would feel at rest. As it was, their rapid, interrupted surface intercourse tantalised her almost as much as their occasional interviews in the days of secrecy and silence. And when they were alone, Ruth was afraid to go deep. Often had

she said, 'In *my* love there shall be perfect confidence; there shall be nothing between my soul and his.' And now her past transgression, however excusable it might seem, erred against this perfect confidence. And Rupert's 'soul' was not at all ready to display itself to her, or to himself either, partly because he was not serious in his emotions, any more than in his principles, but partly also because he not unnaturally considered that when his deeds were satisfactory to Ruth, it was quite unnecessary to analyse his feelings. So she had no encouragement to confidence, and the perfect union for which she had longed, disappointed her, partly through her past falsity, but more from the want of any common aim or principle to unite them. Ruth was fairly happy; but she was the same Ruth still, with a nature that could never be satisfied without earnestness equalling her own, an earnestness from the purity and simplicity of which she had turned aside to seek a sort of consecration of life *which only a man of high principle and strong purpose could really have helped her to find*, in a love which she thought more powerful because it was more regardless of duty, in which view she did but follow much teaching and many writers.

Ruth did not make the confession which would have set her right with herself if not with Rupert, she had practised too much self-pleasing to find the courage for it. She married; and as life went on her aspirations would either die into the commonplace she had despised, or she might be driven to satisfy them elsewhere than with Rupert.

And Virginia, who equally with Ruth idealised life and its relations, and who also found her ideal unfulfilled—unfulfilled but not destroyed. She had lost her lover, but the good and holy life which she had thought to lead with him, though its beauty took a sterner cast, was possible without him. Life was not purposeless, though it was very difficult, and poor Virginia was diffident of her own powers, and was moreover in many ways ill-fitted to live with those whose views of life were uncongenial to her.

'If I had more tact I should get on better at home; if I had had more patience, more charity, I should not have quarrelled with Alvar,' she thought, and with some truth. But when she came back to Elderthwaite it *was* coming home. Dick and Harry were glad to see her; her father said it looked cheerful to have her about again; the little housemaid, whom she had taught for an hour on Sundays, was enchanted, and had written copies and learnt hymns in her absence; while she could not but be welcome to her aunt, whom she found suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, which confined her to her room. Virginia had no natural skill in nursing, and Miss Seyton was not fond of attentions. But, though she was severely uncomplaining, Virginia's companionship was enlivening, and, moreover, while she was incapacitated, her niece was obliged to manage the house. She had bought enough bitter experience now not to be frightened and

startled at the state of things, and she perceived how much Miss Seyton had done to keep things straight. But the young, fresh influence brightened up the old dependants, and she managed, too, to introduce some little comfort. But a piece of home work really within her powers came to her in an unexpected quarter. Dick's examination was to take place in about six weeks, and she found from Harry that he had been really reading for it, and to her great surprise and pleasure he did not resent her interest in it. Her French, and history, and arithmetic were quite enough in advance of Dick's to make her aid valuable to him, and finding how much he was behindhand, spite of some honest though fitful efforts, she gave him some lessons with the tutor at Hazelby to whom Bob Lester was sent, and as Dick always brought his papers to her afterwards, there was no question that he actually availed himself of the opportunity.

As for the old parson, he greeted her with a perfect effusion of delight. He had come to love her better than anything in the world except Cheriton, whose illness had been a real sorrow to him. The little improvements had not been allowed to languish—indeed others had been projected. Mr. Clements had not been idle. A poor widow, whose continued respectability had certainly been partly owing to her attachment to Mr. Seyton's rival or assistant, 'the old Methody,' had a niece who had been trained as a pupil-teacher in a parish belonging to a friend of Mr. Ellesmere's, and, her health failing, the girl had come to live with her aunt. Hence a proposal for a little day-school; and actually a subscription set on foot by Mr. Clements.*

'So you see, Miss Seyton,' he had said, 'we have not been quite idle in your absence.'

'Indeed,' said Virginia, smiling, 'you seem to have done better without me.'

'No, Miss Seyton, whatever better things we may succeed in doing in Elderthwaite in the future, it is your doing that the wish to improve had been awakened.'

Virginia blushed at this magnificent compliment; but it was true. High principle recommended by gentleness and humility must in the end win its way.

These various changes formed a safe subject of conversation in a meeting that could not fail on many accounts to be trying, when Cheriton, as he came up to the vicarage, met Virginia going in there also. He did not want to talk about his own health or home difficulties, she could not fail to be conscious; but the parson was only restrained, or *not* restrained, by her presence from lamentations over Alvar's succession, and looked unspeakably wicked when Cherry implied that they were 'getting on smoothly. So the new school came in handy, and Parson Seyton talked about a Government grant,' and winked at Cherry over his shoulder.

* This of course took place before the passing of the Education Act.

'It's all getting beyond me, Cherry,' he said; 'I'm not the man for these new lights.'

'You'll have to get a curate, parson,' said Cherry.

'Nay—nay!' said the parson sharply. 'I'll have no strangers prying into all our holes and corners and raking out the dust. I don't like curates—hate their long coats and long faces.'

'You might put in the advertisement "round and rosy preferred,"' said Cherry.

'Nay, nay, my lad; no curates for me, unless *you* will apply for the situation.'

'Cherry has a *very* long coat on,' said Virginia, smiling and pointing to his 'ulster.'

'And not too round a face nowadays, eh? Never mind, if he came here I'd let him wear——'

'A cassock, perhaps,' said Cheriton. 'I feel all the force of the compliment. But I think Queenie is the best curate for Elderthwaite at present.'

Virginia's heart danced at the familiar brotherly name by which Cheriton had learned from Ruth to call her in the days of her engagement, but which had never become her home appellation, and something in her face made him whisper under his breath as she rose to take leave—

'Though Oakby grudges her to you.'

Virginia hurried away, but she was presently overtaken by Cheriton as she paused at a cottage door, and they walked up the lane together, and talked of the Stanforths; and when Virginia praised Gipsy, neither could help a smile of implied comprehension and sympathy.

It was a bright, pleasant day, the puddles and ditches of the Elderthwaite hedgerows sparkled in the spring sunshine, the blackthorn put out its shy blossoms on each side. Virginia smiled and looked up gaily, and Cheriton's voice took its natural lively tone as he related some of the humours of their Spanish journey.

'I must turn off here,' said Cherry, as they came to a stile. But Virginia did not answer him, for, leaning against the fence, stood Alvar, watching them as they approached. A hayrick and tumble-down cart-shed, and a waggon with its poles turned up in the air, formed a strangely incongruous background for his graceful figure, his deep mourning giving him an additional air of picturesque dignity.

There was no escape for Virginia. She turned exceedingly pale, but with a self-command that, in Cheriton's opinion, did her infinite credit, she bowed—she had not courage to put out her hand—and said timidly—

'Good morning.'

Alvar's olive face coloured all over; he bowed, for once utterly and evidently at a loss, while Cherry plunged into the breach.

'Hallo, Alvar, have you come to look for me? I have been to see Parson Seyton. You have no idea what grand doings there are now in Elderthwaite.'

'I did not come to look for you,' said Alvar with some emphasis.

'Well, I was coming home.'

Then Alvar turned, and with a sort of haughty politeness hoped that Mr. and Miss Seyton were well, and Virginia, in the sweet tones unheard for so many months, replied to him, and after shaking hands with Cheriton walked away down the sunny lane, from which she could not turn aside, and which afforded no shelter from any eyes that might choose to follow her.

Alvar, however, turned away, and Cherry following, said—

'I think a little light will dawn on Elderthwaite one day, thanks to Virginia.'

Alvar did not make any answer, and Cheriton was not at all sorry to see how much the meeting had disturbed him.

He never alluded to it again, but whether from any feelings connected with it or from the worries of his new position, he was less even-tempered than usual.

There was much to try him. So many matters pressed on him, and he was so very much at fault as to the way of dealing with them. Mr. Lester had kept a considerable portion of his property in his own hands; he had also been a most active magistrate, sat upon innumerable county committees, and had united in his own person the chief lay offices of the parish. In all these capacities he had done a considerable amount of useful work, and though no one expected Alvar to take up the whole of it, he ought to have endeavoured to make himself master of the more necessary parts.

But the real defect of Alvar's nature—the intense pride, that made the sense of being at a disadvantage hateful to him, worked at first in a wrong direction. The great effort of bending himself to learn to do badly what those around him could do well, was beyond one who had never felt the need of repentance, never acknowledged an error in himself; nor did the sense of duty to his neighbour that counteracted this tendency in others of his name, appeal to the conscience of one who inherited the selfish instincts of the Spanish grandee. After the very first he grew impatient of the tasks that were so new to him, and yet resentful of any comment on his behaviour. He resented the standard to which he would not conform, all the more because an unspeakable soreness connected it with Virginia's rejection of him.

Perhaps this was more hopeful than his former good-humoured indifference, but it was with exceeding pain that Cheriton, before Easter came, began to perceive that though Alvar would let him please himself in any special instance, his hopes of exerting any general influence were vain, and that Alvar would resent the attempt eve from him.

'*Did* you expect to make the leopard change his spots by the force of your will, Cherry?' said Mr. Ellesmere to him when some instance had brought this prominently forward. 'You cannot do it, my boy, and excuse me for saying that I think you should not try.'

'I only wanted to help the leopard to accommodate his coat to our climate,' said Cherry, with rather a difficult smile.

'He must do that himself when stress of weather shows him the need. If he had married, such an influence as your mother's might have come into his life; but, my dear boy, *even* that could not have sufficed, unless it had appealed to something higher.'

'I know,' said Cherry slowly. 'I know what you mean about it. No man ought to stand dictation as to his duty, and we all lay down the law to each other. But I cannot break myself of feeling that matters here are my own concern.'

'I think that is a habit of mind common to a great many people hereabouts,' said Mr. Ellesmere, kindly; 'and, after all, what I said was only meant as a warning.'

'Much needed! But I believe Alvar will find things out in time; and we none of us make half enough allowance for him.'

Jack came home for a few days at Easter, and there was a final discussion and arrangement of plans, which resulted after all in a general flitting. Alvar declared that Oakby was too dull without his brother, and that he should himself go to London for some time. No one could exactly find fault with this scheme, and if he had exerted himself hitherto to get his new duties in train, they would have welcomed it, as his resolute avoidance of the Seytons produced social difficulties, and Jack thought Cheriton's London life so much of an experiment as to be glad that he should not have to carry it out entirely alone. But they both knew that without any difference that would strike outsiders, there was just the essential change from good to bad management, from care to neglect, in every matter with which the master of Oakby was concerned.

Nettie was to go to a London boarding-school for a year. This was the express desire of Mrs. Lester, who thought this amount of 'finishing' essential. Lady Cheriton was choosing the school, and the brothers of course consented, though Cheriton felt that it was like caging a wild bird, and Alvar remarked with much truth—

'My sister is a woman; it is foolish to send her to school.'

Nettie wept torrents of tears over Rolla, Buffer, her pony, nay, every living creature about the place; but she did not resist, it was part of the plan of life to which she was accustomed.

If Mrs. Lester herself had not insisted on sending Nettie away, the others would have made no proposal which involved a separation; but to the surprise of them all, she proposed spending the ensuing three months at Whitby. Lady Milford would be there, and it had always been an occasional resort of Mrs. Lester's, and with her old favourite

maid, she declared that she should be perfectly comfortable there; and if she was dull, she would ask Virginia Seyton to stay with her.

One other member of the family remained to be disposed of, and while Cheriton and Jack were consulting with each other what they could say to their uncle with regard to Bob, he took the matter into his own hands, and as he walked across the park with Cheriton to view some drainage operations which had been begun by their father, and which Alvar was very glad to let them superintend, he remarked, suddenly—

'Cherry, I wish you would let me go to Canada, or New Zealand, or some such place, and take land. It is the only thing I'm fit for.'

Cheriton was taken by surprise, though the idea had crossed his own mind.

'Do you really wish it?' he said.

'Yes,' said Bob. 'I'm not going to try my hand in life at things other fellows can beat me at.'

'I'm afraid that rule would limit the efforts of most of us!'

'Well,' said Bob, 'I hate feeling like a fool; and besides, I don't see the good of Latin and Greek. But I mean to do something that's some use in the world. I approve of colonising.'

'Really, Bob,' said Cherry, 'I don't think you were ever expected to go in for more Latin and Greek than would prevent you from feeling like a fool. There's a great deal in what you say; but have you thought of a farm in England or Scotland?'

'Yes, but I think that is generally a fine name for doing nothing. Now, I shall have some capital, and I'm big and strong, and can make my way. Cherry, don't you think I should have been allowed to go?'

'Yes, Bob, I think you would; but you are too young to start off at once on your own resources.'

'Well, I could go to the agricultural college for a year, and there are men out there who take fellows and give them a start. You can talk it over with Uncle Cheriton, and if you agree, I don't care for the others.'

'Does Nettie know about it?'

'Yes,' said Bob; 'she wouldn't speak to me for a week, she was so sorry. But she came round, and says she shall come out and join me. Of course she won't—she'll get married.'

They had reached a little bridge which crossed a stream, on either side of which lay the swampy piece of ground which they had come to inspect. Looking forward, was the wide panorama of heathery hills, known to them with life-long knowledge; looking back, the wide, white house, in its group of fir-trees, with the park stretching away towards the lake. All the woods were tinted with light spring green, and the air was full of the song of numberless birds, and with that cawing of the rooks which Cheriton had once said at Seville was to him like the sound of the waves to a person born by the sea.

'Of course,' said Bob, 'if one went a hundred thousand miles, one would never forget this old place.'

'No,' said Cheriton; 'nor, I sometimes fancy, if one went a longer journey still!'

'But I hate it as it is now, and I shall come back when you're Lord Chancellor, and Jack, head-master of Eton.'

'Well, Bob,' said Cherry, 'wherever we may any of us go, or whatever we may be, I think we cannot be really parted, while we remember the old place, and all that belongs to it.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE DRAGON SLAYER.

'Life has more things to dwell on
Than just one useless pain.'

THERE are few places where the charm of a bright June day is felt more perfectly than in a London garden. The force of contrast may partly account for this; but The Laurels, as the Stanforths' house was called, was a lovely place in itself, dating from days before the villas by which it was now almost surrounded. Within its old brown sloping walls flourished white and pink acacias, magnolias, westerias, and quaint trees only found in such old gardens; a cork-tree, more curious than beautiful; a catalpa, which once in Gipsy's memory had put out its queer brown and white blossoms; and a Judas-tree, still purple with its lovely flowers. The house, like the garden-walls, was built of brown old brick, well draped with creepers; and Mr. Stanforth's new studio had been so cunningly devised that it harmonised wonderfully with the rest. That garden was a very pleasant place in the estimation of a great many people, who liked to come and idle away an hour there, and was famous for pleasant parties all through the summer; while it was a delightful play-place for the little Stanforths, a large party of picturesque and lively-minded children, who, in spite of artistic frocks and hats, and tongues trained to readiness by plenty of home society, were very thoroughly educated and carefully brought up. They were a great amusement to Cheriton Lester, who was always a welcome guest at The Laurels, and felt himself thoroughly at home there.

Cheriton's London life was in many ways a pleasant one. He found himself in the midst of old friends and schoolfellows, he could have as much society as he wished for, he was free of his uncle's house and of the Stanforths', and he had none of the money anxieties which troubled many of those who, like him, were beginning their course of preparation for a legal life. He saw a good deal, in and out, of Alvar, who had established himself in town, and was an exceedingly popular

person in society; and as the obligations of his mourning, which he was careful to observe, diminished, was full of engagements of all sorts, enjoyed himself greatly, and thought as little of Oakby as business letters allowed. Lady Cheriton thought that he ought to have every opportunity of settling, 'so much the best thing for all of them,' and arranged her introductions to him accordingly; but Alvar walked through snares and pitfalls, and did not even get himself talked of in connection with any young lady. Cheriton was much less often to be met with; he found that he could not combine late hours and anything like study, and so kept his strength for his more immediate object—an object which, however, was slowly changing into an occupation. Cheriton soon found out that the pleasures and pains of hard and successful labour were no longer for him; that though he did not break down in the warm summer weather, the winter would always be a time of difficulty, and that his strength would not endure a long or severe strain—in short, that though reading for the bar was just as well now as anything else for him, and might lead the way to interests and occupations, he could not even aim at the career of a successful lawyer. Besides, London air made him unusually languid and listless.

'Yes, he is a clever fellow, but he is not strong enough to do much. It is a great pity, but, after all, he has enough to live on, and plenty of interests in life,' said Judge Cheriton; and his wife made her house pleasant to Cherry, and encouraged him to come there at all hours, and no one ever said a word to him about working, or gave him good advice, except not to catch cold; while he himself ceased to talk at all about his prospects, but went on from day to day and took the pleasant things that came to him. And sometimes he felt as if his last hope in life was gone—and sometimes again wondered why he did not care more for such a disappointment. But now and then, in these days that were so silent and self-controlled, there came to him an indifference of a nobler kind, an inward courage, a consoling trust, the reward of much struggling, which a year ago he could never have brought to bear on such a trial.

Mr. Stanforth's presence always gave him a sense of sympathy, and he spent so many hours at The Laurels, that his aunt suspected him of designs on Gipsy, though Jack's secret, preserved in his absence, was likely to ooze out now that the end of the Oxford term had brought him to London for a few days, previous to joining a reading party with some of his friends.

The Laurels, with its pretty garden, might be a pleasant resting-place for Cheriton, but it was a very Arcadia, a fairy-land to Jack, when he found his way there late on one splendid afternoon, so shy that he had walked up and down the road twice before he rang the bell, happy, uncomfortable, and conscious all at once, looking at Gipsy, who had just come home from a garden party, in a most

becoming costume of cream colour and crimson, but quite unable to say a word to her as she sat under the trees, and fanned herself with a great black fan, appealing to Alvar, who was there with Cheriton, whether she had quite forgotten her Spanish skill. Gipsy was very happy, and not a bit shy as she peeped at her solemn young lover over the top of the fan, and laughed behind it at Jack's look of disgust when Cherry remarked that he had grown since Easter.

'Don't be spiteful, Cherry,' said Mr. Stanforth, with a smile. 'Shall we come and see the picture?'

Jack and Gipsy were left to the last as they came up towards the house, and she made a little mischievous gesture of measuring herself against him.

'Yes, I think it's true!'

'Well,' said Jack, gruffly, though his eyes sparkled, 'I shall leave off growing some time, I suppose. I say, are you going to dine at my aunt's to-morrow?'

'Yes,' said Gipsy. 'Lady Cheriton has been here, and she brought your sister. How handsome she is; but she was so silent. I was afraid of her. I wonder if she liked me,' said Gipsy, blushing in her turn.

'Shy with Nettie?' exclaimed Jack. 'You might as well be shy of a wild cat. She doesn't like any one much but Bob and her pets.'

'Ah, young ladies grow as well as young gentlemen,' said Gipsy. 'Next year——'

'Yes, next year——' said Jack; but Gipsy opened the studio door, and ended the conversation.

Mr. Stanforth's studio was arranged with a view more to the painting of pictures than to the display of curtains, carpets, and china; but it was still a pretty and pleasant place, with a few rare works of art by other hands than those of its owner. There were few finished pictures of Mr. Stanforth's there then; but one large canvas on which he was working, and, besides various portraits in different stages, the drawing of Mr. Lester, which Jack had not hitherto seen. Mr. Stanforth brought it forward, and asked him to make any comment that occurred to him. It was a fine drawing of a fine face, and brought out forcibly the union of size and strength with beauty which none of the sons fully equalled, though there might be more to interest in all their faces. For after all, the little imperfections of expression, that which was wanting as well as that which was present in the coming out and going in, the pleasures, the duties, and the failures, the changes of mood and temper, the smiles and the frowns of daily life, had made the individual man, and could not be shown in a likeness so taken. It was a picture that would satisfy them better as the years went by. Indeed Alvar thought it perfect, and Jack could hardly say that he saw anything wanting; but Cherry, after many praises and some hesitation had said, 'Yes, it is

very like, but it is as if one saw him from a distance. Perhaps that is best.'

After this picture had been put away, Jack began to look round and to relieve the impression made on him by a little artistic conversation, evidently carefully studied from the latest Oxford authorities. He looked at the pictures on the wall, found fault so correctly with what would have naturally been pleasing to him, and admired so much what a few months before he would have thought hideous, that Cheriton's eyes sparkled with fun, and Alvar, for once appreciating the humour of the situation, said—

'We must ask Jack to write a book about the pictures at Oakby,' while Gipsy, seeing it all, laughed, spite of herself.

'Ah, Gipsy, he is carrying his lady's *colours*, like a true knight,' said Cherry, softly, as Jack faced round and inquired—

'What are you laughing at?'

'Who lectures on art at Oxford, Jack?' said Cherry.' 'What a first-rate fellow he must be!'

'Ah, he is indeed a great teacher,' said Alvar, 'who has taught Jack to love art.'

'A mighty teacher,' said Cherry under his breath.

'Of course,' said Jack, 'as one sees more of the world, one comes to take an interest in new fields of thought.'

'Why yes,' said Gipsy, recovering from Cherry's words, and flying to the rescue, 'we all learned a great deal about art at Seville.'

'My dear,' said Mrs. Stanforth, 'aren't you going to show them the knights?'

For she thought to herself that if a year was to pass before Jack's intentions could meet with an acknowledgment, his visits had better be few and far between, especially in the presence of Cherry's mischievous encouragement. 'Mr. Stanforth himself being as bad,' as she afterwards remarked to him.

Now, however, Mr. Stanforth turned his easel round and displayed the still unfinished picture for which he had begun to make sketches in Spain, when struck with the contrast of his new acquaintances, and with the capabilities of their appearance for picturesque treatment.

The picture was to be called *One of the Dragon Slayers*, and represented a woodland glade in the first glory of the earliest summer; blue sky, fresh green, white blossoms, and springing bluebells and primroses, all in full and yet delicate sunshine—a scene which might have stood for many a poetic description from Chaucer to Tennyson, a very image of nature, the same now as in the days of Arthur.

Dimly visible, as if he had crawled away among the brambles and bracken to die, was the gigantic form of the slain dragon, while, newly arrived on the scene, having dismounted from his horse, which was held by a page in the distance, was a knight in festal attire—a vigorous, graceful presentment of Alvar's dark face and tall figure—

who with one hand drew towards him the delivered maiden, a fair slender figure in the first dawn of youth, who clung to him joyfully, while he laid the other in eager gratitude on the shoulder of the dragon slayer, who, manifestly wounded in the encounter, was leaning against a tree-trunk, and who, as he seemed to give the maiden back to her lover, with the other hand concealed in his breast a knot of the ribbon on her dress; thus hinting at the story, which after all was better told by the peculiar beaming smile of congratulation, the look of victory amid strife, of conquest over self and suffering—a look of love conquering pain, which was the real point of the picture.

Jack stood looking in silence, and uttering none of his newly-acquired opinions.

'Is it right, Jack?' said Mr. Stanforth.

'Yes, I know,' said Jack, briefly; and then, 'Every one will know Alvar's portrait. And who is the lady?'

'She is a little niece of mine—almost a child,' said Mr. Stanforth, while Cheriton interposed—

'It is not a group of photographs, Jack. Of course the object was the idea of the picture, not our faces.'

'Well, Cherry,' said Mr. Stanforth, smiling, 'your notion of sitting for your picture partakes of the photographic. You did not help me by calling up the dragon-slayer's look.'

'That was for the artist to supply,' said Cherry; 'but it seems to me exactly how the knight ought to have looked.'

'For my part,' said Alvar, 'I should not have liked to have been too late.'

'It is very beautiful,' said Jack; 'but I don't think I approve of false mediævalism. At that date these fellows would have fought, and the best man would have had the girl.'

'Pray, at what date do you fix the dragon?' said Cherry.

'Jack is as matter-of-fact as the maiden herself,' said Mrs. Stanforth, 'who will not be happy because her uncle will not tell her if the knight got well and married somebody else.'

'No—no, mamma,' said one of the younger Stanforth girls, 'he did no such thing; he was killed in King Arthur's last battle. We settled it yesterday—we thought it was nicer.'

'You don't think he gave in to the next dragon?' said Cherry, half to tease her.

'No indeed, that knight never gave in. Did he, papa—did he?'

'My dear Minnie, I am not prepared with my knights' history. There they are, and I leave them to an intelligent public who can settle whether my object was to paint sunlight on primroses, or a smile on a wounded knight's face—very hard matters both.'

'Don't you really like it?' said Gipsy, aside to Jack.

'Oh yes,' said Jack uneasily, 'I have seen him look so. I know what your father means. But I hate it. I'd rather have had a picture of

him as he used to be, all sunburnt and jolly. Yes, I know, it's the picture, not Cherry; but I don't like it.'

Gipsy demurred a little, and they fell into a long talk in the twilight garden. Jack kept his promise, he did not 'make love' to her, but never, even to Cheriton, had he talked as he talked then, for if he might not talk of the future, he could at least make Gipsy a sharer in all his past. When Cheriton came out upon them to call Jack away they looked at him with half-dazzled eyes as if he were calling them back from fairy-land.

The dinner-party at Lady Cheriton's offered no such chances, though it was a gathering together quite unexpected by some of the party. Lady Cheriton, when the question of a school for Nettie had been discussed, had renewed her offer of having her to share the studies of her younger daughters; and Cheriton, who thought that Nettie in a London boarding-school would be very troublesome to others and very unhappy herself, had succeeded in getting the plan adopted. So here she was, dignified and polished, in her long black dress, and bent, so said her aunt, in a silent and grudging fashion on acquiring sufficient knowledge to hold her own among other girls. She was wonderfully handsome, and so tall that her height and presence marked her out as much as her intensely red-and-white complexion and yellow hair. There, too, were Virginia and her brother Dick, Cherry being guilty of assuring his aunt that there was no reason why Alvar should not meet them. For Dick's examination had at length been successfully passed, and an arrangement had been made that he should board with some friends of Mr. Stanforth's, and Virginia had availed herself of an invitation from Lady Cheriton to come to London with him.

'You did not tell me she was coming,' said Alvar angrily to Cheriton.

'It is impossible that you should avoid meeting so near a neighbour,' replied Cherry.

'I do not like it,' said Alvar, and the effect on him was to shake his graceful self-possession, make him uncertain of what he was saying, and watch Virginia as she talked to Cherry of Dick's prospects, with a look that was no more indifferent than the elaborate politeness of Jack's greeting to Miss Stanforth. She was more self-controlled, but she missed no word or look. But if Cheriton had played a trick on his brother, he himself received a startling surprise when Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Lester were announced. 'You cannot avoid meeting your cousins' was as true as his excuse to Alvar; but he could not help feeling himself watched; and as for Ruth, her brilliant expressive face showed a consciousness which perhaps she hardly meant to conceal from him as she looked at him with all the past in her eyes. Ruth liked excitement, and the situation was not quite disagreeable to her; but while her look thrilled Cheriton through and through, the fact that she could give it broke the last thread of his bondage to her. She

made him feel with a curious revulsion that Rupert was his own cousin, and that she had tried to make him forget that she was his cousin's wife; and as, being a man, he attributed far too distinct a meaning to the glance of an excitable sentimental girl, it repelled him, though the pain of the repulsion was perhaps as keen as any that she had made him suffer. He did not betray himself, and it was left to Jack to frown like a thunder-cloud.

When Cheriton came out of the dining-room, Nettie pursued him into a corner and began abruptly—

'Cherry, I want to speak to you. When Jack went to Spain did he tell you anything about me?'

'Nothing that I recollect especially,' said Cherry, surprised.

'Well, I am going to tell you about it. Mind, I think I was perfectly right, and Jack ought to have known I should be.'

'Have you and Jack had a quarrel then?'

'Yes,' said Nettie, standing straight upright, and making her communication as she looked down on Cherry as he sat on a low chair. '*I* taught Dick to pass his examination.'

'You!'

'Yes. You know he wouldn't work at anything, and I used to make him come and say his lessons to me—the kings of England, you know, and the rivers, and populations, and French verbs. Well then, if he didn't know them, I made him learn them till he did. But of course he didn't wish any one to know, so we had to get up early and sit in the hay-loft or down by the bridge. I could not help the boys knowing that Dick and I went out together, and at last Jack found us in Clements' hay-loft. Dick ran away, but Jack was very angry with me and insulted me; and Cherry—he went and told papa, and they sent me to London. But I never told the reason, because I had promised Dick. Now, Cherry, wouldn't it have been very wrong to give up the chance of doing Dick good because Jack chose to be ridiculous? It just made him succeed, and perhaps he will owe it to me that he is a respectable person and earns his living. *You* would have helped him, wouldn't you?'

'Why yes,' said Cherry; 'but that is not quite the same thing.'

'Because I am a girl. Cherry, I think it would be mean to have let that stop me. But now he is through, I shall never do it again, of course; and, Cherry, indeed I meant it just as if he had been a ploughboy.'

Here Nettie hung her tall head and her tone grew less defiant.

'But, after all, Nettie, you should not have done what you knew granny and father would not like,' said Cherry, much puzzled what to say to her.

'It was because papa never know, that I told *you*,' said Nettie rapidly.

Cheriton asked a few more questions, and elicited that Nettie had

very early in their intimacy taken upon herself the reform of Dick, and had domineered over him with all the force of a strong will over a weak one. Nettie had acted in perfect good faith, and had defied her brothers' attack on her; but as the lessons went on, her instinct had taught her that Dick found her attractive, and came to learn to please himself not her. The girl had all the self-confidence of her race, and having set her mind on what she called 'doing good' to Dick, she defied her own consciousness of his motives, having begun in kindness dashed with considerable contempt. But lazy Dick had powers of his own, and by the time of her quarrel with Jack, Nettie had felt herself on dangerous ground. 'I shan't marry,—no one is like our boys,' she said to herself, but there was just a little traitorous softening and an indefinite sense of wrong-doing which had made her seek absolution from Cheriton, and with the peculiar absence of folly which was a marked characteristic of the slow-thinking twins, she gave herself the protection of his knowledge.

Cheriton's impulse was to take up Jack's line and give her a good scolding, but he was touched by her appeal, and had learned to weigh his words carefully. He said something rather lame and inadequate about being more particular in future, but he gave Nettie's hand a kind little squeeze, and she felt herself off her own mind. It had been a curious incident, and had done much to make Nettie into a woman—too much of a woman to look on her *protégé* with favouring eyes. Dick, too, was likely to find other interests, but Nettie had helped to give him a fair start, and her scorn of his old faults could never be quite forgotten.

CHAPTER XL.

A NEW SUGGESTION.

'Once remember
You devoted soul and mind
To the welfare of your brethren
And the service of your kind,
Now what sorrow can you comfort?'

Soon after the scenes recorded in the last chapter, Alvar received a letter from Mrs. Lester, in which she thanked him in a dignified and cordial manner for his proposal that the home at Oakby should go on as usual, but said she did not consider that her residence there would be for the happiness of any one. During her son's married life she had lived in a house at Ashrigg which was part of the Lester property, and was called The Rigg. This was now again vacant, and she proposed to take it, making it a home for Nettie and for any of her grandsons who chose so to consider it. The great sorrow of her dear son's death would be more endurable to her, she said, anywhere but at Oakby. The neighbourhood of the Hubbards would provide friends

for herself and society for Nettie, who would be very lonely at Oakby in her brothers' constant absences. Alvar was sincerely sorry. He was accustomed to the idea of a family home being open to all, and did not in any way regard himself as trammelled by his grandmother's presence there, while Cheriton was utterly taken by surprise, and hated the additional change and uprooting. He did not think the step unwise, especially as regarded Nettie, but he marvelled at his grandmother's energy in devising and resolving on it. He had expected a great outcry from Nettie, but she proved not to be unprepared, and said briefly 'that she liked it better than staying at home *now*.'

'But you will not desert me?' said Alvar. 'Shall I drive you too away from your home?'

'No,' said Cherry. 'No, I'll come home for the holidays, and the boys too, if you will have them, though I suppose granny will want to see us all sometimes.'

'I wish that I could take you home now,' said Alvar. 'I think you are tired with London—you see too many people.'

Cheriton coloured a little at the allusion, but he disclaimed any wish to leave London then, shrinking indeed from breaking through the externals of his profession. It ended by Alvar going down to meet his grandmother at Oakby, and to make arrangements for the change, during which he proved himself so kind, courteous, and helpful to her, that he quite won her heart; and Nettie, on her return, was astonished at hearing Alvar's judgment deferred to, and 'my grandson' quoted as an authority on several occasions.

Jack, after a few days in London, joined a reading party for the first weeks of the vacation; and Bob, on his return from the gentleman who was combining for him the study of farming and of polite literature, joined Nettie in London, and took her down to Ashrigg, so that the early part of August found only Cheriton and Alvar at Oakby.

Cherry liked this well enough, for though the house could not but seem forlorn and empty to him, daily life was always pleasant with Alvar, and he would have gladly helped him through all the arrears of business that came to hand. These were considerable, for Mr. Lester's subordinates had not been trained to go alone, and none of them had been allowed universal superintendence. Cheriton thought that Alvar required such assistance, and that he ought to have an agent with more authority; but oddly enough he did not take to the proposal, and in the meantime he made mistakes, kept decisions waiting, failed to recognise the relative importance of different matters, and, still worse, of different people.

One afternoon, towards the end of August, Cheriton went over to Elderthwaite. What with business at home, expeditions to Ashrigg, and a great many calls on his attention from more immediate neighbours, he had not seen very much of the parson, and as he neared the

rectory he beheld an unwonted sight in the field adjoining, namely, some thirty or forty children drinking tea, under the superintendence of Virginia and one of the Miss Ellesmeres.

'Hallo, Cherry,' said the parson, advancing to meet him, 'where have you been? Seems to me we must have a grand—what d'ye call it?—rural collation before we can get a sight of you.'

'As you never invited me to the rural collation, I was not aware of its existence,' said Cherry, laughing, as Virginia approached him.

'Oh, Cherry, stay and start some games,' she said. 'You know they are so ignorant, they never even saw a school-feast before.'

'Then, Virginia, I wonder at you for spoiling the last traces of such refreshing simplicity. Introducing juvenile dissipation! Well, it doesn't seem as if the natural child wanted much training to appreciate plum-cake!'

'No, but if you could make the boys run for halfpence——'

'You think they won't know a halfpenny when they see one.'

'Do have some tea!' said Lucy Ellesmere, running up to him. 'Perhaps you are tired, and Virginia has given them *beautiful* tea, and really they're very nice children, *considering*.'

So Cherry stayed, and advanced the education of the Elderthwaite youth by teaching them to bob for cherries and other arts of polite society, ending by showing them how to give three cheers for the parson, and three times three for Miss Seyton; and while Virginia was dismissing her flock with final hunches of gingerbread, the parson called him into the house.

'Poor lassie!' he said, 'she is fond of the children, and thinks a great deal of doing them good; but it's little good she can do in the face of what's coming.'

'How do you mean?' said Cheriton. 'Is anything specially amiss?'

'Come in and have a pipe. A glass of wine won't come amiss after so much tea and gingerbread.'

They went into the dining-room, and the parson poked up the fire into a blaze, for even August afternoons were not too warm at Elderthwaite for a fire to be pleasant, and as he subsided into his arm-chair, he said gravely—

'Eh, Cherry, we Seytons have been a bad lot—a bad lot, and the end of it'll be we shall be kicked out of the country.'

'Oh, I hope not!' said Cherry, quite sincerely. 'What is the matter?'

'Well, look round about you. Is there a wall that's mended, or a plantation preserved as it ought to be? Look at the timber—what is there left of it? and what's felled lies rotting on the ground for want of carting. There's acres of my brother's hay never was led till the rain came and spoiled it. Look at the cottages. Queenie gets the windows mended, but she can't make the roofs water-tight.

Look at those woods down by the stream, why, there's not a head of game in them, and once they were the best preserves in the country!'

'Things are bad, certainly,' said Cherry.

'And yet, Cherry, we've loved the place, and never have sold an acre of it, spite of mortgages and everything. Well, my brother's not long for this world. He has been failing and failing before his time, and though he has led a decent life enough, things have gone more to the bad with years of doing nothing, than with all the scandals of my father's time.'

'Is Mr. Seyton ill?' said Cheriton.

'Not ill altogether; but mark my words, he'll not last long. Well, at last, he was so hard up that he wrote to Roland—and I know, Cheriton, it was the bitterest pill he ever swallowed—and asked his consent to selling Uplands Farm. What does Roland do but write back and say, with all his heart; so soon as it came into his hands he should sell every acre, house and lands, advowson of living and all, and pay his debts. He hated the place, he said, and would never live there. Sell it to the highest bidder. There were plenty of fortunes made in trade, says he, that would give anything for land and position. So there, the old place'll go into the hands of some purse-proud stranger. But not the church—he shan't go restoring and improving that with his money. I'm only fifty-nine and a good life yet, and I'll stick in the church till I'm put into the churchyard!'

Cherry smiled, it was impossible to help it; but the parson's story made him very sad. He knew well enough that it was a righteous retribution, that Roland's ownership would be a miserable thing for every soul in Elderthwaite, and that the most purse-proud of strangers would do something to mend matters; and yet his heart ached at the downfall, and his quick imagination pictured vividly how completely the poor old parson would put himself in the wrong, and what a disastrous state of things would be sure to ensue.

'I'd try and not leave so much "restoration" for any stranger to do,' he said.

'Eh, what's the good?' said the parson. 'She had better let it alone for the new folks.'

'Nay,' said Cherry, 'you cannot tell if the "new folks," as you call them, will be inclined for anything of the sort, and all these changes may not take place for years. It doesn't quite pay to do nothing because life is rather more uncertain to oneself than to other people.'

Cheriton spoke half to himself, and the parson went on with his own train of thought.

'Ay, I'll stick to the old place, though I thought it a heavy clog round my neck once; and if you knew all the ins and outs of that transaction you'd say, maybe, I ought to be kicked out of it now.'

'No, I should not,' said Cherry, who knew perhaps more of the

Elderthwaite traditions than the parson imagined. 'Things are as they are, and not as they might have been, and perhaps you could do more than any one else to mend matters.'

The parson looked into the fire, with an odd, half-humble, half-comical expression, and Cherry said abruptly,

'Do you think Mr. Seyton would sell Uplands to me?'

'To you? What the dickens do you want with it?'

'Why—I don't think it would be a bad speculation, and I should like, I think, to have it.'

'What? Does your brother make Oakby too hot to hold you?'

'No, indeed. He is all that is kind to me,' said Cherry, indignantly. 'Every one misconstrues him. But I should like to have a bit of land hereabouts all the same.'

'Well, you had better ask my brother yourself. He may think himself lucky, for I don't know who would buy a bit of land like that wedged in between the two places. Ah, here's Queenie to say good-night. Well, my lassie, are you pleased with your sport?'

'Yes, uncle, and the children were very good.'

Cheriton walked a little way with Virginia beyond the turning where they parted from Lucy Ellesmere. He found that she was unaware of the facts which the parson had told him, and though somewhat uneasy about her father, very much disposed to dwell on the good accounts of Dick and Harry, and on the general awakening in the place that seemed to demand improvements. Oakby offered a ready-made pattern, and other farmers had been roused by Mr. Clements to wish for changes, while some of course were ready to oppose them.

'They begin to wish Uncle James would have a curate, Cherry,' she said, 'but I don't think he ever will find one that he could get on with. No one who did not know all the ins and outs of the place could get on either with him or with the people.'

'It would be difficult,' said Cheriton thoughtfully; 'yet I do believe that a great deal might be done for parson as well as people.'

'Ah, Cherry,' said Virginia with a smile, 'if you hadn't got another vocation Uncle James would let *you* do anything you liked. I wish *you* were a clergyman, and could come and be curate of Elderthwaite; for you are the only person who could fit into all the corners.'

Virginia spoke in jest, as of an impossible vision, but Cheriton answered her with unexpected seriousness.

'It would be hard on Elderthwaite to put up with a failure, and an offering would not be worth much which one had waited to make till one had nothing left worth giving! I'm afraid, too, my angles are less accommodating than you suppose—ask Alvar.'

Cherry finished his sentence thoughtlessly, and was recalled by Virginia's blush; but she said as they parted, 'That is a safe reference for you.'

Cheriton laughed; but as he walked homeward he turned and looked back on the tumbledown picturesque village at his feet. Loud rough sounds of a noisy quarrel in the little street came to his ears, and some boys passed him manifestly the worse for drink, though they pulled themselves up and tried to avoid his notice. It was not quite a new idea which Virginia had put into shape; but as the steep hill forced him to slacken his steps, he could not see that the strength which had proved insufficient for a more selfish object was likely to be worth consecrating to the service of his neighbours.

(To be continued.)

ZACCONI'S TASK.

A CERTAIN King his servants round him called,
And gave to each a labour to perform
Which twelve months hence their Master's eye should judge,
And to the best performed a prize award.
One carve a statue for the palace halls,
Another was to paint a stirring scene,
A third design and make a regal throne,
While others garments had assigned to them.
For all their tasks, materials due were given.
To one Zacconi a worn and shabby robe
Which long had lost what beauty e'er it had
Was given—with it the command that he
Must of this rag a royal vesture make
To deck the King's own person. Zacconi
(Filled with youthful pride) thought it shame that he
So hard and dull a task should have assigned,
When well be felt his talents and his strength
Some nobler work would fitly carry out.
'Why not a statue, or a throne, to carve,
Or garment of rich fabric to prepare?'
But then the memory of favours past
And the obedience which he owed his King
Brought better thoughts—he the hard task began.
Soon with pure water and a careful hand
All stains he first removed, and where the cloth,
Was worn and frayed he darned it thick and strong;
Then with some thread that with his task was given
Zacconi traced a pattern rich and rare,
Till all the robe was broidered o'er and o'er.
The work was close and slow, and many sighs
Or even tears were drawn from him, but still
Zacconi worked and stitched till the long year
Was past and gone, and lo! his task was done.
  In all his state the King enthronèd sate
And judged his servants' work, while each his task
In awe and trembling to his footstool brought.
To some he meted praise, to others blame
For carelessness, or sloth, or over-haste.

Our poor Zacconi saw with wistful eyes
How fair was many a statue that was brought,
The lovely pictures and the goblets rare,
Or vestures of rich silk and cloth of gold,
And deemed his own mean garment all too poor
For his great King to look at or accept.
At last his turn had come. With tott'ring steps and slow
He ventured to approach. The King's face wore a smile
Which helped him much, and marvelling, he saw
A bright light from his finished task shine forth.
A murmured cry of wonder rose from all
Who stood around the throne, as now he cast
His burden on the ground; for there they saw
So glittering a blaze of gold and silk
It dazzled all their eyes with shimmering light.
Each tear that poor Zacconi there had shed
A diamond had become; each sigh a pearl!
The King spoke forth, 'Thou servant good and true,
Thou well hast done thy thankless task and hard;
Of all the garments which are here produced
This darned and patched one will I choose to wear,
And thine shall be the promised prize to day.'
With tears of joy Zacconi fell to earth
His Lord to thank, and there he vowed that ne'er
A doubt again should come across his mind
That other tasks were better than the one
His loving Master should henceforth assign.

CLARA WILKINSON.

CHRISTIAN ART SUBJECTS.

BY ELIZABETH GLAISTER.

VI.—THE MINISTRY (*continued*).

The Transfiguration.—There are some incidents of our Lord's life which have not fallen under the former heads, yet are frequent and important art subjects.

We have seen that the subjects of the Ministry, with the exception of the miracles and the introductory one of the baptism, were not very popular with the mediæval artists, and we shall find the same to be the case with the subjects still before us, belonging chiefly to the latter part of our Lord's teaching, when He addressed Himself, not so much to the simple Galileans and to His still uncomprehending disciples, as to the learned, violent, and hard-hearted scribes, Pharisees, and chief men of the Jews. Or else it is that the twelve are instructed alone and especially, or the chosen three are taken apart by themselves and shown ever new mysteries of love and faith; learning more and more clearly that He is indeed the Christ. As these teachings do not readily furnish subjects for art illustration, nor do they gratify the intense craving for the supernatural which characterises religious feeling during the art periods of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we find abundant reason for their comparative rarity in the works of art of that time, and for the frequency of the one subject from our Lord's life of this period, which is an exception, —that is, *the Transfiguration.*

This is the most important of the art-subjects left to us before we come to those of the Passion. It is so well known through Raphael's great picture, that in the popular English recollection there is hardly any other representation. Yet it is not only very frequent, but it is of great antiquity, and possesses for us the strong recommendation that it was used in very early times of the Church. It is mentioned by Pope Gregory II. as one of the usual subjects of Christian art at the time of the Iconoclastic controversy, A.D. 726. He probably referred to paintings of which we have no remains, but in the almost imperishable art of mosaic we have a record of the treatment of this subject of an earlier time, when the errors which led to the reaction of Iconoclasm were not yet apparent, at least in art.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt (*Primitive Church Art*, p. 173) describes a Transfiguration of about A.D. 567: one of the mosaics of S. Apollinaris in

* For a criticism on this famous letter, and for a concise history of Iconoclasm, see Milman's *Latin Christianity*, book iv. chapters vii. and viii. Also Trench's *Lectures on the Mediæval Church*.

Classe, at Ravenna, which gives a good idea of the early and symbolic treatment of the subject. 'The presence of God the Father is represented by the Divine Hand; the sky is indicated by streaks of light; half-length figures of Moses and Elias are on either side, and in the centre of the half vault (of the apse) a large Cross, jewelled and ornamented to the full power of the mosaicist, stands for the Person of the Lord. The three disciples present at the Transfiguration are represented by three sheep—contemplating the Cross.'

The reason that this subject was so justly a favourite with the unknown artists of the early Church, as well as with the known devotional painters and sculptors, so that it forms part of every art-history of our Lord—*e.g.* it is on the bronze doors of the Cathedral at Pisa of the twelfth century—is, that it so forcibly teaches the Divinity of Christ; it points to His Resurrection and Ascension; it is a revelation of the miraculous powers of His glorious Body, and it is a promise of the future glory of the Church triumphant.

Perhaps midway between the Ravenna mosaicist and Raphael stands Fra Angelico; in feeling, that is, for in time he was much nearer to Raphael (A.D. 1409–1455). Without striving, like the latter, for any historical accuracy, he looks only to the spiritual meaning of the mystery, and the circumstances of solemnity, preparation, and prayer under which Jesus took His chosen three 'into a high mountain apart.' He shows our Lord, not caught up into the air, which the text does not warrant, but standing on the earth, of which He was an inhabitant, yet within the aureole of rays that then actually, to the eyes of the disciples, and to us figuratively, shows His Godhead. His arms are extended, foreshadowing His Passion on the Cross, yet to be accomplished; standing there in the awful radiance and whiteness that are the signs of His purity and spiritual power, He speaks to us of a still more awful appearance, when He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth, and we, like Peter, James, and John, in our flesh shall see God.

As these early representations point more to the manifestation of the glory and divinity of Christ (S. John i. 14) than to the mysterious testimony borne by Moses and Elias, the latter are often quite subordinate figures, faces, or half-lengths. The early painters probably quite failed to realise what an overwhelming testimony was borne to the Jews by the appearance of their own great Lawgiver and Prophet, who, as Dean Alford says, came solemnly to consign into His hands their delegated and expiring power. Not only this, but they testified to the fulfilment in Christ of the prophecies contained in their own lives and works, and of those of all the 'Law and the Prophets'—all the Scriptures represented by them.

Raphael's picture differs in almost every way from the two representations just mentioned; it is to a great extent mystic and devotional, though it is so far removed from the traditions of the time and

the men to whom we look for the best Christian art that at first we incline to judge the work otherwise. There is a crowd of persons who were not actually present; these are not intended so much for the mixed multitude who met our Lord the next morning, with the possessed boy and the questioning scribes in their historical position, as for the Church universal, that yet more mixed multitude which would learn to look up to the Lord in glory, and was to hear from the three disciples that heavenly message already heard by one who came in the spirit and power of Elias—'This is My beloved Son; hear Him.' The rest of the twelve with compassion for the deep distress of the people, refer them all to Christ for relief. The demoniac boy represents the victory of Christ, the seed of the woman, over the adversary, and the powers of evil that, since the Fall, had 'bruised the heel' of the human nature.

We may notice that the disciples knew Moses and Elias; how, we are not told. If by spoken word it is not recorded, and we may imagine that they knew them 'by sight'; not by any means of art, for the graven image of Egypt and Babylon was specially shunned by the peculiar people, but by some traditional description and appearance, such as the rod and veil for Moses, whose face was once more illumined by the glorious Light, and who now saw the reality of the spiritual Rock. The mantle of skins was the mark of the great Elijah, which might recall to the disciples the garment of camel's hair of the last Forerunner, in whom, as they were immediately to learn, Elias was indeed come, though they knew him not.

There is a significant point of difference between the early and the later painters in the treatment of the three disciples. These last chose for representation the moment when 'flesh and spirit at Thy Presence fail,' and the three 'fell on their face and were sore afraid.' The former, regarding the eternal truth rather than the momentary fact, show them, when 'here Thy Presence we devoutly hail,' in adoration of the glory that was revealed to them, which was their life-long attitude, and which joins them to the worshipping Church through all time and eternity.

The Calling of the Apostles.—This is a subject with especial reference to the work of the ministry. Like all those which do not specially set forth the divinity of Christ, it is not a very early subject. The scene is by the sea of Galilee; the disciples leave their nets, and obey our Lord's call to be fishers of men. Ghirlandajo, in the Sistine Chapel painted the calling of Andrew and Peter; the two disciples kneel at the feet of Christ, by the lake side crowded with passers-by. In the distance is represented the calling of James and John. The calling of Matthew has a more personal application, and suggests the forsaking of all worldly cares and joys at the call of Christ.

Peter's Confession of Christ's Divinity.—This is the real title of the incident described in S. Matt. xvi. and in the parallel passages. As

we of the English Church understand the passage it is not very suitable for an art subject, being a discourse rather than an event. In Raphael's cartoon, and in other works of art done under papal influence, the 'keys' which our Lord used as an illustration are turned into a visible symbol, given by Him to Peter as a sign of special authority over the Church committed to him, and transmitted by him to the Bishops of Rome. This use of the keys in a picture of an event is quite distinct from that made of them when they are held by S. Peter as his sign or attribute. They then denote the spiritual authority given by Christ to the Apostles, and first prophetically given to them on their confession by the mouth of Peter, that 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.'

The subject of Raphael's cartoon seems to be a sort of compromise between S. Matthew xvi. 13–19, and the charge to S. Peter in S. John xxi. The first motive of the picture and of that by N. Poussin, which in many points resembles it, being the exaltation of S. Peter as chief of the Apostles, endued with special powers and authority, and claiming the same for the Bishops of Rome as his successors. It is usually taken to illustrate the latter passage as part of the founding of the Church by our Lord after his Resurrection; but if this be the case, only the fishermen-apostles, not the whole twelve, should be present, and we look for some indication of the fire of coals, and the Fish (sacrificed), representing the Body of Christ and the Food appointed for the flock.

The Finding of the Stater in the Fish's Mouth.—This also is not an early subject; it arose from the Papal exaltation of S. Peter, yet it is a good and legitimate subject, belonging to the history of the Saint, and to the Gospel cycle. The scene is by the sea of Galilee, and though S. Matthew says that Peter came to Jesus in the house, He is usually represented as standing by the lake, while Peter pulls out the fish and takes the piece of money from its mouth.

It should be noticed that the money claimed was not tribute to Cæsar, but the 'ransom of souls' (Ex. xxx. 12); it is significant that this slight and distant type of the great Ransom should be paid through the Fish, the primitive emblem of Christ the Redeemer.

The Woman taken in Adultery.—This is a somewhat frequent subject of later mediæval painters, some of whom offend much against good taste and reverence in it. Titian has a beautiful and instructive picture; one by A. Carracci is engraved for D'Oyley and Mant's Bible, and there are instances by Mazzolini and Rembrandt in the National Gallery. It is not very likely to be chosen now for a church, or a large single picture, though it would form one of a numerous series, and it illustrates a special point of our Lord's teaching.

The time is the last Feast of Tabernacles, and the scene is in the Temple, where our Lord came early in the morning and taught the

people. Sometimes Jesus is shown in the act of writing on the ground, but the stooping posture is less dignified, and the moment less suited for representation than the succeeding one, where He lifted Himself up and spoke the words of mercy to the woman and of judgment on her accusers—'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her.'

These words make the motive of most of the pictures. An equally impressive one would be the grave and merciful words 'Go, and sin no more,' where the accusers, having shrunk away, the sinner is left with her Saviour, and meets the look that must have been sharper than a two-edged sword in its power on her conscience, purifying as a refiner's fire to her guilt, yet strengthening as living water to her weakness. In that look, in those words, and in her meek reply, were the whole history of a sinner's soul—repentance, forgiveness, and amendment of life.

The Cleansing of the Temple.—Like the two miracles of feeding four and five thousand, the two occasions on which our Lord cleansed the Temple are not to be distinguished from each other in art. The first, told us by S. John, was at the time of the first Passover kept by Jesus with His disciples; the second, told by the synoptical gospels, before the third Passover, probably immediately after His triumphal entry. The first time the words are less vehement than when, three years later, our Lord quoted the words of Isaiah referring to the holy uses of the Temple, and said that its desecrators had turned it into a den of thieves, but the action is more so, and the scourge of small cords is used. This, however, was only for the beasts, for convenience of driving them out, and we cannot imagine anything like severity even to them from Jesus, for Dr. Farrar observes that He only overthrew the seats of those who sold doves, for had He overthrown their tables, as he did those of the money-changers, the doves might have been injured. This vehement action may be one reason that the subject was not often chosen during the earlier periods of Christian art, as it is difficult to give a becoming air of dignity to a figure in such energetic movement. Another and more probable reason is because the subjects of the early painters were chiefly an amplification of the symbolic art of the primitive Church in sculpture and mosaic, and only gradually passed into historic records of the life of Christ. Giotto, who was one of the earliest painters of such historic series, gives the casting out of the money changers among his frescoes at Padua.

As the subject does not specially teach our Lord's Divinity, nor belong to the Infancy, nor the Passion, but enforces practical lessons, mediæval religious thought did not ask for it, being mainly occupied with other things. To us it seems an important one, not only because no side of our Lord's teaching and example should be forgotten, although every action may not be suitable for art representation, but

because of the pertinence of the cleansing of the Temple to certain points which the Church of our own day is striving to bring forward from mischievous neglect. One of these is the sanctity of the house of prayer and sacrifice, into which, from the time of the cleansing, we enter by the new and living way. (Isaiah lvi. 7; Heb. x. 19–21.)

Another is the authority which our Lord thus claimed and exercised over the worship of the Jewish Church by this cleansing and reforming as well as by His obedience to the law; He connects it with the Apostolic Church, as part of the Church Catholic, one in prayer and one in sacrifice. This is a point to which the primitive Church seems especially to have clung, and the art of the Catacombs, which is a very important evidence of primitive practice and thought, is full of emblems and subjects that teach the identity of the Jewish Church with the Apostolic, alike in substance though differing in office.

It is hardly necessary to say that nothing of these meanings can be conveyed by such a representation as forms one of a modern series of Scripture prints, where with haste and furious gestures a figure in Syrian dress, but without any indication that it stands for our Lord, or any expression of other than physical power, is seen driving out the money-changers and lashing at them with the scourge.

Speaking of the second cleansing, Dr. Farrar says, 'Already the tessellated floors and pillared colonnades of the court of the Gentiles had been again usurped by droves of oxen and sheep, and dove-sellers and usurers, and its whole precincts were dirty with driven cattle, and echoed to the hum of bargaining voices and the chink of gold.'

Christ Blessing Little Children.—This also is not common in mediæval art, but is frequent as a modern subject, when practical and perhaps sentimental themes are more sought after than doctrinal ones. It is beautiful and suggestive, with its lessons of tenderness and reverence for childhood, and of our Lord's loving-kindness and charity. It recalls our baptism, when we were brought to Him; it teaches innocency of life as pleasing in His sight; and—perhaps the chief of its lessons—that childlike reception of the 'kingdom of heaven,' upon which our Lord so frequently insists.

The subject should be distinguished from the incident at Capernaum, where our Lord took a child and set him in the midst, for a special illustration of His teaching of humility. (S. Matt. xviii. 2.) That is an instructive and beautiful subject occasionally treated in modern art, but the motive is different from the one we are considering, where the parents bring the babes to Christ and He blesses them, where the children themselves are the subject of the work of art.

The disciples rebuking the mothers usually form part of the composition; in West's picture, engraved in D'Oyley and Mant's Bible, our Lord is speaking to them before blessing the children, and the face of S. John shows how quickly he feels the appeal to that tenderness for children which is shown in his later teaching. Rembrandt's

picture in the National Gallery gives a different verson of the subject, very homely but not intentionally irreverent.

In this last, and in Thorwaldsen's bas-relief, our Lord places His hand on the head of one of the children, the natural and universal sign of blessing; the hand stretched forth being the sign of the benediction of a number of persons, and it is uplifted to show that the blessing is not a mere personal good wish, but a prayer for and sign of the blessing of God the Father Almighty. Our Lord's raised hand shows that He gives the blessing in His own Person.

The Anointing of Christ's Head and Feet.—As in other instances of two incidents resembling each other, it is scarcely in the power of art to distinguish one from another. In the two cases of the anointing of our Lord's feet—the first during the second year of His ministry, in a city of Galilee, in the house of Simon the Pharisee, by a woman described as 'a sinner,' and usually identified with Mary Magdalene; and the second, just before the Passion, when in the house of Simon the Leper, the head and feet of Jesus were anointed by Mary the sister of Martha, the outward circumstances are so similar that it is difficult to show the distinction between the two; yet the meaning and lessons are different (see Chapter IV.). The mediæval confusion between the Magdalen and Mary of Bethany increases the difficulty.

Both the anointings took place at a feast, when there was much excitement and curiosity about Jesus; the first during the most popular part of His ministry in Galilee, when we constantly hear of 'the multitude,' 'much people,' 'many disciples.' The second was at the crowded time before the Passover, when the Jews came to see not only Jesus, but Lazarus also, whom He had raised from the dead. Both anointings were done in the house of one named Simon, and by women named Mary, both names common in the Gospels.

For the differences, we may begin by noticing that in the house of Martha, Mary and Lazarus, the Saviour was a beloved and honoured guest, for whom they 'made a supper;' while to the house of the Galilean Pharisee, He appears to have had a cool or grudging invitation, no water for His feet, no oil for His head, no kiss of greeting. It was not thus that 'Martha served' the Friend and Guest to whom she owed the presence of her brother.

The difference in character of the two Marys has already been spoken of; in the likeness of their two actions of love and reverence there are also differences. The Magdalene anoints His feet only, first standing behind Him weeping, and then, possibly encouraged by some gracious word or look, she begins to wash His feet with her tears, and to cover them with kisses as she pours her precious store from the alabaster vase.

Mary of Bethany, not less reverent, needs not the humiliation and the tears, for God does not willingly afflict His people, and her holy life,

and devotion to the better part, give her joy and hope in the presence of her Saviour. She draws near with an holy boldness, and pours her ointment of spikenard over the head of Christ, filling the house (the Church) with the sweet savour unto the Lord.

The teaching of Jesus was different on each occasion, both in His words to the bystanders and His gracious acceptance of the offerings. To the sinner, He gives comforting words of forgiveness and blessing; to His friend, who had sat at His feet and enjoyed long and close communion with Him, He gives the highest encouragement and praise, accepting with hers all true and humble service in the words 'she hath done what she could.' He gives her even a prophet's honour in the words that must have sounded sadly in her ears, 'she did it for My burial'; and commands that what she had done should be told through the whole world for a memorial of her.

Keble speaks of the anointing at Bethany as 'commended by our Lord Himself to all ages as a signal instance of devotion to His blessed Body, and ever understood by the holy Church as a warrant for sparing no trouble nor expense in providing for that Service which acknowledges the mysterious continuance of the same among us.'

Speaking of the first anointing, Jeremy Taylor says of the offering, 'Which expression was so great an ecstasy of love, sorrow, and adoration, that to anoint the feet even of the greatest monarch was long unknown—and in itself, without the circumstance of so free a dispensation, it was a present for a prince.'

When the second anointing is the event illustrated, the disciples look on, and Judas holds the bag. Sometimes the others appear to share his discontent. SS. Matthew and Mark take the blame of the objections for all; S. John, with his special knowledge of, and interest in, all that happened at Bethany, or possibly with a clearer conscience, names Judas Iscariot.

Although the distinction of the two events and of the two Marys is one that it seems important to keep in mind, so as not to lose, in any future art, truths won for us by the advance of Biblical learning, we must remember that the identity of the woman (S. Luke, vii. 37) or the Magdalene, with Mary of Bethany, was presumed from very early times, and it is necessary to bear this in mind in studying mediæval works of art which have the holy women for their subject.

The anointing of our Lord's feet by the Magdalene is the subject of a beautiful, but not very reverent, picture by Paul Veronese, which is now at Turin, and there is another of his of the same subject in the Louvre.

The Widow's Mite.—Just before our Lord left the Temple for the last time, withdrawing at last His presence from the holy place, and once more rejected by the Jews, Jesus sat over against the treasury, that is in the Court of the Women, and marked the gifts offered for the honour of the House of God and the service of the sanctuary (not

for the poor). As He had accepted the costly and enlightened gift of Mary's precious ointment, so He now accepted the humble yet still more costly gift of the widow's living, consecrating it also with words equivalent to 'She hath done what she could.' Thus, like the other, this offering is 'told for a memorial' of her whose history is summed up in the words that she was poor, and a widow. She did not even know Who sat sorrowfully there, despised and rejected of men, in the Court of the Women—women who are never themselves charged with the sin of deriding or insulting Him, and within whose special precincts He now vouchsafed to rest. They might not advance nearer to the Holy Place for their worship, but now the Holiest had come to them.

As an art subject, this of the widow's mite is not ancient, nor frequent, for the reason that has been often repeated for the neglect by early and mediæval art of practical and historical subjects. It has been frequently illustrated in modern art, but oftener as a practical lesson and example than in the historical sense, and the figure of our Lord is not given, merely the widow making her hardly-spared offering; this, though suggestive enough, is not a Gospel subject.

Christ Weeping over Jerusalem.—This is not an early subject, as the words were spoken during our Lord's ride towards the city (see S. Luke, xix. 41), and it is therefore included in the *Entry into Jerusalem.*

Sir C. Eastlake's well-known picture is taken from S. Luke, xiii. 34, or S. Matthew, xxiii. 37, as is seen from the introduction of the hen and her brood, from which our Lord took His illustration, probably repeating it on more than one occasion. The subject may be taken as the only one touching on our Lord's great discourse on the fall of Jerusalem and the end of the world, forming a link in the great series that has been contributed by the art of all nations to the illustration of the Gospels. It also expresses our Lord's great and yearning love and sorrow over all who refuse to hear His gracious call, and also over that Jewish nation and Church to which He belonged by birth and by observance, and which was now making the great apostasy from the faith of Abraham.

NOTES ON WATER-COLOUR DRAWING.

PART II.

It is an old saying, that 'bad workmen complain of their tools,' and no doubt a master hand can do marvels with poor materials; but in nothing is the adage so little verified as in matters connected with drawing. For really fine and powerful work both paper, paints, and brushes must be of the very best. Not even Copley Fielding or Richardson could produce their aërial effects on thin, common paper, but give such men respectively Whatman's 140 lbs. paper, and real or imitation Creswich, and we know what they can produce. The grand secret of Fielding's exquisite softness and atmosphere was the repeated washing. His method ran as follows:—Take, for example, a mountain and lake scene on a hot day in summer early in the morning.

First, with the least amount of pink madder added to cobalt, smoothly lay in the upper part of the sky, gradually weakening the tint till it loses all colour, and you can wash the whole paper. When dry, pass your brush, with only water, in a slanting direction through the middle of the blue; take up pink madder and blend it into the water-line, gradually bringing it over the whole of the picture. Let it dry, and wash the whole of it smoothly with pure water. Once more leave to dry, and then work yellow ochre into the pink, as you did pink into the blue. Dry, wash and dry again. If the distant hills are pink, or golden lay them in smoothly; then for nearer mountains work in with Field's vermilion and yellow ochre, or Field's vermilion and cobalt the marks and shadows, softly washing down with cobalt and pink madder to the base of the mountain range and throwing down shadows into the water. When dry, wash and dry again; next wash the whole foreground with Vandyke brown, and between each layer of colour continue to wash until the picture is as soft as you desire, and then begin to work in your foreground with telling touches and fuller combinations of colour. Delay green and yellows till the washings are done. In a very beautiful picture of a storm at sea, one of Copley Fielding's last works (now, I believe, in the South Kensington Museum), he washed it with pure water 100 times! No paper made but 'Whatman's 140 lbs.' would stand this kind of work.

Richardson's 'method' is altogether different, but his results are most delightful. He draws exclusively on *rough* tinted paper, the old or imitation Creswich. The former is now difficult to get, and very expensive. As a contrast to our last example we will take a brilliant sunset in the Highlands with water in the foreground. After sketching

in your subject wash the whole paper, drying it immediately with clean blotting-paper. Then smoothly lay in the shadows of sky, mountain and water with cobalt and indigo (the latter is valuable as never washing quite out). Dry (by the fire if you will), wash, and blot again, laying a flat wash of cobalt and pink on the part of the sky which is farthest from the sea, and over the mountains, bringing down the shadows or reflections into the water. Dry. Have ready a saucer with Naples yellow and pink madder smoothly mixed and liquid. Wash your picture, but this time do not blot; dip a flat brush in the paint and draw it across the middle from left to right, gradually shading up into the sky and down to the foreground with a dryer brush. To do this smoothly and well requires a good deal of practice, but the effect is excellent. While still wet take out any high lights on sky or mountain in the following way: Fold a piece of blotting-paper several thicknesses and *tear* some pieces off, and with the thumb and finger close to the rough edge take off the colour, which you can do in any shapes or forms you like, using fresh pieces directly the colour is absorbed. When the whole picture is dry rub over the whole with a silk pocket-handkerchief, then wash with water. Should you wish to produce a rough granulated effect, on rocks or trees, rub with very fine sand-paper and then again with the silk handkerchief. To take out distinct lights when finishing, paint the exact form with paint of mere water, blot immediately, especially the edges, and rub it out with a rag or india-rubber. The upper surface of the paper is thus removed and you can put over it the most brilliant colours. In this way figures, sails, sunlight on stones, crests of waves, &c., may all be brought out in a way which is impossible either by leaving them or painting them in in body colour. Mr. Callow approached much more nearly to Copley Fielding than to Richardson in his style of painting, but washed out in a different way and not so frequently. He put in clouds and mountains while the paper was damp, and for middle sunlit distances he used a great deal of gamboge and yellow ochre, working them gradually into deeper foreground tints. He washed and painted at the same time with a brush not overcharged with water, using the colour he took off to soften or deepen the next objects.

It is very difficult to explain these different systems minutely without practical examples, but these notes are not so much intended for beginners as for those who have attained a certain amount of knowledge and experience, and who can therefore readily adopt such hints as have been given for the production of different styles and effects. To a certain extent something may be taken from the practice of each master without adhering strictly to his entire method.

As regards the use of colours both Copley Fielding and William Callow abjured all body colour, while Richardson uses it in a modified form, giving much aërial effect by repeated washings. In concluding

these fragmentary remarks some classification of the properties of colours and a few combinations for practical use may be acceptable.

COLOURS REALLY PERMANENT.

Opaque.	*Semi-transparent.*	*Transparent.*
White.	Brown madder.	Indigo.
Yellow ochre.	Raw and black sienna.	Sepia.
Venetian red.	Raw umber.	Lake.
Indian red.	Purple madder.	Pink madder.
Vermilion.	Burnt ochre.	Gamboge.
Cobalt.	etc.	Lamp black.
etc.		etc.

N.B.—Gamboge is only permanent when used freely.

As a broad rule (1) in skies use opaque colours; but occasionally, indigo lamp black, and pink madder are admissible. (2) For middle distances, mixture of semi-transparent. (3) For foregrounds, transparent.

ORDINARY WATER COLOURS.

Tints for Skies.

Cobalt and pink madder.
Pink madder and yellow ochre.
Cobalt and light red.
Lamp black and cobalt.
Lamp black (very thin).
Field's vermilion and yellow ochre.

Middle Distance.

Cobalt, raw sienna, and lake.
(*Callow*) Gamboge and yellow ochre.
Cobalt and brown madder.

Foregrounds.

1st tint.—Vandyke brown.
Various tints of rocks, stones, roads, &c., from cobalt.
Brown madder and yellow ochre.
Lamp black alone.
Lamp black and burnt sienna.
Indigo, lake, and gamboge.

Trees.—Middle Distance.

1. Cobalt, Venetian red, yellow ochre.
2. Indigo, Venetian red, gamboge.

Large Prominent Trees.

1. Vandyke brown and gamboge.
2. Vandyke brown, raw sienna, indigo.

SPECIAL COMBINATIONS IN THE BODY-COLOUR SCHOOL.

Tints for Skies.

Cobalt and white.
Naples yellow and pink madder.
Naples yellow and Cadunin yellow.

Middle Distance.

Cobalt and terre verte.
Cobalt, terre verte, and lake.
Terre verte and Naples yellow.
Naples yellow, cobalt, and lake.

Foregrounds.

1st tint.—Vandyke brown.
All rich colours, with and without white, or Naples yellow.

Tree.—Middle Distance.

Cobalt and Naples yellow.
Indigo, Venetian red, gamboge.

Large Trees.

Vandyke brown and gamboge.
Indigo and yellow ochre.
Black sienna.
High lights, white, first glaze with gamboge.

GREYS AND BROWNS FOR STONES.

Raw umber, cobalt, yellow ochre.
Vandyke brown, cobalt, yellow ochre.

FLESH COLOUR.

1. Venetian red and indigo.
2. Cobalt, vermilion, yellow ochre.

DRY BANKS AND LEAVES.

Gamboge, black sienna, cobalt.

Notes.

Never let any positive colour stand alone in a picture, but repeat it somewhere

Tone down every light, or mass of light, *but one*, and the nearer the middle of the picture that is the better.

Connect high lights one with another; very little will do this, a leaf, a stone, a bird, a bit of wood, a mass of foliage, anything will prove available.

It is hoped that the foregoing hints and remarks may be of use, but it must ever be remembered that the most elaborate and laborious pictures will not give real pleasure if the life is wanting. Painting is the expression of imaginative thought, and to produce power there must be first the knowledge and then the love of the thing painted. Accurate drawing and keen observation are essentials. Truth of form and truth of tone, gradation, unity, and repose, will make any picture worth looking at, and worth living with.

BOSNIAN REFUGEES' FUND.

DEAR ——,

So many of your readers kindly sent me donations for the above fund two or three years ago that I am emboldened to ask you to insert the following account of the Orphanage which Miss Irby and Miss Johnston have started at Serajevo in Bosnia. Miss Johnston says in a letter, dated August 17th, 1880:—

'Miss Irby and I have thankfully reached the end of our first year's charge of these poor children, and find all healthy, happy, and prospering. Since we returned to Serajevo after our four years' absence among the fugitives on the Austrian frontiers, sixty-six children have been in our three houses; but now sixteen of the biggest boys are earning their own living and learning trades in this town and neighbourhood, and so our numbers are twenty-five girls and twenty-five boys. Of the latter we hope to dispose, as they get old enough to labour, but as the youngest of them is only six years old, most of them must remain with us for some years to come.

'These sixty-six children were brought to us during the last five years, destitute, and in many cases actually starving, but there are no traces now of suffering or sorrow on the rows of happy little faces on the well-filled school benches, and an astonishing amount of work and play can be got through by the little creatures once standing before us so emaciated, ragged, and joyless.

'We have only one indoor servant, a cook, therefore the rest of the work is entirely done by our twenty-five girls, at least by all old enough to hold a broom. Baby, aged two, at present does nothing but play, eat, and sleep. The girls do everything by turns, so that each gets a share of house and kitchen work, washing (which is of course all done at home), cow-keeping, and a little gardening. Besides, they have five hours' schooling daily, and make and mend all their own things and the boys' under-clothing.

'The boys sleep in a house close by, which we bought on our own account last year, under the care of a kind, stirring Serbian widow. They come into the big house for meals and schooling, and the rest of their day is spent in out-door work under the superintendence of our man and his wife, who have both been with us nine years, and in play: they help, too, with carrying wood and water, in the house-work. Some of them can also scrub floors and sweep cleverly, and they consider it to be an honour to be employed in this way. Luka, the youngest, washes bottles and glasses very nicely; he also knits and sews, but is more often to be seen frowning over a little school task, playing with a kitten, or grubbing in his morsel of a garden. . . . .

'Twice a week the whole house is washed, on other days swept. Sunday is a happy day of rest and Scripture teaching, in which we find the beautiful pictures given us by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Religious Tract Society, very useful, and much enjoyed.'

This simple account cannot fail to impress those who read it that this is a work full of good fruits for the future, giving, as it does, to these poor little orphans a chance of earning their own livelihood and of teaching them how to do it thoroughly.

The expenses of the Orphanage for the current year will be about 800*l.*, of which half has been promised by the directresses themselves. From

the inhabitants but little money can be expected, everything being very dear, owing to the late war and the scarcity of last year's harvest. Miss Irby and Miss Johnston, therefore, hope that the help which has hitherto been so generously bestowed will not fail them this year. Money is of course most wanted, but they will also be very thankful for *left-off* clothes in good condition—a duty would have to be paid on *new* clothes—as they have to provide winter suits for forty boys as well as for some of the girls. Parcels of clothing with, if possible, a small sum to defray the heavy cost of carriage out, may be sent to Miss Irby (care of Messrs. Bayley & Co., 1, Cousin Lane, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.), who will also be happy to receive and acknowledge subscriptions in money from any who may be stirred up to help her and Miss Johnston to house, feed, and clothe these little ones through the coming winter.

Subscriptions may also be sent to me (addressed Mrs. Arthur Evans, Somerleaze, Wells, Somerset), or to the Hon. Treasurer, A. Johnston, Esq., 158, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; but I cannot undertake to receive clothing.

Yours very truly,

MARGARET EVANS.

ARNOLFO.

'WHAT o'clock is it, nurse?'

'Four o'clock, my dear.'

'Only four o'clock! and such a long, long time ago it was three! What *shall* I do till Saturday?'

'Now Miss Alice, don't, dear! I shall have to write and fetch Miss Bessie back, if you go on so.'

'No, that you shall not; Bessie shall have her whole week. But now do tell me your own self what I could do, even till seven o'clock; and then there is all to-morrow, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and the book won't last more than two days, however careful we are; besides, I am tired of it.'

'Well, knit a little.'

'Knit what?'

'Anything. Begin some muffatees for——'

'O Nurney, how *can* you!' said poor Alice, half crying and half laughing at the idea of knitting muffatees in June for some prospective old woman at Christmas.

'Well, let us emigrate,' said nurse in a despair that was not at all divine. Faithful, forbearing, and loving as she was, Nature had not intended her for dark days of inaction, and she secretly longed for Saturday and the return of Alice's sister Bessie, quite as intensely as the invalid could do. There *was* nothing to do—that was the fact; moreover, the thermometer stood at eighty degrees, for the little sitting-room had a western aspect, and its heat was intensified by the glare of a house on the opposite side of the street. Suddenly the door-bell rang. Alice started.

'Nurse! it must be that dreadful Mrs. Smith again. What *shall* I do? I know she thinks it does me good to come and sit and babble to me for an hour, all about nothing, and I can't *really*.'

'Let her think it,' said nurse, looking fierce. 'She'll have to wait a bit before *I* let her in again.'

Down stairs she flew, with what was known as her diplomatic face, to confront Mrs. Smith; but she returned quickly, followed by a lady in a black dress, whom she ushered into the room with an air of triumph as 'Mrs. Rejoin, Miss Alice, dear.'

'What! crying, my little one?'

The voice of the new comer was low and sweet, with a ring of home about it, and she folded motherly arms round the girl.

'Oh, it's nothing but tiredness, and that I am so glad; it doesn't hurt me. Do sit down and let me look at you,' said Alice.

'Where is your sister Bessie?'

'She was looking so white and tired that we made her go to Blackgang for a whole week, and——'

'And you are alone? I see—yes, I see all about it,' said the lady, sorry to have asked the question and brought more tears to the sad eyes. 'I tell you what it is, dear child, you ought to be out of doors this lovely day with all the birds and flowers and young things. That is where *you* ought to be.'

The girl shook her head.

'I can't bear the carriage now,' she said, 'even our doctor says it is worse than useless to try it again; and we have no balcony here as we had at Clare Park. Oh! we had such a beautiful one there. Papa had it made for mamma when she became ill, and it was just like a bit out of the *Arabian Nights*, with arches, and a corridor that led into the upper conservatory. Oh, it *was* lovely! Then you know the bank failed, and it all had to be sold, and we came to live here, and dear papa never looked up again. After he died, Bessie tried everywhere to find a cottage or a house with a balcony, but the rent or something was always wrong, so we came to this little place because it has no houses at each side to worry us with their pianos, and because it was near to our doctor. So you see it is no use; I cannot go out.'

'I don't see it at all,' said the lady in the cheery tone of one who is accustomed to make circumstances the channel of her deeds and not barriers to them. 'Is there any one who can carry you without hurting the poor hip?'

Alice laughed. 'Yes, nobody ever had such a remarkable squire,' she said. 'You could never guess who he is. He is our butcher.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes, indeed, he is the only person who can carry me down stairs without my giving one little scream. He once had a sister like me; I think that is the reason. He will do anything for us. See! those are his roses, and he takes in *John Bull* and *The Field*, and brings them whenever he thinks there is anything in them to interest me. He is a great cricketer too, and if you were to talk to him you would never believe that he had such a horrid trade, never.'

'Where does he live, and what is the name of this stalwart knight of yours?'

'Close by, in Burgher's Street, and his name is Osborne. Everybody knows him. I tell him he ought to be an Associate of our Society, and I really believe he would be. He says if his sister Janie were alive he would do anything to get her taken into it, even if he had to go before the Lord Mayor! But what do you want with Osborne?'

'I shall ask his help to put up a small piece of machinery on the back wall of the house, which I see will be east, and shady in the afternoons.'

'And then?'

'And then I shall settle you out of doors in one of our new patent superfine hammocks,' said Mrs. Rejoin, laughing. 'One of our Associates, a Captain in the Royal Navy, invented it for his wife who has spine-disease. He sent me one last night, and I brought it down with me in case of need, instead of sending it to the "Invalid Appliance Depôt." '

'What a truly wonderful mother you are. I think you are rather like a—witch, I was going to say, but I will turn it into "fairy godmother." But is it *really* comfortable, this hammock?'

'So comfortable that Mrs. Angus has travelled through France and Italy, England and Scotland, in it, slung up to the netting of the railway carriage, without suffering in the least. It will be placed by your sofa, and you can be lifted gently into it and carried by nurse and Bessie down stairs, without any one touching you. You are then hooked up to your stand, or wall-bracket, like a baby in a berceaunette. There is also a little suspended table on which you can put your book or any light thing.'

'How delightful! and how Bessie will rejoice, and nurse. Oh, it is really a very wonderful blessing to have come to us. *You* don't know what it is, though, you *are* nearly supernatural.'

Mrs. Rejoin laughed. 'I see,' she said, 'that you have a great facility for discovering adjectives; how many more shall you find to describe my poor little deeds?'

'You will see,' said Alice, merrily; 'by the way, is it not,' she added, looking mischievous, 'is it not one of your duties to find out what my special gifts are?'

'Quite so,' said Mrs. Rejoin, much amused; 'but hitherto, I am sorry to say, the chief development I perceive lies in an inexhaustible power of flattery. In what school or court did your small ladyship learn it?'

'Queen Nature's,' said Alice, brightly; 'but it is true, always—it is not flattery—it is truth.'

'Nature's flattery is not always so,' returned her friend. 'Look at nurse's old silver thimble on the table; the sun is telling it that it is gold.'

'That is the beautiful flattery of love, it is true, isn't it? Yes, while the love lasts,' said Alice thoughtfully, 'and that is always; I think it does *me* good, sometimes—yes, always.'

'Well, I think I shall propose to come and undergo the process of being done good to,' said Mrs. Rejoin; 'if you like, that is, I will come to you to-morrow for two nights.'

Alice gave a little scream of joy.

'Oh! now you are the most beautiful person for thinking of things that ever was; thank you, thank you! But why not to-night? Cannot you stay now, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and a piece of Friday? that would be delicious indeed!'

'No, dear child, I have other work to-night. I am come down to meet the Cape steamer, by which we expect a sick lad home from Madeira. Did I not see you last just as he had sailed?'

'The young painter?'

'Yes, Arnolfo, a young Italian. He is the last of his family. His parents and four brothers and sisters have all died in consumption, and he is quite alone in the world. He broke down last autumn whilst painting a drop-scene for Drury Lane Theatre; and a clergyman, who is one of our Associates, wrote to me about him, thinking his was just a case for us. I found him in a lodging in Long Acre, over a coach-builder's shop, being nursed most tenderly by his landlady. But the doctor was very anxious to get him out of London; therefore, as soon as he could be moved, I had him to my house. Then one of our Members, who is a great sufferer, but rich, and who delights in doing kind acts, heard of his case, and offered to send him to Madeira for the winter. The lad caught at the hope of restoration which this seemed to afford, and joyfully accepted the kindness. Yesterday I heard from Arnolfo's friend, the clergyman. Stay, here is his letter. You may read it if you like.' Alice read.

'DEAR MRS. REJOIN,—Arnolfo's excellent landlady has just brought me a letter from him, which confirms the fear I expressed to you, that, with his usual delicacy, he has concealed from us his real condition, and that the disease is making rapid progress. I think you are aware that the steamer by which he returns is due at Southampton to-morrow evening. Would it be possible for you to arrange that some one should meet him there on arrival, and bring him up to town if he should be able to travel, and the weather make it wise for him to do so? Mrs. Styles would gladly do this, but she cannot leave a sick child. To-morrow I have three important engagements, which make it impossible for me to leave town. I am therefore useless. Neither is there time for me to communicate, in any assurance of an arrangement, with the only clergyman at Southampton with whom I am acquainted. I know you too well to dare to apologise for thus troubling you.—Ever yours, G. R.'

'I wish I was going to die of consumption, or anything that would make "rapid progress,"' said Alice, sadly, as she gave back the letter.

'Shall I tell you what St. Francis de Sales said about that? I mean about the time of one's death.'

'Yes, please.'

'It was just after his young sister-in-law had died that he wrote these words:—"On cueille les fraises, et les cerises, avant les poires bergamottes et les capendus, mais c'est parceque leur saison le requiert. Laissons que Dieu recueille ce qu'il a planté en son verger. Il prend tout à saison."'*

'So you think Arnolfo is a strawberry, and that I am, perhaps, a "capendu," only I don't know what a "capendu" is,' said Alice,

* 'They gather strawberries and cherries before bergamotte and capendu pears; but it is because they are then ripe. Let us be content that God should gather what He has planted in His orchard; He takes everything in its season.'

thoughtfully. 'I am certainly not good enough for a "poire bergamotte."'

'How can I tell, my little one, my poor little long-suffering child,' said the lady, stroking the thin hot hand that rested in hers. 'But this I know, that God is a patient God, and that—when this patience is worked out in us to the uttermost, we are ready to go to Him, not before.'

'I will try and remember,' said Alice, very gently. 'I have been very cross all day, but I am better since you came. I think our Saviour knows how hard the days are when your leg always aches, and when you have been awake all night. I always think so when I read that He was *all night* on the mountain top—don't you? He must have been so tired.'

'Indeed, I think so; and I remember Charles Kingsley's words, "I cannot do without *the Man* Christ Jesus."'

There was a pause.

'So you came down like a good mother to meet your son,' said Alice, 'and now what are you going to do with him?'

'There is a young doctor lately come to Southampton, who was one of our earliest Associates. I wrote off at once to him, and he made us both welcome for the night, and longer if necessary. You will allow, Miss Alice, that nothing could be better than such an arrangement.'

'I think, as I said before, that you are a very nice person,' said Alice, laughing, 'and as it is only to be one night, and I am to have you for two, I do not intend to be jealous of Arnolfo. Poor Arnolfo! he has no Bessie as I have. I am glad his landlady is kind to him.'

'He is so lovable,' said Mrs. Rejoin, 'that it would really be quite unpardonable to be otherwise. And his pretty foreign ways, and imperfect English, do but add a charm to his beautiful character.'

'Mrs. Rejoin,' said Alice, after a few moments, 'is any one ever angry with you?'

'Oh dear yes,' said her friend, laughing. 'You should have seen a letter I received a few days ago, to understand *how* angry some people can be. There was a storm in a remote corner of our Empire, "all along of" an injudicious Associate, an angry doctor, and an invalid whose brain was softening. It appeared so serious that I thought I had better proceed at once to the battle-field, for I have learned by experience never to write a letter to people who are quarrelling.'

'What happened? were you torn to shreds?' asked Alice, greatly amused.

'Fancy my astonishment! the irritated M.D. met me at the station in the most captivating of carriages, and with a face beaming with kindness. He hoped I had not taken his letter "seriously"; to which truth obliged me to confess that this was exactly what I *had* done. "What a pity!" he said, with delicious simplicity; "did I not know

that, being an Irishman, he habitually said a great deal more than he meant?" I said I was delighted to hear it, and if he ever honoured me with another letter, I should certainly remember the fact. I found him a kind-hearted, intelligent man, whom it would have been a thousand pities to quarrel with, and far more reasonable than the Associate, who was one of those useful, clever women, who manage, for lack of a little gentleness and tact, to do a good deal of mischief in this poor world.'

'What did you do with her?'

'I persuaded her that she would be better employed in other work, and that her talents were quite thrown away on us, which was distinctly true.'

'What fun! and did she agree?'

'Perfectly, and I believe she is now devoting herself to the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in which she will shine. So "peace was restored in our dominions," as the Queen's speech would say; and I only wish all our difficulties were capable of being as readily met and vanquished. The good doctor drove me to the station, saw me off like an old courtier, and we parted the best of friends.'

'And the poor invalid?'

'Oh! the invalid is not responsible for her actions, and ought never to have been one of our Members. The doctor undertakes that we shall have no more trouble with the poor thing, and indeed she will soon be beyond our reach.'

'Well,' said Alice, 'I shall have to say it again, because there is nothing else to say,—you are a very wonderful person! But do tell me, if you can, what you have to do in Southampton to keep you two whole days. Is some new development going to take place here?'

'I hope so,' said Mrs. Rejoin. 'I am trying to arrange for a flower depôt.'

'Whole and entire wheat flour?' asked Alice playfully, and making a wry face. 'Do you think to create a spirit of unity by feeding us on the same bread of affliction?'

'No, silly child; my flower has a *W* on its face, and it signifies the lilies of the field. If we can arrange it properly, it will further signify that you will have a posy sent by nameless hands, every Saturday or Sunday morning, to make festival with.'

'O Mrs. Rejoin!' It was a low cry of joy, almost like pain, and there were tears in the girl's eyes. 'Oh, if you could have seen the flowers we used to have when I was well and did not half care for them! Every year our gardener went to Veitch's to bring us the most beautiful of the new orchids and exotics. Whenever he complained that the houses were getting too full, Papa used to say, "Never mind, I can easily put up another." So we had flowers—flowers everywhere. It was like fairyland—and now—now it is two years since I have seen an

orchid. No one knows us here, you see, and Bessie says we must not buy flowers except for a great day; so we have our wee "back garden" that grows—well, radishes, and a few uninteresting things of that sort—and Osborne brings me cabbage-roses, and lavender, and "old man," and I nearly cry over them for joy! See the uses of adversity!' she added, smiling through a glimmer of tears. 'I dare say now, if one only knew, there are fifty new orchids since we left home, with names as long as my arm.'

'Very possibly—Veitch's, did you say? That is the great Chelsea place, I think. Next time I am that way I will pay him a visit for your benefit, if you like.'

'Oh, will you really? That would be very kind; but you needn't trouble about the names. I never cared to know what the gardeners call them. But what else have you to settle in Southampton before you go? Is there anything I could help to do? I am not any help to anybody—no, not to anybody. I only make them tired.'

'How the mother would laugh if her baby said that!' was Mrs. Rejoin's answer, 'and yet it would *sound* true.'

'It would be true,' said Alice, 'would it not? A baby would be delicious, but it would not be of any use.'

'The greatest use in the world! You shall think that out when I am gone, for I have only five minutes more. Perhaps before I leave I shall have found something very important which you can do better than any one else here. I shall not be the least surprised if it is the case. At present I only know the names of several persons who have come here lately, whose acquaintance I promised to make, if I should come to Southampton; for, you see, I rarely make single visits to a place, it would waste my time. If people are in trouble, and I am urgently needed, of course I go at once, not otherwise. Some invalids are a little exacting, and do not understand this at first; but I have to be fair as well as kind, and to organise my feelings and all my doings.'

'Like the mother of a large family,' said Alice.

'Just so; and on the whole there is more kindness and more justice in large families than in small. There is one Member whom I hope to see to-morrow that I am very proud of.'

'Why?'

'Because he is a woman hater,' said Mrs. Rejoin, with a little laugh of triumph.

'Oh, do tell me about him,' said Alice.

'I never tell names, my little daughter, as you know, but I will tell you how I made his acquaintance. I was walking quickly along a quiet street in Bristol when I saw before me a Bath chair which took up nearly all the pavement. As I passed it, a little packet dropped, without his observing it, from the hand of an old gentleman who was the occupant of the chair. Of course I picked it up, and as I gave it to him I perceived that his hand was so crippled that he had no command

over it. He muttered something like thanks, and, as I passed on, I said in a low voice to the servant, that he had better keep his eye on that little parcel, or it might be lost. "I've told him so," said the servant, in rather an impertinent voice, and loud enough for his master to hear, "so if he *will* lose it, he must."

'At this moment a friend accosted me, and the old gentleman passed on. When I again overtook the chair it stood before the door of a house which was entered by a flight of stone steps, up which the servants and a page boy were trying to help their master. It was a difficult business, and they did it so clumsily that the poor old man cried out in evident pain as well as anger. Suddenly, with a cry, he fell, and the frightened servants appealed to me as to what was to be done. I went to the rescue, but found that their master was only stunned for a moment. Opening his eyes, and looking at me with that kind of mute appeal one sees in a dumb animal in trouble, he said—

'"Tell 'em what to do—they're fools."

'I told the servants what was needed, and in a few seconds, they returned with a roller towel and a low chair. I showed them how to pass the towel under him, and raise him without touching him, and soon he was seated in the chair, and carried into his house. He signed to me to follow, which I did, for I did not like the look of the servants at all. The scared expression of the poor old man left him as he found himself once more by his own fireside.

'"Must I have a doctor?" he asked.

'"I think so," I said; but seeing a look of disagreement on his face I added, "Why not?"

'"I hate 'em!" he answered.

'"That is a pity," I replied, "and perhaps a doctor is not necessary. Suppose you wait a little and see how you are. Of course I cannot tell why you fell, nor if you have injured yourself. Are you in any pain?"

'"I'm always in pain," he said; "and I fell because that fool let my arm slip."

'Perceiving that he wanted to be advised, I said, "Keep quiet; see how you get on this evening, and act accordingly."

'"I *always* keep quiet," he said, surlily, "and I'm *always* worse in the evening."

'"Indeed; I am sorry to hear that," I said, really pitying him as I looked round his desolate room, where "rich, lonely, and unloved," seemed written on everything. "But as I can be of no further use to you, I will say good-afternoon."

'"I didn't tell you to go," he said, in such a funny way that it was impossible not to laugh.

'"I am not accustomed to wait to be dismissed," I said. "If I could do anything for you I would stay. My business presses, however, and I must say good-bye."

'"Will you ever come again?" he asked, and with a childlike, wistful look that touched me exceedingly.

'"If you want me, I will," I answered.

'"I should like it," he said. "You are the first lady I have spoken to for a long time, and you remind me of—well, somebody I used to—know," he added, as if ashamed at expressing so much.

'Well, that was the beginning of the story; and the end is that we became friends, and that he has come to live at Southampton. I was able to be of great service to him, for I found he was being cruelly neglected and robbed by his servants, to whom he paid enormous wages, and whom in his helpless condition he feared to part with. He has not a near relation in the world, nor had he a friend, he says, until what he calls his happy accident on those abominable steps.'

'That is a very nice story,' said Alice, 'and I am sure it was the most fortunate tumble that ever was for the poor old gentleman. Does he belong to our Society?'

'Yes; he is one of our most valuable, generous helpers, and his shrewd sense has more than once helped us out of a difficulty. He is much improved in temper since I found for him a good servant, who never provokes him, and sees all his good qualities in rather an unusual way. In fact, I am continually finding out how untrue is the proverb, "No one is a hero to his *valet de chambre*."'

'And did he tell you he was a woman-hater?'

'Not exactly; but it was very easy to see: and one day he told me a touching story of his youth, and then I understood the cause.'

Mrs. Rejoin looked at her watch.

'Yes, I thought so. I must be going, or I shall be late for the steamer. Good-bye, dear.'

'Good-bye. Oh, thank you so very, very much for coming! You will *really* come to-morrow?'

'I promise, as far as I can promise, without knowing how my laddie may be. What shall you do when I am gone? Have you got any work you like? or a book?'

'My work is ugly, and I hate it!' said Alice. 'I can't think why Mrs. Luke asked me to do such a frightful pair of slippers. They are enough to give one a nightmare. Red poppies on a primrose ground—no, not primrose even, a horrible mustard yellow.'

'That sounds cheerful, anyway! Once more, "good-bye." I will help you with the slippers to-morrow.'

Nurse appeared, refreshed with a comfortable tea down stairs, and a conversation with a friend, in what was dignified by the name of 'the back garden,' and as Mrs. Rejoin looked her farewell from the door, she saw two very different faces from those which had greeted her entrance. How was it? The 'pain perpetual' was there, the afternoon sun, the white glare, and still there was 'nothing to do.' What then had happened? Nothing, but that a tender woman's hand had for a few

minutes held the tangled skein of a suffering life, and straightened a few of the uppermost threads.

'Nurney dear, do you know what she makes me think of?' said Alice, when the door was shut.

'What, my pet?'

'Those verses you read out of that magazine, about "Lois the Healer." Don't you remember?' Of course Nurse didn't remember. 'I used to think she was like Bessie,' Alice went on, 'because I didn't know any one else they would do for; but of course "Lois" was much too old for Bessie. Do try and find it, and I will read it to you.'

Only too happy to have anything to occupy her darling, Nurse began a painful rummage among a heap of magazines, and at last triumphantly appeared with a poem called *Gifts of Healing*.

Alice read.

I.

'Lois the Healer prayed
With soul uplift,
"O Love the Beautiful,
Gift me this gift,—
Comfort and help to be
Where'er I go,
Cool in the summer time,
Warmth in the snow."

II.

'So on her tender lips,
Brow, cheek, and breast,
Love shed a baptism
Of strength and rest.
Thus on her way she goes
Blessing and blest,
Till her life's day shall come
Into its west.

III.

Men say, she groweth old,
See how her hair
Weareth the silver threads
Of time and care.
We whom she healeth know
Light through the gate
Shines on her gracious head
Whilst she doth wait.'*

'Nurney dear, was Mamma the very least little bit like Mrs. Rejoin?'

'No, my pet; your dear Mamma had blue eyes like Miss Bessie.'

'I am glad she was like Bessie,' said Alice; but with a half-sigh, she added, 'I thought she might have been like Mrs. Rejoin too.'

* * * *

'Doctor Bennett!'

'Ye—s.' The voice sounded dreamy and far away through the closed door of the doctor's bedroom.

* E. H. Hickey.

The night bell had not rung—why should he rouse himself?

'Doctor Bennett!' the voice called again. 'I beg your pardon, but——'

'Is it you, Mrs. Rejoin?'

'It is. I am grieved to disturb you, but I think you must come to us now. I have been watching for some hours; there was no reason to call you, but now Arnolfo wishes to speak to you, while he can.'

'I will be with you directly.'

The sun was lifting slowly above a slaty sea as Dr. Bennett entered the room where, near the window, the dying lad lay drinking in his last draught of earthly beauty. A shaft of light dyed the red stem of a pine close by, and played in an amber bar on the coverlid at Arnolfo's feet.

'Gerusalemme!' he said, with a smile, pointing to the sun, and looking at the doctor.

'"Jerusalem the golden"—yes,' said Dr. Bennett. 'You know our hymn perhaps—

'"I know not, oh, I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare."'

'Yes, they sang it on the ship last Sunday—yes.'

'You are not in any pain? there is nothing I can do for you, my dear fellow?' asked the doctor.

'I want only to thank you,' said Arnolfo, 'to say how sorry I am—to be all this—trouble here to you.—I want—to speak of it—but the air—the words come not in English, *Fratello mio, Grazie.*'

He laid his hand on the doctor's, and looked the thanks that would not come.

'All right, all right, I understand,' said the other, kindly. 'You couldn't have done better, could you? and I am very glad I happened to hear of you.'

'You are good—you are indeed my brother *Grazie.*'

'Madre mia,' turning to Mrs. Rejoin. 'Just once again the word of Michel Angelo. "Ne pinger"—it goes from me.'

'"Ne pinger, ne scolpir fia piu che queti
L' anima voltà a quell' amor Divino
Ch' asserse a prender noi in Croce le braccia,'

repeated the lady.

'Ch' asserse a prender noi in Croce le braccia,'

said the dying lad, his eyes fixed on the distant light.

'I go to Him—I see Him. Then I ask for Michel Angelo—the glorious painter, mio padre.'

Dr. Bennett caught the last word and whispered to Mrs. Rejoin; 'Surely we ought to have sent for his priest.'

Arnolfo heard, and shook his head.

'I die English,' he said; 'this one year I am English. Before that, nothing—no God, no credo.'

'It is so,' said Mrs. Rejoin; 'and one of our Chaplains was with him last evening while you were on your last round.'

'Si,' murmured the lad, 'si, molto grazie—son pronto.'

He lay for some time with closed eyes, and lips that moved as if in prayer. The grey death-shadow stole over his face, while the amber light played on the hand that rested in Mrs. Rejoin's.

Suddenly he looked up. The sun's rays had caught the rim of her wedding-ring, and it gleamed like a star. Arnolfo saw it, and smiled.

'Kiss me, madre mia,' he said, 'once before I go—and' (as she bent over him) 'once more—this for your—Marito. I shall see him, and, I shall say, she made it home to me. I take her love—Ah! . . .'

The amber glory has risen to the lad's face, and makes an aureole about the pillow, and plays on the chestnut hair; but the light of the brown eyes is gone for ever.

'It is over,' said the doctor, gently.

'Nay, it is begun,' said the Mother, through her tears.*

EDITH S. JACOB.

* This sketch of the possible work of a Guild for Invalids was written nine months before the foundation of the Society of Watchers and Workers.

Spider Subjects.

THE letters about the Royal Academy consist of two neat criticisms and of six comments, besides one comic letter, which must have the first turn. The Turk deals too much with the painters for the uninitiated, therefore we place Bath-Brick first of the two. Bog-Oak is so good that it is a pity she cannot be given. If L. S. R. had studied the history of France her sympathy with Fredegonda might have been less. The Nightingale, Cape Jasmine, Chipmunk, and Rafela.

Drury Lane.

MY DEAR SALLY LUNN.—Well! I've been to see the picturs, and now will tell you about 'em. They was fine and no mistake; but some on'em was silly, I thought. I'll begin with the fust room. The one I liked best was *Sons of the Brave*, a lot of soldiers' orphins a coming out of a school, with their mothers a waiting for 'em outside. I thought as those mothers did not ought to 'a looked so sad, with their lads so well taken care on, and dressed so fine, with their penny trumpets and drums to match.

Then came *The Finishing Touch*, a green-room, at private theatricals. A young fellar as had ought to be ashamed of hisself, was a sticking black spots on a young gal's face, which was all covered with paint and whitewash, for all the world like a doll's house, and she, the bold minx, a looking as if she liked it; and the room warn't *green* at all neither. In the next room I liked best *Sister's Kiss*, for the child were a purty little dear, and so fair; but I thought t'other one would ha' broke her neck every minute. Then I came to *Victoria Regina*, whatever that may mean, though of course summat about the Queen; but I didn't like it, not one bit. I did think as our Queen were more purticklar; 'owever she could 'a come down like that, in that there night-gown, with nought on her feet, before all them men; but I suppose she couldn't 'elp herself, and she had a sweet face. Bless her and all the Royal Family.

A Visit to Æsculapius is thought much on, though what folks admire I can't make out. 'Tis by a Mr. Pointer, and I calls it a sad *dis*-appointer. As if a young gal (who ought to be put in our clothing club, for she war'n't dressed at all, and must 'a bin mortal cold), would 'a come out o' doors to ask a man to take a thorn out of her foot, with sarvants at 'ome as could 'a done it, and she a beauty too! But there's no knowing what they'll do nowadays, and bless ye! there was sich a crowd round that there picture, you would 'a thought 'twas summat wonderful; I nearly told 'em as they had ought to be ashamed of theirselves.

Mercy at the Wicket-Gate you would 'a liked; 'tis from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as you is so fond on, and she were a good-looking little gal too.

On Board H.M.S. Bellerophon. Poor Napoleon! he did look as if he would be sea-sick every minute, and I quite felt for him; one forgets, now and then, they are but picturs.

Cuckoo were very sweet; two little children a sitting on the grass, 'neath the trees, a listening to the cuckoo, sich little dears! You would 'a loved them.

Dr. Johnson's Penance were mortal funny; it did make me larf. There he were, a standing bare head in the rain, with the geese a cackling, and the boys and gals a giggling and a jeering, and all about a bit o' temper years ago.

The Last Days of Edward VI. was a sad thing. The pore young man, and a king too, a dying, being lifted up to the winder to see his people. He looked more dead than alive, pore dear! and he dressed so grand too, when he had ought to 'a been quiet in bed. Bless me! what them kings and queens has to bear!

The biggest pictur I ever see is in here. It takes the whole side of the room, and I 'eard a gintleman say as how it war'n't fair to t'other artists, cos it left no room for theirs, and it didn't seem hardly right neither, and I told him so. It were grand, and no mistake; sich a lot of colour, and as gay as the new sign-board at 'The Hare and Hounds.' A man sits at one end (like the man in the picturs of the Nabob pickles), and t'others in the rummiest dresses, and their faces blacked like Christian minstrels, are all round, while a fellar with a trumpet reads summat from a paper about our Queen abeing Hempress of India. It must 'a took a time to 'a painted it; he must 'a had a truck to run up and down on, and the paints must 'a cost a mint o' money.

Another one were called *On Deal Common*, but I couldn't make it out. I have 'eard of 'a deal table,' but 'a deal common' must be summat new.

The Empty Cradle a'most broke my heart. The pore mother were a crying so pitiful over the empty cradle of her dead babe; it were so true to life too, that I had no heart to look at any more, and so I come 'ome and am writing to you.

I 'ope this finds you well as it leaves me at present, and so no more

From your sincere friend,
THE MUFFIN MAN.

MY DEAR C.—Now that I have seen the Academy a second time, I will fulfil my promise of writing to you about it, and first I must say that you did not lose much by missing it this year. You thought when I said so at first that it might be because coming fresh from Rome and Florence, I 'judged things by too exalted a standard of art and intellect,' but now we have been through it again I feel just the same, and am sure you would agree with me. As a whole it is disappointing, so many painting crude and hard, and very few that we cared to come back to again and again. A quiet bit of Vicat Cole's *On the Thames*, caught M—'s eye directly, a few fallen leaves from the slim tall beeches floating singly on the white water; and there are two other beautiful landscapes of his, in his richer and more glowing style, which we admired very much. A wonderful bit of painting is the *Housebuilders*, by Dicksee, a lady and gentleman discussing architectural plans, every detail of dress and furniture so elaborately wrought that the worked flowers on the tablecloth, for instance, seem to stand out from

the canvass. There are several of Hook's fresh breezy sea and shore pictures, which cannot help being pretty; we liked best *Home with the Tide*, but I do not think he is equal to himself this year, nor is Sant, charming as his portraits cannot fail to be. There is a beautiful *Assyrian Captive*, by Edwin Long, in the rich vivid style of his *Esther* and *Vashti* pictures last year; it makes a striking contrast of beauty to Sir F. Leighton's *Ioanthe*, which hangs close by—one of his impossibly fair-skinned golden-haired Grecian goddesses, most exquisitely painted. There were no pictures which attracted a crowd, except the one which hangs in the post of honour, representing the Queen receiving the news of the death of William IV., and this is only interesting from its subject, for it is one of the *coldest*, most uncomfortable paintings I ever saw; the girl-queen roused from her sleep coming down in night-dress and white shawl to receive the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, at five o'clock on a dull grey morning, in a dull grey room, with dull grey wainscoting and furniture. There are some very good portraits, especially Ouless' *Cardinal Newman*, and two by Millais of *John Bright*, and of a *Mr. Holden, President of the Royal College of Surgeons*. Millais has painted his own likeness too, for the Artists' Portrait Gallery at the Uffizi in Florence, but I liked it less than that of *G. F. Watts*, also painted by himself for the same collecton. As for the portrait of our aunt that you inquire about, I walked repeatedly through the room where it hung, looking for, without recognising it. The character of the whole is so unlike, though the face itself is carefully copied. There is a very pretty 'sentiment' picture of Faed's, called *He was one of the few who would not beg*. A poor man and his little boy standing aside in the village shop, where a prettily dressed lady and her child are monopolizing the counter with their purchases. As for the great Durbar picture by Val. Prinsep it is all scarlet, and flash enough to put your eyes out, very 'barbaric' indeed, and rather what one is led to expect after reading his book. *Doctor Johnson's Penance* is very affecting; and of course I could tell you of several more which were pretty from subject or rendering, but they are hardly worth writing about. You remember the Algerine views, which our friend at Algiers sent home in my charge? It was like old times to see them again on the walls of the water-colour room. One has sold very well—the narrow street with figures; the other, the view of the port with the mountains beyond, is 'skied,' so has not much chance. The water-colours are certainly better this year than the oils; but it does seem to me as if we in England either fell short of, or never tried to attain, any very high type in art, and I think so the more one compares painting now with what it was some centuries ago, and one's impressions after seeing the academy with the influence which the art treasures of former days have on those who are privileged to behold them; not so much as to actual beauty of colouring and form, there is no want of that, but in grandeur and dignity of conception, and reverence—if one may so use the word—in execution modern painting is sadly deficient. There is a lack of religious feeling, even in most of the pictures representing sacred subjects, and it seems as if 'weighed in the balance and found wanting' were written over our modern galleries in letters plain enough for any to read who looks below the surface.

And was it not strange? Since I have been writing this, I heard an address from one of the great preachers of the day endorsing the very thought which I have tried to express to you. He was speaking of man's instinct of love for the beautiful, as being given to raise him to love that which is Divine, and how Christianity had elevated art to the fulfilment of her true mission, and how she was now declining from it. 'The material beauty of form and colour remain, there needs but a glance at the walls of our last Royal Academy to prove it, but the moral beauty, which it was once the highest aim of the painter to express, has disappeared, and art is left unkindled by the Divine breath amidst all her glory of external ornament—like the shrine of the Holiest, when the glory of the Lord had departed. Perhaps it is because, as a class, our artists more than any other have lost faith in the Incarnate.'

I have not quoted correctly, but that is the substance of what was said, and I could not refrain from adding it to my letter.

Believe me, dear C. ever yours sincerely,

BATH BRICK.

Meg has best put together her history of Humfreys, but she might have well added, like Waikatu, another Humfrey Plantagenet, son of Duke Thomas of Gloucester. He went with Richard II. to Ireland; died of the plague on his way to join Henry IV. Bubble's list is the longest, including twenty-one Humfreys great and small; Bianca contributes Humfrey Penderell, of Boscobel memory; the Turk's researches do not go back far enough; and an unsigned paper has only two.

HUMPHREY (GERMAN). DOMESTIC PEACE.

THE name Humfrey is found in the old families, descending from father to son, and in this way the adventurer, *Humfrey de Bohun*, who came into England with the Conqueror, handed down his name to various members of his race, of whom two were especially distinguished; the *Humfrey, Earl of Hereford*, and subsequently of Essex, who was for many years a warm adherent of Henry III., but who afterwards sided with Simon de Montfort, was taken prisoner at Evesham, 1265, released, and in recognition of his former services, his honours and property restored. He died 1275, and was buried in the Abbey of Llanthony, which had been founded by his ancestors.

His grandson, *Humfrey de Bohun*, succeeded to the two earldoms, and was one of those powerful nobles of the time of Edward I. whose fierce natures led them to resist the encroachments on their rights made by the king, and it was De Bohun who, when Edward swore that the earl should either accompany him to Flanders or hang, coolly replied, that he would neither 'go nor hang.'

Three hundred years after, 1564, the name *Humfrey de Bohun* appears again as that of an English author.

In the Stafford family Humfrey occurs several times; one is distinguished as *Sir Humfrey of the Silver Hand*, either on account of his liberality, or because he had an artificial hand; a descendant of his, *Humfrey, Earl of Stafford*, was created Earl of Devon by Edward IV., 1469, and beheaded the same year.

The *Sir Humfrey Stafford* of the time of Henry VI. was created

Duke of Buckingham; he it was who impeached Gloucester of high treason; his *son, Sir Humfrey*, was defeated and killed by Cade at Sevenoaks, 1450.

This brings us to the well-known 'good' *Duke of Gloucester*, youngest son of Henry IV., probably named after *Humfrey Plantagenet*, son of Thomas of Woodstock. On the death of Henry V., Gloucester became Protector for his nephew; he was very popular with the nation, who called him the 'good duke'—'good' probably in the sense of possessing a genial disposition; he was besides at the head of the party for carrying on the war in France, which was much in favour of the people; and he was strongly opposed to the Beauforts. His domestic life was certainly neither 'peaceful' nor exemplary; and one cannot help wondering at the 'good duke's' choice of wives—Jacqueline of Hainault, and Eleanor Cobham. Shakespeare has taken the popular view of his character. As Henry grew up, Humfrey's power as Protector gradually lessened, and that of his enemies increased. Early in 1447, at a Parliament held at Bury, he was accused of high treason, but, before the trial could be held, he was one morning found dead in his bed, either from foul play, or from a violent attack of grief.

A good deed of Duke Humfrey's was the founding the (now) Bodleian Library at Oxford, with the books taken from the Louvre.

Various explanations have been given of the phrase, 'dining with Duke Humfrey'; one is, that, in the nave of old S. Paul's—which in the seventeenth century was used as a public promenade!—there was a statue supposed to represent the 'good duke,' and so those penniless 'Paul-walkers,' who spent the dinner hour lounging here, were said to be 'dining with Duke Humfrey.'

For a Humfrey of renown, we must step over a century, and turn from the excitement of the court to the quaint old town of Dartmouth, where, in 1539, was born *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*. His father died, and his mother married a Mr. Raleigh—a proud mother she must have been to have called both those brave men, Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh, her sons. We can picture the lads climbing the rocks by the old castle, and watching the wide expanse of sea at the river mouth, wondering what lay beyond, and fired by the enthusiasm of the times, determining to explore for themselves that glorious New World. The picture is a pleasant prelude to the real history which tells how Gilbert, knighted for his services in Ireland, sailed for America on voyages of discovery, founded an English colony in Newfoundland, and in 1583 was, alas! wrecked on his homeward voyage, in a small vessel unable to cope with the storms of the Atlantic.

But the Humphrey who has perhaps done most to promote that which his name signifies, is *Sir Humphrey Davy*. He was born at Penzance, 1778. Although best known by his valuable chemical discoveries, his poetry was such that it obtained the warm commendation of Southey, and he took a keen interest in many branches of natural science. In 1818 he was created a baronet, and two years later elected President of the Royal Society.

To Sir Humphrey Davy we owe the discovery of the action of nitrous oxide (laughing gas) on the human system, of the close connection between electricity and chemistry, and of the composition of the

alkalies—all links of a chain which led to the invention of his safety lamp. He found that by inclosing the lamp in a wire gauze cage, the flame of the fire-damp was consumed inside, while the flame was not able to heat the cage sufficiently to explode the fire-damp outside, nor could the flame within the lamp pass away unextinguished.

Sir Humphrey died in 1829, at Geneva—died we say—and yet, to use his own words, he was one of

> 'The living sons of genius (who) stand sublime
> The immortal children of another age.'

MEG.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

What was the Star Chamber?

Explain the laws of punctuation.

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

Write *Abracadabra.*

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Thirty-three members have sent specimens of *Malvaceæ*, the majority set out and described in a manner which leaves little to be desired. Neither of the Marsh Mallows seems to have been met with. *Althæa officinalis* must, however, still be common in salt marshes; and it is to be hoped that the rare *A. hirsuta* has not been quite exterminated by the advance of scientific agriculture. Vertumnus found it growing abundantly in June, 1843, in what was then, and probably is now, its only British habitat, near Cobham in Kent. In November the Society makes its *début* in cryptogamic botany. To *Lycopodium* may be added *Asplenium* and *Polystichum*—not *Lastœa*. Newman, if possible; if not, Moore's little book on 'Ferns' should be consulted.

Notices to Correspondents.

QUOTATIONS ANSWERED.

The hymn commencing

> 'One sweetly solemn thought,'

was written by an American lady, Phœbe Carey. An interesting notice of her and her sister Alice appeared in the *Christian World* for September 1, 1871, just after her death.—*J. C.*, *M. O.*, *A. D.*, *M. M.*, *B. N. B.*, *A. C. L.*, *M. J. B.*, *M. M.*, and *E. Lewis.* It is to be found in *Lyra Anglicana* (Houlston).—*Meg.* It is to be found in *The Pathway of Safety*, *The Changed Cross* (Low), *Christian Lyrics*, *Hymns for the Church*, *Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer.* It is the first verse of a hymn by Logan. It has no title, but the heading is, "To be with Christ, which is far better.'—*E. H. Jenkins.*

The church of which the tower was built by a butler and a dairy-maid ('their figures are represented on the western front, the butler

with his key of trust, the dairymaid with her pail') is Soberton Church, Hampshire. Had *Agneta* given her address I would have sent her a circular I received a few days ago from the Rev. W. N. Morley, curate, Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants. From the circular I quote 'that the church is falling into decay, rain coming in, the tower unsafe, &c.' Funds are much needed for the necessary repairs. I do not know these facts from personal knowledge, but the address given above will, I hope, be useful to *Agneta*.—*M. M.* and *H. Cameron*.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

M. M. requests particulars of a book for district visitors, containing blank forms to enter information about the families visited. Is there such a publication?

Author of a poem called the *Spiritual Temple;* the first line is—

'And whence were brought these goodly stones, 'twas Israel's pride to raise.'

Part of this poem was repeated by the Rev. Henry Wright in the last sermon preached by him, in S. John's Church, Keswick, a few days only before he was drowned whilst bathing in Coniston Lake.

I perceive a mistake as to the latitude in the September number, p. 305, where it is said that 'the sun's distance from the zenith is the complement of the *latitude* of the place.' The zenith distance is, of course, the complement of the *altitude*. The latitude is always equal to the zenith distance, plus or minus the declination. When the sun is on the equator, then Lat. = Zen. Dist.—*Navigator*.

Where is a poem called the *New Forest*, by C. A. L., to be had? These lines from it, beginning—

'Here in this sylvan solitude
Is quiet for our pensive mood:
Less loudly here the Present rings,' &c.,

were published in *Frazer's Magazine* some time ago.—*M. A. T.*

A very old Subscriber.—'Richard is himself again!'

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

What shall we do to make it generally known that

'Be the day weary, &c.,'

is the end of Skelton's epitaph on himself? We have answered it more times than we can count, and two correspondents repeat the question. Have they never seen it in back numbers?

'Love is a present for a mighty king'

is from George Herbert.

Guinevere.—The lines you ask for—

'Oh the little more how much it is!'

are by Robert Browning.

Enquirer for books on education.—Geography; Child's *First Steps in Geography*, Marcus Ward; *First Geographical Reader*, Isbister; *First Teachings about the Earth*, by Mogle (Simpkins and Marshall); *Pictures of the Heavens*, Mozley and Smith; *The Three M's; Morals, Mind, and Manners;* Miss Edgeworth's *Early Lessons*.

Enquirer.—Sunday is the old Teutonic name from the day being dedicated to the sun. Are you sure that it is not Justin Martyr's translator who calls it Sunday? It is certainly so with the mention

of Easter in the Book of Acts, for there the word in Greek is Pascha, the Passover, and it means the Jewish feast. Eostre, or Easter, was Teutonic Goddess of Spring.

An Appreciating Subscriber.—The only previous chapter of 'Workhouse Visiting' is that in February, 1878.

M., Prince's Street.—Ladies are trained for nursing at the Hants. County Hospital. Address — *Miss Freeman, County Hospital, Winchester.*

CHARITIES.

The Sea Shell Mission.—This Mission, which was established in May, 1879, has already received over a quarter of a million of shells, the exact number being 257,395, contributed by 125 persons, including one parcel from Spain and a few shells from South Africa, and also from the West Indies. Of this number the secretary states that he has yet in hand a sufficient number to fill 500 boxes, which he is desirious of sending out before next Christmas. The boxes in which the shells are sent to the homes and hospitals cost 3*d.* each, and he makes an appeal for 1,000 threepenny-pieces to enable him to send 1,000 boxes to 1,000 poor and sick children in the homes and hospitals of London. With the assistance of two London City Missionaries over 100 boxes of shells have been distributed this month to 100 poor sick children in Southwark, Walworth, and Camberwell. 413 boxes have been sent out altogether. If any of our readers would desire to assist in this unpretending yet philanthropic little effort to give pleasure to and brighten the home of many a poor little city sufferer, full particulars can be obtained upon application to *The Honorary Secretary, 24, Richmond Terrace, Clapham Road, S.W.*

The Sisters of the Poor, Mark Street, Finsbury, acknowledge with many thanks a parcel of clothes and linen from Mrs. Paterson.

S. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission, City Chambers, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, London.—At the time when the Mission is greatly in need of help the health of its honorary secretary has broken down; he is ordered to winter in a warm climate and take complete rest. Would those kind friends of the Mission, among whom are many readers of the *Monthly Packet*, help to make this event turn to the good of the Mission by making its work known—that is all that is wanted to bring in more help—the desire to help must be given. To promote the worship of God at sea and encourage holiness among our sailors and emigrants is but carrying out part of the great command, 'Go ye into all nations,' &c., for if the Church does not try to make these people good examples she is simply allowing evil to be sown broad-cast over the world by the very persons who might be messengers of good bearing the best of seed. The good that is now being done through this Mission in all parts of the world is very encouraging, and makes those who know it best the more desirous that it should spread. The work has been steadily extending every year. *Mr. W. Evan Frank, the Secretary,* at the above address in London, will receive and acknowledge all gifts of money or of books during Mr. Scarth's absence. Cheques should be crossed *London and County Bank,* and all kinds of wholesome reading, as well as old hymn-books and prayer-books are welcome.

THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

DECEMBER, 1880.

ADVENT HYMN.

(*From the Dutch of Alberdingk Thijm.*)

DROP, ye heavens, soft distilling;
Thickly gather'd clouds, give way.
Come, like timely rain descending,
Righteous One, on earth to stay.

O Lord, let now Thine anger cease,
Nor mindful be of our transgression:
Behold Thy city; waste it lies;
Thy Sion's greatness sinks and dies;
Forsaken is Thine own possession;
Thy glory leaves Thy holy hill,
Where once, O Lord, our fathers' skill
Gave to Thy praises meet expression.
Drop, ye heavens, &c.

See, we confess our guilt and shame,
The stain of sin to all is cleaving:
Like dry leaves fallen from the trees,
The storm of our iniquities
Us, in its might, abroad is heaving.
Turn, Lord, away Thine angry eye
From where Thy fainting people lie,
For sins unnumber'd sorely grieving.
Drop, ye heavens, &c.

Have mercy, Lord, on Israel's woe,
And send the Saviour, erst foretold us;
From desert rock send forth amain
The Lamb that o'er the world shall reign,*
And safe 'neath Sion's mountain fold us;
That He on us may pity take,
And from our gallèd neck may break
The yoke that captive now doth hold us.
Drop, ye heavens, &c.

'Be comforted, be comforted
My flock, deliv'rance now I send you.
Why sit ye thus consumed with grief,
And find from anguish no relief?
In pleasant pastures will I tend you.
Fear not: the Lord your God am I:
When danger and when death is nigh,
The Strength of Israel will befriend you.'
Drop, ye heavens, &c.

S. S. G.

* Isaiah xvi. 1, Vulgate.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CLXXI.

DON JUAN OF AUSTRIA.

1576—1579.

THE condition of the Netherlands had at last convinced Philip II. that no one could grapple with it who was not both of the highest rank, and the first order of ability. Inferior men not only failed to put down the revolt, but they could not keep the Spanish soldiers in order, nor hinder them from alienating the loyal and Catholic cities. Alva had done the deadly work required of him as thoroughly and faithfully as his master could wish; but he was grown old, and had retired, and the only available person whom Philip could employ was the object of his special jealousy, his illegitimate brother, Don Juan of Austria, whose mother, Barbara Blomberg, had been a German. We have seen him bred up as the son of the gallant old Don Luis Quixada, introduced to his father at Yuste, but unaware of his relationship, and contrasting favourably with the miserable Don Carlos. Charles V. died before the boy was old enough to be told of his parentage; but when he was fourteen, Quixada was bidden to take him to meet the king in the forests where he was hunting, and Philip then informed him that they were brothers, and took him home to Valladolid.

Juan, Carlos, and Alessandro Farnese, son to Margaret, Duchess of Parma, were all brought up together. All, save the Prince of the Asturias, showed great ability in study, and grace and dexterity in martial exercises, but Juan was the foremost. His personal beauty was great. He was fair, rosy, with light curling hair, and perfectly well-formed limbs—the hero of the Court, and admirable in all martial exercises. Charles V., to avoid jealousies, had intended him to be bred to the priesthood, but his spirit was too high for this, and at eighteen, he ran away, intending to join the fleet that was setting out from Barcelona to relieve the knights of St. John then besieged by the Turks in Malta. He was captured and brought back, and was soon forgiven by Philip, who sent him in command of the expedition to put down the unhappy revolted Moors of Granada, and superintend the deportation into Africa of all who would not renounce Mohammedanism, while those who did so were broken up and scattered throughout the country. There was little glory, and much cruelty, in this campaign; but a couple of years later, he commanded the united fleets of Spain, Venice, and

Malta, in the great battle of Lepanto, which first stemmed the tide of Turkish conquest, as the battle of Tours had checked that of the Arabs eight centuries previously. Afterwards, in the first panic of the Moors, Juan sailed into Tunis, that nest of pirates, mastered it, and instead of dismantling the fortifications as his brother commanded, he strengthened them, and garrisoned the place. The Pope besought Philip to consent to his being proclaimed King of Tunis, and thus Christianising both sides of the Mediterranean; but the wary king would not consent, and sent Juan off with a commission as Governor-General of the Netherlands; where, if he wished to be a king, he might, with the full blessing of the Pope, woo and marry the captive Mary of Scotland, and dethrone Queen Elizabeth. The adventure was romantic enough to charm one who had much of the blood and nature of Maximilian I. in him, and perhaps it charmed him none the less that his presence was immediately necessary in the Low Countries, not only to oppose the Prince of Orange, but to keep the peace between the Spanish soldiers and the Flemings. Time for the sea voyage was not to be had. He must go through France, and not only would the Huguenot leaders have been delighted to pounce on him, but nobody could trust Catherine de Medici, or either of her sons, and the Duke of Anjou might have esteemed his capture a desirable preliminary, either to wedlock with Elizabeth, or to the Protectorship of the Netherlands.

So Don Juan resolved to traverse the dangerous country in disguise, only taking with him his friend, Ottavio Gonzaga, six men at arms, and a Swiss guide who knew every road in France. Gonzaga went as the chief of the party, Juan as a Moorish slave, his yellow locks and bright cheeks stained to a swarthy hue. They safely reached an inn at Paris, just opposite to the abode of the Spanish ambassador, and with him the Moor had a conference in the evening, and arranged that his proposals should be conveyed to Queen Mary. On another evening he had an interview in the same place with the Duke of Guise, who was delighted at this new hope for his cousin, and promised all possible aid. Hearing there was to be a great ball at the Louvre, the adventurous knight obtained admission in his Moorish disguise among the ambassador's train, and was greatly smitten with the beauty of Marguerite of Navarre. Afterwards, he continued his journey, and rode into Luxemburg in his disguise, on the 3rd of November, 1576; and when he showed himself to the people in all the glory of his splendid manhood, then in its prime, for he was only thirty-one, their enthusiasm was great.

His first measure was to put forth what was called the Perpetual Edict, ratifying the Pacification of Ghent, promising the immediate departure of all foreign soldiers, and the release of all prisoners except the son of the Prince of Orange, who was to be detained till his father had fulfilled some further conditions, guaranteeing the privileges

of the States, and requiring indeed the maintenance of the Church, but implying toleration.

Philip consented, and the Edict was laid before the deputies of the Dutch provinces. They refused to sign without consulting the Prince of Orange. He distrusted the whole treaty, and believed that to accept it and disarm would be utter ruin to the cause, and by his counsel the States of Holland and Zealand would not accept the Edict without much better security. Weeks and months went by in negotiation, while the English became not a little alarmed, since if the Spanish troops were expelled from the Netherlands, what could be more convenient than an invasion of England? To strengthen the hands of Orange, to watch Queen Mary, and keep a severe hand over the Roman Catholics, was thus all that could be done by Elizabeth. Thus it was that persecution commenced. Cuthbert Mayne, one of Allen's seminary priests, was arrested for having obtained a bull from Rome, and said mass in the house of one Mr. Tregean, a Cornish gentleman; all the hearers, to the number of fifteen, being also seized. The bull was only an old copy of the proclamation of the jubilee; but Mayne was put to death as a traitor, and Tregean remained a prisoner until after the Queen's death. Many more recusants, as the Roman Catholics were called, were thrown into prison, and there became a prey to infectious diseases. It was only the priests who were liable to be put to death on the assumption that they must needs be traitors; but the laity were imprisoned, and if they refused to give evidence, could be, and sometimes were, put to a horrible punishment called the *peine forte et dure*, which consisted of being gradually squeezed to death under a board by weights.

They suffered from the cruelty inspired by terror at the doings of their brethren on the Continent. Any one who must needs be in league with the ferocious Spaniards, on the other side of the German Ocean, was the natural enemy of all good Protestants. Such was the English feeling, and no wonder! Mary of Scotland was taken to Chatsworth, as a place of greater security than Sheffield, and when she was allowed to visit Buxton for the sake of her rheumatism, Leicester was sent to meet her there that he might discover whether she were in communication with Don Juan, and concerting a plan of invasion; but it does not appear that she was cognisant of any schemes, and nothing was discovered to implicate her.

Treason was not Don Juan's line of action. He was a brave, open-hearted knight, who would gladly have come at the head of an invading army to deliver the captive princess and wed her like a hero of romance; but he did not want to begin in underhand ways. What he wanted to have done would have been to get the Perpetual Edict accepted, and then to have carried off the Spanish, German, and Italian soldiers to the invasion of England; but Philip, who by no means wanted to see him on another throne, disconcerted these plans

by ordering him to send home the Spanish and Italian troops, hoping thus to restore confidence to the Low Countries and get the Edict accepted. With great difficulty, and pledging his honour for their pay, Don Juan loyally obeyed, and sent away his soldiers, to the great relief and joy of the whole country. Their departure not only was ruin to his hopes of England, but it emboldened the States, Catholic as well as Protestant, to stand out against accepting the Edict without better security. Juan sent his favourite secretary and friend, Escovedo, to represent the state of things to his brother; but there was a terrible intrigue at court, and Philip had been persuaded that if Juan's hands were strengthened, he would seize the Netherlands as well as England for his own, and that Escovedo was his adviser, so he sent no help, and detained the secretary at Madrid.

Meanwhile the Dutch provinces began to look out for foreign protectors. Indeed they were a prize longed after by several princes, but the guardian Protestant they would best have liked was the most unwilling to undertake them, namely, Queen Elizabeth, who was afraid of getting involved on their account in war with France and Spain.

Marguerite of Navarre set forth to see what she could do for her brother of Anjou, on the pretext of drinking the Spa waters. The Roman Catholic provinces, where Spanish tyranny was hated, but the Church was still loved, would gladly have hailed him as their ruler, giving him credit for much higher qualities than he possessed, and Marguerite hoped to intrigue for their support, while she was entertained by Don Juan. She travelled in a litter lined with scarlet velvet, with gilt pillars and a large amount of glass, and there was a long train besides of ladies, guards, and attendants. Don Juan, who had been enchanted with his distant view of her at Paris, was charmed to receive her at Namur. He rode beside her litter into the city, and lodged her in splendid apartments. The curtains of the bed were embroidered with representations of the battle of Lepanto, and the tapestry and furniture were so extremely beautiful that Marguerite expressed her amazement, and was told that they had been a present from a Turkish pasha, in gratitude for his two sons having been released without ransom from captivity after the battle of Lepanto.

The next day there was a pleasure voyage on the Meuse, when Marguerite was made as like Cleopatra in her galley as circumstances permitted. There was a dance on a green island dressed up as a modern Arcadia, and a feast in bowers of ivy, lasting till long after the summer sunset.

She proceeded on the following day on her journey down the river, leaving Don Juan fascinated with her charms, and little thinking that her work had been to talk over the Flemish nobles into breaking once more from the yoke and giving themselves to her brother.

Don Juan affronted them by seizing and garrisoning the citadel of Namur. The Flemish States began to distrust him and think more of

help from France, entering into correspondence with the Prince of Orange, and by his advice refusing the Perpetual Edict. Juan's hopes and spirits began to fail, and the cause of liberty to flourish. William of Orange was invited to Brussels, and there welcomed with rapture.

By his advice, all idea of accepting the Perpetual Edict was given up, and the eighteen provinces of the Low Countries once again bound themselves in a union to resist Spanish tyranny in Church and State. All the work done by Alva's iron hand was to be begun again!

The Catholic provinces wanted Anjou for their protector, the Protestant ones, Elizabeth, and the Queen had actually sent Davison, her secretary, to Brussels, to see how the land lay, while Sir Francis Walsingham paid compliments in her name to Don Juan, whom he pronounced the most perfect young prince in body and mind, and likewise the most entertaining youth he had ever seen. No doubt, however, it was well for England that this charming personage should have work enough in the Netherlands to keep him safely there, and another stone was cast into the troubled waters, which was likely to detain him.

The Archduke Matthias of Austria, brother to the Emperor Rudolf, seemed to some of the Flemish nobles a better hope than Anjou, and preferable to a foreign sovereign like Elizabeth. He was only twenty, and had his father's gentle, winning temper, and he was of course full of ardour, entertaining hopes that if he could pacify the Netherlands he might marry a daughter of Philip's and reign there independently. The emperor would have nothing to do with the matter, not wishing to embroil himself with his cousin of Spain, so Matthias ran away. He went to bed early, waited till his brother Maximilian was asleep, crept out in his shirt barefooted to where a few companions awaited him, put on the dress of a groom, blackened his face, and rode off with two gentlemen and a few attendants. From Cologne he made his arrival known, to the great perplexity of everybody and the wrath of Don Juan. Queen Elizabeth declared that she could only assist the States on condition that the Prince of Orange were declared lieutenant-governor—it might be for the Archduke, if the Netherlanders pleased; but she had no confidence in the leadership of any one else. Orange, who had hopes that a moderate Catholic might keep the provinces together, accepted this situation, and went with 2,000 horse to escort Matthias to Antwerp, where he was most joyfully received. The city of Ghent likewise joined the popular party, and welcomed the Prince of Orange with a wonderful allegorical procession, and thus the year 1577 closed with the highest hopes that had ever been attained by the Low Countries.

Matthias was formally elected as Governor-General, and the Prince of Orange, Ruward of Brabant, an ancient office which gave him all the real power. There was an inauguration at Brussels with all sorts of allegorical pageants and splendours, while Don Juan, at Namur, felt himself in an exceedingly critical condition, having sent away his troops

and honourably observed the Edict, and then found himself betrayed by the one set of states and persistently distrusted by the other. This single year of harass and disappointment had changed and altered his fair face and bright features so that his old companion and nephew Alessandro Farnese, who arrived at this juncture from Spain, was shocked at the change. He had brought some regiments of Spanish and Italian troops, and Count Peter Ernest Mansfeldt had collected some more in France, so that Don Juan could take the field with 20,000 men before the winter was over.

The confederates had set out to march on Namur, but finding the enemy ready for them they fell back on Gemblours, nine miles from Namur. Orange himself was not with the army, which was chiefly Walloon and German, with some companies of Scots and English. The whole was commanded by a veteran general named De Goignées.

Don Juan followed them, rejoicing at having at last an opportunity for action, and bearing on his banner a crucifix, with the motto, *In hoc signo vici Turcos, in hoc hereticos vincam.* The armies came in sight of each other near Gemblours, the patriots still retreating, and skirmishing as they went. Alessandro Farnese, riding up to reconnoitre, perceived that a great creek or ravine, filled with mire, was disturbing the regularity of their march. Instantly perceiving the advantage to which this might be turned, he drew up a squadron of cavalry, mounted a powerful horse, and sent a message to Don Juan that Alessandro of Parma had plunged into the abyss, to perish or come forth victorious.

He dashed through first of all, and halted with his lance in rest till the troop had struggled across, then fell suddenly on the enemy on the side they had thought secure. A panic set in, De Goignées and the young Count Egmont vainly tried to rally their forces. The Spaniards were objects of such terror that every one lost their senses at their onset in the open field; arms were thrown down, and the confederate army was utterly routed, leaving behind them thirty-four standards, numerous cannon, 7,000 or 8,000 corpses, 600 prisoners, who were for the most part hung, being viewed as traitors, not prisoners of war.

It was a terrible defeat, and yet it made wonderfully little difference to the staunch resistance of the Dutch. Only three months after, the citizens of Amsterdam took courage to admit the patriots and turn out all the Roman Catholics, clergy, and counsellors, whom they put on board ship and sent away. The poor men so fully expected that the ship would be sunk as soon as they were out of harbour, that a burgomaster, to whom his wife had sent two clean shirts for his voyage, sighed out, 'Take them back. Never shall I want clean shirts again in this world!' Happily he was mistaken. The Dutch were sometimes savagely cruel, especially to ecclesiastics, but in this case they contented themselves with deporting those whom they thought dangerous.

Don Juan was in much distress and anxiety. He was undergoing the fate that pursued every wooer of the Queen of Scots. Glory had been his portion till he offered himself to her, and then misfortune instantly set in. Even the honour of the day of Gemblours belonged to his nephew of Parma rather than to him, and to bring his grief to a height, his friend Escovedo was assassinated in the streets of Madrid. Two attempts had failed, the third succeeded, and the immediate promotion of both the murderers gave every reason to believe that the King had consented to it. The true cause of Escovedo's death was his knowledge of a wicked intrigue of the King's minister Perez, who, on his side, had persuaded Philip that the secretary was instigating his brother to rebellion, and obtained his consent to one of those murders which Philip had come to view as royal justice executed in a private manner. For there is no doubt that Philip was a conscientious man. The melancholy thing was that people's consciences were so much warped that frightful crimes were done for conscience' sake.

Don Juan never held up his head after the tidings of the murder reached him. While we may be very thankful that his plans, as regards England, were disconcerted, and that we never had to make proof of what his clemency might have been, it is impossible not to feel much compassion for the high-spirited young man, full of zeal for what he thought the cause of Heaven and the Church, put in a situation too difficult for him, with the ground hollow beneath his feet, with the most astute of foes before him, and the man whom he had loved and trusted taken from him by a cruel murder. He had lost even the Catholic states, was bereft of his best troops, hampered with orders, Orange had plots for kidnapping him, and his difficulties increased on all sides.

Meantime the Dutch prospered, and freedom of religion was indeed practised so that on Sunday, preachers of fifteen different sects were heard in the churches of Antwerp. Orange permitted all, as long as there was no public scandal, and he was the only influence, so that as Philip's ministers wrote to him, there was but one man in all the Netherlands, and he was the Prince of Orange. Matthias had turned out a mere puppet, and the Duke of Anjou was watching his opportunity. A large force of French under La Noue gained a victory over Don Juan himself on the Demer, and taking advantage of this, as well as of the promises his sister Marguerite had made, Anjou galloped off to Mons, and there offered himself as Protector of the Liberties of Flanders.

The Catholic states, finding Matthias helpless, and being jealous of Orange, were willing to accept him, trusting that he would bring the forces of France to their aid. Nay, that long courtship of his to Queen Elizabeth might inspire the hope that the Protector of the Reformed and the Protector of the Catholics might be united!

Meanwhile the war went on, the armies watching one another without coming to blows, as they lay between Mechlin and Namur. Don Juan was in a fortified camp at Bourges, sinking under a low fever, the effect of grief and perplexity. Neither orders nor money came from Philip, and he could do nothing. 'They have cut off our hands,' he wrote, 'and now there is nothing left but for us to hold out our heads likewise to the axe.' His army was perishing from swamp fever, the enemy was shutting him in, and his urgent letters remained unanswered by his brother.

In September his fever increased. His lodging was in a hovel, whose only upper room had been used as a pigeon-house. Here he lay, delirious, often fighting his battles over again, or pleading with his brother, or wandering back to the happy days when he deemed old Don Luis Quixada his true father. His nephew and old comrade, Alessandro Farnese, was constantly with him, and to this prince, when reason returned, he committed the onerous burthen that was killing him. He died on the 1st October, 1579, in his thirty-third year.

Everyone talked of poison, and two unfortunate Englishmen were actually executed, under the accusation of having been suborned by Walsingham thus to murder him. Others suspected Philip himself, and the body when examined was thought to bear out the supposition that he had met with foul play; but anatomists had little knowledge to go upon, and fever and grief were the far more probable causes of the death of 'the last of the Crusaders.'

The corpse was arrayed in full armour, a coronet on the head, and the collar of the Golden Fleece round his neck, during the funeral obsequies. The heart was then buried at Namur, and the remains were borne through France by a small body of soldiers, for whose passage permission had been asked, but without specifying their charge, as Philip wished to avoid the expense of the solemnities which would have greeted the dead at each stage of the journey. So the body was divided in three, and thus carried by the route taken only two years before by the gallant disguised hero, full of hope!

Put together again and held upright in armour and robes, the remains were presented to Philip, who recoiled for a moment, as well he might, at the change from the brilliant being full of health, youth, and life, with whom he had parted. And then Don Juan joined his royal father in the vaults of the Escorial.

CHAPTERS ON EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

BY CECILIA MACGREGOR.

CHAPTER XV.

At Rome, Maximian was deposed by his son, Maxentius, and fled to Gaul, where he was kindly received by his son-in-law, Constantine, and lived at Arles, until, on a false report of the death of the Cæsar, he seized the royal treasures and distributed them among the soldiers, in the hope of being saluted by them sole emperor.

Constantine then made a rapid march from the Rhine to Chalons, on the Saône, embarked his troops on that river, and, entering the Rhone at Lyons, arrived at Arles before his departure from the Rhine was known. Maximian escaped from Arles, and took refuge at Marseilles, where he was pursued by Constantine, to whom he was delivered up by the garrison, and he was either put to death or ordered to terminate his life by his own hand.

Galerius did not long survive Maximian, for he died the following year; when Licinius and Maximin immediately prepared to decide by arms the possession of his dominions; but they were finally induced to divide the disputed territories, and the Hellespont and Bosphorus became the boundaries of their respective dominions.

Common interest soon united Licinius and Constantine, while Maximin and Maxentius formed a secret alliance. A great contrast marked the administration of Constantine and Maxentius; for in Gaul and Britain justice was carefully administered, oppressive taxes were lightened or abolished, and the inroads of the barbarians were checked. In Italy and Africa the wealthy were plundered or put to death, and the soldiers were indulged in all kinds of license.

Rome for six years groaned under the tyranny of its emperor, when, in 312, his own folly gave occasion to its deliverance. Driven from Italy as Maximian had been by his unworthy son, his death was still made the occasion of a display of filial piety, and Constantine's statues in Italy and Africa were knocked down by the orders of Maxentius. At first Constantine tried the effect of negotiation, but finding that Maxentius, who openly claimed the empire of the West had assembled a large army for the invasion of Gaul, he resolved to anticipate him and to enter Italy, where he had been secretly invited by the people and senate of Rome.

Susa, at the foot of the Alps, closed its gates against Constantine; but it was taken by assault, and the greater part of the garrison slaughtered. Indeed, nearly all Italy north of the Po declared for

his cause. Verona surrendering also, after a short stay at that city, Constantine directed his march for Rome; and at Saxa Rubra, about nine miles from the city, he found the army of Maxentius prepared to give him battle.

Maxentius had commanded that the altars should be piled with numerous sacrifices, and that the Sybilline oracles should be searched for propitious omens. The response was 'that the enemy of Rome should perish on that day.'

The enemy of Rome he understood to be Constantine, and having arranged his army to the best of his power, he left the city and prepared to meet Constantine, who had far less numerous forces. The infantry of Maxentius consisted of an hundred and seventy thousand foot, his cavalry of eighteen thousand horse, a great part of which, being Romans and Italians, and having groaned under the tyranny of his government, wished for nothing so much as his destruction.

The forces Constantine had at his disposal were considerably fewer than those of Maxentius. As he was weighing which of the gods he should invoke, he reflected that the emperors of his own time, who had been zealous for idolatry and a multitude of gods, had perished miserably: he remembered also that his father Constantius, who had honoured all his life the one true God, had received sensible marks of His protection. Constantine therefore resolved to attach himself to this great God, and he began directly to pray that He would cause him to know Him and to extend to him His favourable protection.

He was thus praying earnestly, when, just after mid-day, as the sun began to go down, as he was walking through the country at the head of his troops, he saw in the Heavens a cross of light and an inscription, which said, 'By this conquer!'* Both Constantine and the army gathered round him looked with awe and wondering at the sign.

During the rest of the day Constantine was occupied in wondering what the sign could mean. In the night, as he was sleeping, Christ appeared to him with the same sign which he had seen in the Heaven, and commanded him to make a representation of it to be used in battle. As soon as it was day Constantine arose and declared the whole secret to his friends. Then he called together the workers in gold and precious stones, giving them a description of that standard, and ordering them to express its likeness in gold and precious stones; which standard,' says Eusebius, 'we ourselves also happened some time to have a sight of.'

'The monogram of Christ's name in a cross is, however, much older than Constantine' (remarks Bishop Butler), 'who is nowhere said to have invented it, but only to have employed it in the Labarum. It is found in the sepulchre of S. Marius, Martyr under Adrian, of S.

* Eusebius.

Alexander under Antoninus, of S. Laurence and S. Hermes, both in the cemetery of Priscilla.'

The biographer of Constantine the Great has left an accurate description of the celebrated standard called the *Labarum*. Eusebius tells us that this inspired banner was fashioned in the following manner:—Near the extremity of the shaft of a lance, sheathed in plates of gold, was affixed, in a horizontal position, a small rod, so as to form the exact figure of the Cross. From this transverse little bar hung drooping a small purple vail of the finest texture, interwoven with golden threads, and starred with such a profusion of the finest threads that it was quite resplendent. Above this dazzling banner arose the adorable name of Jesus Christ, written with two characters only, the Greek χ or *ch*, and P or *ro*, which were very ingeniously entwined and encircled with a golden crown, profusely gemmed with the most costly precious stones.

Just below the monogram of Christ it became the custom, a little later, to insert the effigy of the reigning Emperor, and of his son and consort. Fifty men, the most conspicuous amongst the Imperial Guards for their valour and their piety, were selected and embodied into a particular band, to whom was confided the distinguished office of carrying and defending the Labarum, which was always carried before the emperors whenever they went to battle. The term was sometimes expressed *Labar*, and from hence the Roman ensigns were styled Labara (*quasi Insignia Lunaria*). This is evident from the moon which is continually to be found upon them. They seem to have generally consisted of a crescent of a disk of metal, and a chaplet of olive or laurel.

The name Labarum was not properly Roman, but was adopted by the later emperors, especially by those of Constantinople. They borrowed it from some of the conquered nations who had the same kind of military standard. This will appear from various coins, where it is seen among the trophies won from the Pannonians, Dacians, and other captive people. It is to be found likewise upon many coins of cities in the East. Sometimes two, sometimes three moons are to be seen upon the same standard,* whence it is plain that they were the principal part of the *insigne*, and we may presume that from it had the name of Labarum.†

Each alternately bore it upon his shoulder, while the rest attended to its protection. The presence of the Labarum at any post of danger was invariably accompanied with victory, and on one occasion when its bearer, through fear, resigned his charge, a javelin pierced him.

Banners resembling the Imperial model, but of somewhat smaller dimensions and wrought of less costly materials, were distributed through the whole army to be the future ensigns of the Roman cohorts. Figures of those standards frequently occur upon the

* Bryant's *Antient Mythology*, vol. iii. p. 327. London, 1807.

coins of the Empire in the time of Constantine and his immediate successors.*

After this brief digression upon the Labarum we must return to the battle of Saxa Rubra. Maxentius, being now alarmed at the nearness of Constantine's army, had descended from the mountains, and concentrated his squadrons in the neighbourhood of Rome, between the Milvian bridge and the city. A line of boats, so constructed that on a given signal the chains connecting them might be easily separated, was laid across the river, and the engineers employed in their formation were directed to let go the booms when Constantine, falling into the snare, should attempt a passage.

The troops of Constantine were encamping in a wide but convenient plain between the Cassian and Flaminian ways, while Maxentius, within the walls, was sacrificing to idols and consulting the *Sibylline Oracles*. In those leaves of mysterious prophecy he found recorded that whoever was designing the destruction of Rome should perish by a miserable death.

The same day—*i.e.*, the 28th of October—magnificent games were exhibited in the circus to celebrate the entrance of the monarch on the seventh year of his reign; after these were concluded he marched out to the scene of warfare. When part of his vanguard were passing the boats which had been planned for the entanglement of Constantine, a flight of owls appeared over the ramparts behind, as if to afford those who were affected by heathen auguries the most melancholy presages of their fate.

The Emperor of Gaul (Maxentius) beheld the march of his opponents as they advanced to the Saxa Rubra, or the red rocks, about eight or nine miles from the city, and took up their position on the ground between himself and the river.

Constantine himself led a charge of cavalry, which was completely successful, the guards of Maxentius alone making any stand; but they, bearing him along with him, were forced back on the bridge, where the tyrant lost the battle, his life, and the Empire, in the waves of the Tiber. The head of Maxentius was carried before the army on a pole.

The victory being thus obtained, Constantine made a triumphant entry into Rome: he was met by the senate and nobility, with infinite crowds of the populace, whose cheerful faces and loud acclamations sufficiently testified the happiness they felt at their deliverance from tyranny — publicly styling Constantine 'their deliverer and saviour, the author of all their peace, and their preserver.'

The first act of this Christian emperor was to erect a standing monument of his gratitude to that God by whose assistance he had gained the victory.

The senate also erected a statue of Constantine of solid gold, holding in his hand a long spear in the form of a cross, with an

* Rock's *Hicruigia.*

inscription on the base, intimating that 'under the influence of that victorious cross he had delivered the city from the yoke of tyrannical power, and had restored to the senate and the people of Rome their ancient glory and splendour.'

Several other monuments were erected to Constantine, the remains of which are to be found among the antiquities of Rome; particularly the one erected at the foot of Mount Palatine, on which stood the Imperial Palace. This was a triumphal arch, on which were recorded the great achievements he had wrought.

Constantine caused the sign of the Cross to be painted and engraved everywhere; particularly at Rome, where it was raised in the middle of the town — a remarkable trophy; engraving in enduring characters upon it that this salutary sign was the rampart and the preservation of the Roman empire. His statue was placed in the most frequented part of Rome, holding in his hand a large lance in the form of a cross, with this inscription: 'By this salutary sign— true mark of virtue—I have delivered your town from the yoke of tyranny, and have restored the senate and the Roman people to their ancient splendour and dignity.'

Being obliged to set out on his return for Gaul, where the Franks had renewed their incursions, Constantine remained only two months at Rome. On his way he celebrated the nuptials of his sister Constantia with Licinius, to whom he had betrothed her previous to the war with Maxentius. In the midst of the festivities of the marriage of Licinius came the news of the death of Diocletian, who died, as has been said, unloved and unmourned.

Before long, Constantine was compelled to make war against Licinius, his brother and colleague, on account of his cruelty. The father of Licinius had been a poor peasant of Dalmatia, and himself a common soldier. His valour had, however, recommended him to Galerius Maximinius, who was partial to him on account of the services rendered in the Persian War, and to evince his regard had made Licinius participator in the imperial dignity.

Constantine had courted the favour of Licinius, and to strengthen the tie had given him his sister Constantia in marriage. The continual successes of this soldier of fortune had, however, increased his pride, and rendered him jealous of the popularity and greatness of Constantine. A war broke out, and Licinius lost two battles. After many engagements, a severe battle was fought near Chalcedon, on the 8th of October, A.D. 314.

Before commencing to fight, Constantine, surrounded by bishops and priests, implored with fervour the assistance of the God of the Christians, while Licinius addressed himself to the magicians, and asked protection of his gods. Ill fortune still attended the pagan Licinius; he was conquered and fled to Numidia, where the conqueror soon obliged him to relinquish the purple.

The tears of Constantia obtained the forgiveness of Constantine for her husband, but in a short time Licinius again gave the reins to his ambitious passions, and his turbulant disposition caused such frequent disturbances that he was ordered to be strangled at Thessalonica, A.D. 324.

Maximian Daia was as despicable as Maxentius had been; he was a still more cruel persecutor than his uncle, Maximian Galerius.

Enchanters had promised Maximian Daia universal empire in the East, perhaps to be enjoyed through a long life of magnificence and luxury. Yet his affairs were now desperate, all power had departed from his sceptre, and his strength was wasting away under a loathsome disease. Oppressed with disasters, and forsaken by his friends, he tortured the magicians who had deceived him, and courted the Christians whom he had despised; until, perceiving that neither of these measures availed to restore his fortunes, he determined on swallowing poison.

He died at Tarsus, in Cilicia, after a cruel reign of something more than nine years, from the time that he had taken the title of Cæsar. The memory of Maximian was held in execration, his name was erased from all public inscriptions, his family perished by the hands of the executioner, and his empress was drowned in the Orontes.

Thus the whole Roman world devolved upon Constantine and Licinius.* By the death of the latter, the government of the empire fell to Constantine, who immediately restored peace and tranquillity to the Christians, and directed several orders to the provincial governors, recalling the banished, and restoring estates to those that had lost them, setting at liberty the imprisoned, and those who had been condemned to the mines, commanding the goods and lands of the next of kin to those who had suffered martyrdom to be restored to them, or, where they had no relations, to be appropriated to the uses of the Church.

Under Constantine, in the beginning of the fourth century, the Christians began again to breathe. Out of the seven principal churches or basilicæ of Rome, viz., S. Croce di Gierusalemme, S. Giovanni Laterano, S. Lorenzo fuori Il Murà, S. Paolo, S. Pietro, S. Sebastiano, and S. Maria Maggiore, all but the last were founded by Constantine himself.

The ancient basilica was that part of the palace wherein justice was administered to the people. The building for this purpose retained its name long after the extinction of the kingly office, and was in use with the Romans as well as the Grecians. Vitruvius does not, however, give us any specific difference between those erected by one or the other of those people. In Book v. c. 1, he gives us the details of its form and arrangement, for which the reader is referred to his work.

The name of basilica was afterwards transferred to the first build-

* Bridge's *Roman Empire under Constantine.*

ings for Christian worship; not because, as some have supposed, the first Christian emperors used the basilica for the celebration of their religious rites, but more probably with reference to the idea of sovereignty which the religion exercised, though we do not assert that such conclusion is to be necessarily drawn.

There can be no doubt that the most ancient Christian basilicæ were expressly constructed for the purpose of religion, and their architectural details clearly point to the epoch in which they were erected. These new temples of religion, borrowed nevertheless, as well in their whole as in their details, so much from the ancient basilicæ, that it is not surprising they should have retained their name. S. Ambrose, S. Augustine, S. Jerome, and several writers of the fourth or fifth century frequently use the term basilica when speaking of a church of more than usual magnificence.

But to return to Constantine, who was ever engaged in some useful pursuit, in framing his own laws and despatches, in borrowing from sleep time to compose religious discourses, which he pronounced in public in order to convert his people, and in endeavouring to obtain the assistance of the true God, not only by prayer, but by abstinence even from lawful pleasures.

From the moment that Constantine declared himself a Christian, the ceremonies of religion were performed with splendour, and regal magnificence shone throughout the sacred ritual. The sacred habit presented by Constantine to Macarius, the Bishop of Jerusalem, to be worn by that prelate in administering the sacrament of baptism, was made from cloth of gold, as we learn from the testimony of Theodoret.

But we are not warranted to conclude from this that, *before* the reign of Constantine, the functions of religion had been wholly divested of magnificence; for so far from this being the fact, we shall remember, in our previous chapters, the cupidity of the Church's persecutors was aroused by her precious ornaments. The persecutor of S. Laurence was not more eager to contaminate the faith of that holy deacon than to possess himself of the gold and silver ornaments belonging to the altar which were entrusted to his care, as appears from the verses of Prudentius—

> 'In silver chalices, 'tis said,
> Fuming, the sacred Blood is shed;
> And, fixed on gold, the tapers' light
> Illumes their midnight solemn rite.'

A writer who flourished not many years after Diocletian's persecution, S. Optatus Milevitanus, A.D. 370, particularly mentions the various gold and silver ornaments of the Church which the treasurer could neither conceal nor take away with him, to prevent them falling into the hands of the persecutors.*

* Rock's *Hierurgia.*

Constantine was a prince of superior genius and elevated mind, and such reverence did he feel for the Deity that he never allowed himself the indolent indulgence of addressing God in a supine posture, or even of listening to divine discourses except standing meekly at the altar. He was ever active and vigilant, and so singularly laborious and indefatigable in the cause of religion, that he might truly be said to have merited the title of 'the Great.' To the end of his life he interested himself in the affairs of the Church and the State, without living in voluptuousness or remaining in inactivity.

In the midst of these, and the labours of war, Constantine found time to attend to the differences which were agitating the Church. He convoked the Council of Arles to decide on the schism of the Donatists. The Œcumenical Council of Nice, to which we alluded when dwelling on councils, was compared, by the enthusiasm of an eye witness, to a garland of the most beautiful flowers, or to that apostolic company who experienced the Presence of the Paraclete.

Constantine kissed the wounds of those bishops who had confessed the faith of Christ in the persecution of Licinius, questioning neither their authority in fixing the time for the keeping of Easter, nor their right to decide the dogma attacked by Arius. He gave social and even brilliant entertainments; his Court was magnificent and virtuous; and he procured for himself amusements which were not only thoroughly innocent, but which benefited the cause of religion, inasmuch as they afforded him the means of making many proselytes.

Constantine erected a beautiful palace, near which was his baptistery, celebrated for its ornaments, its paintings, columns, and statues. Before it stood an obelisk, constructed at Thebes, in Upper Egypt. With great courage and humanity, he abolished the horrid custom of the gladiatorial exhibitions and spectacles, after they had prevailed six hundred years, and when the gladiators had become sufficiently numerous to threaten the safety of the Roman State.

Having now restored perfect peace and tranquillity to the Roman world, Constantine formed a resolution of transferring the seat of the empire to some other place. This determination astonished the Court, and various were the conjectures formed. Some of his courtiers imagined that it was because he felt a reluctance to honour that place with his presence which had for so many ages been the chief stage of idolatry, and the horrid scene of martyrdom and persecution. Others again thought that either he was offended with the people of Rome for the abuse with which they had assailed him, when he argued contemptuously against the idolatrous rites which they were celebrating on a festival day, as he was going with his retinue to the Capitol; or that he thought the eastern parts of his empire more immediately required his presence to defend them, not only from the encroachments of the Persians, but against the incursions of the northern nations, who had become formidable; but whatever was the

private reason which influenced Constantine on the occasion, all writers agree that it was a measure very fatal, and unfortunate to the empire of Rome.

After much reflection and many resolves Constantine made choice of Byzantium, which had been almost entirely ruined by the Emperor Severus. Byzantium was a city of Thrace, situated upon the edge of the Bosphorus, a spot which nature appeared to have formed on purpose to command the whole world.

His own palace Constantine placed on the most conspicuous elevation; it was roofed externally with gilded plates of brass, which, when illuminated by the sun, had the appearance of a city on fire. It was surrounded by spacious gardens, comprising the wonders of art and nature. Splendours of Oriental luxury, interspersed with groves, fountains, and temples on all sides, opened to the gaze of the astonished spectators; while the busy scenes of Constantinople, the views over Asia and of the sea, the mingled associations of poetry, history, and antiquity combined to adorn an imperial residence which for beauty and grandeur could be surpassed by none in the world.

Constantine rebuilt, enlarged, and beautified the city with the most stately and magnificent buildings, adding all the exquisite ornaments which art could invent or the most splendid wealth could purchase. Thither he transported the Roman senate and court, as well as all the most curious remains of antiquity which Rome or other parts of the world could furnish. He endowed his new city, which he denominated the 'capital of the Eastern Empire,' with vast privileges and immunities, and peopled it with the most illustrious families he could entice from Rome and other parts of the world.

'The invitations of a master,' says Gibbon, 'are scarcely to be distinguished from commands, and the liberality of the Emperor obtained a ready and cheerful obedience. The lower classes too assembled from various parts of the empire to share in the wealth of Rome thus passed into the East; people taking thither their commerce and tributes, so that the West became a prey to the barbarian.'

The inhabitants unanimously agreed to call the city Constantinopolis, as well as New Rome, after its august founder, and hereby proclaimed it at the head of the Eastern, as Rome was of the Western world, while an edict to the same effect was engraven on a pillar of marble.

The Greeks, as well as the other subjects of the Roman Emperor, were now called Romans, and sometimes Eastern Romans, to distinguish them from the Western—that is, the genuine—Romans. The foundation of the city was laid on the 26th of November, A.D. 328. In two years it was finished and dedicated.

Constantine built many noble churches and oratories in the cities and suburbs, in which he suffered neither image or Pagan festivity; nor allowed the follies, impostures, and vanities of them to be exposed

in the streets. Fourteen churches, fourteen palaces, several triumphal arches, and eight public baths, as well as 153 private ones, are assigned to the founder of the city; he imitated ancient Rome in the construction of sewers. The Church of the Twelve Apostles appears to have been finished a few days before the death of Constantine; it fell to ruin twenty years afterwards, was repaired by Constantius, rebuilt by Justinian, and demolished by Mohammed.

The streets of Constantinople were divided into fourteen regions, ten of which were within the walls of Constantine, the other four being added afterwards.

Gibbon says that 'Constantinople appears to have been formed by nature for the centre and capital of a great monarchy. The imperial city commanded from her seven hills the opposite shores of Europe and Asia; the climate was healthy and temperate, the soil fertile, the harbour secure and capacious.

'The Bosphorus and the Hellespont may be considered as the two gates of Constantinople, and the prince who possessed those important passages could always shut them against a naval enemy and open them to the fleets of commerce. This prospect of beauty, of safety, and of wealth, united in a single spot, was sufficient to justify the choice of Constantine. Whatever could adorn the dignity of a great capital, or contribute to the benefit or pleasure of its numerous inhabitants, was contained within the walls of Constantinople.'

The Catholicity of Constantine has been disputed, because in his last illness, he was baptised by Eusebius of Nicomedia, one of the most ardent supporters of Arianism, and the very bishop whom he had deprived and banished, some years before, for his heretical opinions; but one must bear in mind that Eusebius disguised his true sentiments, and that, exteriorly at least, he lived in communion with the Church. Moreover, the place where Constantine received baptism was in the diocese of Eusebius. If the Emperor had faults, he made reparation for them by his eminent virtues, by a sincere piety, and by the care he bestowed that Christianity should flourish, by the respect which he showed to the clergy.

The treasures, rents, and revenues which belonged to the temples in old Byzantium, Constantine employed in building those magnificent structures with which he adorned the city of Constantinople. Through the means of this Christian emperor the barbarous and distant countries of the then known world shared in the happy influence of the Christian faith, and were rescued from that miserable state of darkness and ignorance under which they had for ages languished. Christianity was so widely diffused at this time over the whole world that a council was assembled at Nice, A.D. 325, composed of 318 bishops, who sat from June 19th to the 25th of August, and who had the immediate care of the different churches then erected in the principal cities and provinces. Nice was a city of Asia Minor, and

was the see of a Greek archbishop; situated in a fertile and abundant country, on a beautiful lake.

The beauty of the new city of Constantinople excited the admiration of the whole world, and from its numerous libraries and conveniences it was long the asylum of learned men, and was soon the rival of Rome in population, magnificence, literature, and fine arts. The murder by Constantine of his son Crispus, at the instigation of his wife Fausta, has been deservedly censured by all writers, and it was certainly a great blot on the character of Constantine the Great. Crispus was highly distinguished for his valour and extensive knowledge. He had been made Cæsar by his father. Fausta, his stepmother, falsely accused him to her husband of so great a crime that in the moment of resentment and displeasure Constantine ordered him to be poisoned; but his repentance for this act was deep and sincere, and he punished Fausta with death.*

The festivities of Easter had just been concluded with more than ordinary magnificence, when Constantine, finding himself unwell, had recourse to the warm baths of Helenopolis, but they failed to allay his disorder. From thence he removed to the neighbourhood of Nicomedia, and there, as his end was evidently approaching, he begged to be baptised, earnestly desiring the Bishop of Nicomedia 'to bestow upon him the blessing of that seal which confers immortality.' He told his attendants that his design had been to receive that sacrament in the river Jordan, after the example of his Saviour, but that as it was otherwise ordained by the Divine Providence, he cheerfully acquiesced.

Upon his knees, in an oratory of the Martyrs, the Emperor implored the forgiveness of God for all past offences; and being admitted a catechumen, with the customary imposition of hands, the desired ceremonial was performed by Eusebius, the Arian bishop. Clothed in white vestments, and placed upon a couch of the same, the dying Constantine refused to touch the purple. After offering up both prayers and praises to God, he added to those around him, 'Now I know myself to be truly blessed and worthy of divine life, having partaken of divine illumination.'

Some centurions, tribunes, and other military leaders who were introduced into the imperial presence, on expressing with many tears their inconsolable sorrow, received from him, as a gentle rebuke, the admonition that they should rather rejoice than mourn, since none but himself could discern the felicity of which he should shortly be the glorified subject: he was hastening home to God, and it was improper by their expressions of grief to procrastinate or bewail his translation thither.

After a glorious reign of thirty-one years (Augustus being the only

* Rogers.

other of the Roman princes who had entered on the thirtieth year of his reign), Constantine the Great died at Nicomedia, on Easter Day, May 22nd, A.D. 337, aged sixty-three years. He died as he had lived, a sincere Christian, ejaculating, 'I am impatient to see my God.' Upon his death-bed Constantine divided his empire amongst his three sons. To Constantine, the elder, he assigned Britain, Spain, Gaul, and part of Africa; to Constans, the youngest, Italy, Illyricum, Macedonia, Greece, the immediate provinces which bordered upon the Euxine Sea, and the remainder of Africa; to Constantius, the second, Mysia, Thrace, Asia, and the East, with Egypt. The eldest, Constantine, was conquered by the armies of his brother Constans, and killed A.D. 340. Constans was killed in his bed after a reign of thirteen years over his share of the empire, and Constantius, the only surviving brother, became sole emperor.

Soon after the age of Constantine, or indeed in the year 364 of the Christian era, a separation was made of the two empires: Rome was called the capital of the Western and Constantinople of the Eastern dominions of Rome, each being under the dominion of different emperors.

Constantine the Great expired amid the sincere lamentations of his people, who valued his talents, revered his fortunes, and too well apprehended that his death would be the signal for anarchy and confusion. The soldiers deposited his remains in a gilded coffin, which, covered with a purple shroud, was conveyed to Constantinople and placed in an apartment of the palace. Tapers burning on golden candlesticks were displayed on all sides, while the household, entering at certain hours, knelt before the corpse, or watched it day and night, until at length Constantius arrived and interred his father in the appointed sepulchre, withdrawing himself, however, from the church, as he had not been baptised, when the service began.

Christ, with His Divine doctrine, came into the world to bring a new light which should dissipate the darkness of idolatry and purify the world from the mass of iniquity with which it was inundated. But this light, so sublime in its beginning, so great in its destination, did not reveal itself all at once to the world, to those eyes which could not understand it.

While the poor were the first who received the truth, the rich were for three centuries its implacable enemies. But at last the time came when it should shine with all its brilliancy, changing the face of the world, after having insensibly prepared men's hearts for the revolution.

With Constantine finishes the first period of the history of the Church. Idolatry is conquered for ever, and the temples of the false gods fall in all parts. The Cross of Jesus Christ is publicly honoured: it shines upon the standard of the emperors and upon the monuments of the imperial city. It is the first complete and public triumph of

the Church; from henceforth the era of cruel and general persecutions is at an end.

Not indeed that the Church has now but to reign and enlighten the world, without trial or combat. On the contrary, the life of the Church is but a series of trials and struggles; and if God has promised her that she should always triumph, He has also announced to her that she should be ever persecuted. Now it is against heresies, then against the foes of her own house, the treachery of false apostles, the abuse of prosperity, the rivalries and jealousies of Christian princes. But always she carries within her her supernatural life, reforming herself with a superhuman authority, enlightening men with light divine, rekindling their love. While implacable to evil of all kinds, she is an eternal benefactress, the true mother of the human race, the source and principle of all that there is good and great, of virtuous and of holy, in the world for nineteen centuries.

Let us see to it, then, that we love this one Holy Catholic Church, believe we what she teaches us, do what she commands us, and rather than abandon her let us be ready to die for her, as did the white-robed army of martyrs, the story of whose lives has been told in former pages.

(*Concluded.*)

AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY C. E. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'LADY BETTY,' 'HANBURY MILLS,' 'HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE,' ETC., ETC.

'Aim high, strike high.'

PART IV.—THE SQUIRE OF OAKBY.

'A lord of fat prize oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pines,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A quarter-sessions chairman.'

CHAPTER XLI.

A NEW AMBITION.

'Like a young courtier of the king's—like the king's young courtier.'

In the first week of September Jack came home, and Bob also came over from Ashrigg to assist in demolishing the partridges. The empty, lonely house affected the spirits of the two lads in a way neither of them had foreseen; the unoccupied drawing-room, the absence of Nettie's rapid footsteps, the freedom from their grandmother's strictures on dress and deportment—all seemed strange and unnatural; and when they were not absolutely out shooting, they hung about disconsolately, and grumbled to Cheriton over every little alteration. Jack indeed recovered himself after a day or two, but he looked solemn, and intensified Cherry's sense that things were amiss, strongly disapproving of his principle of non-interference. He contrived, too, whether innocently or not, to ask questions that exposed Alvar's ignorance of the names and qualities of places and people, and betrayed delays in giving orders, misconceptions of requirements, and many a lapse from order and method. Moreover, the way in which some of the excellent old dependants showed their loyalty to the old *régime*, was by doing nothing without orders. Consequently, a hedge remained unmended till the cows got through into a plantation and ate the tops off the young trees, 'Mr. Lester had given no order on the subject;' and a young horse was thrown down and broke his knees through Mr. Lester desiring the wrong person to exercise him. Then, of two candidates for a situation, Alvar often managed to choose the wrong one, and with the sort of irritability that seemed to be growing on him would not put up with suggestions.

'What?' said Jack, 'one of those poaching, thieving Greens taken on as stable-boy! And Jos too—the worst of the lot? Why, he has been in prison twice. A nice companion for all the other lads

about the place! I saw little Sykes after him this morning. I should have thought you would have stopped *that*, Cherry, at least!'

'I did not know of it, Jack, till too late,' said Cherry, quietly.

'Well,' said Jack, driving his hands into his pockets and frowning fiercely, 'I don't think it's right to let such things pass without a protest. Something will happen that cannot be undone. I don't approve of systems by which people's welfare is thrown into the hands of a few; but if they are—if you are those few, it's—it's more criminal than many things of which the law takes cognisance, to neglect their interest. It's destroying the last relics of reality, and bringing the whole social edifice to destruction.'

'What I think,' said Bob, 'is that if a man's a gentleman, and has been accustomed to see things in a proper point of view, he acts accordingly.'

'A gentleman! A man's only claim to be a gentleman is that he recognises the whole brotherhood of humanity and his duties as a human being.'

'Come, I don't know,' said Bob, not quite sure where these expressions were leading him.

'His duty to his neighbour,' said Cheriton.

'You worry yourself fifty times too much about it all,' said Jack, with vehement inconsistency.

'Well, perhaps I do,' said Cheriton, glad to turn the conversation. 'Come, tell me how you got on in Wales, I have never heard a word of it.'

Jack looked at him for a moment, and with something of an effort began to talk about his reading party; but presently he warmed with the topic, and Cherry brightened into animation at the sound of familiar names and former interests; they began to laugh over old jokes, and quarrel over old subjects of disputation; and they were talking fast and eagerly against each other, with a sort of chorus from Bob, when, looking up, Cherry suddenly saw Alvar standing before them with a letter in his hand.

He was extremely pale, but his eyes blazed with such intensity of wrath, he came up to them with a gesture expressive of such passion, that they all started up; while he burst out—

'I have to tell you that I am scorned, injured, insulted. My grandfather has died——'

'Your grandfather, Don Guzman? Alvar, I am sorry,' exclaimed Cheriton; but Alvar interrupted him—

'Sorrow insults me! I learn that he has made his will, that he leaves all to Manoel, that *I*—I, his grandson, am not fit to be his heir, "since I am a foreigner and a heretic, and unfit to be the owner of Spanish property."'

'That seems very unjust,' said Cheriton, as Alvar paused for a moment.

'Unjust!' cried Alvar. 'I am the victim of injustice. Here and there—it is the same thing. I have been silent—yes, yes—but I will not bear it. I will be what I please, myself—there, here, everywhere!'

'Nay, Alvar,' said Cherry, gently; '*here*, at least, you have met with no injustice.'

'And why?' cried Alvar, with the sudden abandonment of passion which now and then broke through his composure. '*You* are doubtless too honourable to plot and scheme; but your thoughts and your wishes, are they not the same—the same as this most false and unnatural traitor, who has stolen from me my inheritance and my grandfather's love? What do you wish, my brothers—wish in your hearts would happen to the intruder, the stranger, who takes your lands from you? Would you not see me dead at your feet?'

'We never wished you were dead,' said Bob, indignantly, as Alvar walked about the room, threw out his hands with vehement gestures, stamped his foot, and gave way to a violence of expression that would have seemed ludicrous to his brothers but for the fury of passion, which evidently grew with every moment, as if the injury of years was finding vent. All the strong temper of his father seemed roused and expressed with a rush of vindictive passion, his southern blood and training depriving him at once of self-consciousness and self-control.

'What matter what you wish? Am I not condemned to a life which I abhor, to a place that is hateful to me, despised by one whose feet I would kiss, disliked by you all, insulted by those who should be my slaves? What is this country to me, or I to it? I care not for your laws, your magistrates, your people, who hate me, who would shoot me if they dared. And this—this—has lost me the place where I was as good as others. I lose my home for this—for you who stand together and wonder at me. I curse that villain who has robbed me; I curse the fate that has made me doubly an outlaw; most of all I curse my father, whose neglect——'

'Silence!' said Cheriton; 'you do not speak such words in our presence.'

The flood of Alvar's words, half Spanish, half English, had fairly silenced the three brothers with amazement. Now he faced round furiously on Cheriton—

'I will speak——'

'You will *not*,' said Cheriton, grasping his hand, and looking full in his face. 'You forget yourself, Alvar. Don't say what we could never forget or forgive.'

But Alvar flung him off with a violence and scorn that roused the two lads to fury, and made Cheriton's own blood tingle as Jack sprang forward—

'I won't have that,' he said, in a tone as low as Alvar's was high, but to the full as threatening.

'I'll give you a licking if you touch my brother,' shouted Bob, with a rough, schoolboy enforcement of the threat.

'Hush!' said Cheriton; 'for God's sake, stop—all of you! We are not boys now to threaten each other. Stop, while there is time. Stand back, I say, Jack, and be silent!'

The whole thing had passed in half a minute; Alvar's own furious gesture had sobered him, and he threw himself into a seat; while Cheriton's steady voice and look controlled the two lads, and gave Jack time to recollect himself.

There was a moment's silence. Then Alvar stood up, bowed haughtily, like a duellist after the encounter, and walked out of the room. Jack, after a minute, broke into an odd, harsh laugh, and, pushing open the window, leant out of it.

'One wants air. That was a critical moment,' he said.

'I'll not stand that sort of thing; I'll go back to Ashrigg; I'll not come here again,' said Bob. 'What did you stop us for, Cherry, when we were going to show him a piece of our minds?'

'I did not think anybody's mind was fit to be exhibited,' said Cheriton. 'Don't begin to quarrel with me too, Bob; and do not go away to-day on any account.'

'Well!' said Bob, 'if you like such a hollow peace—but I'll not shoot his partridges, nor ride his horses; I'll go for a walk, and I sha'n't come in to dinner!'

Bob flung out of the room, banging the door behind him.

At first the other two hardly spoke a word to each other. Cherry sat down a little apart, and mechanically took up a newspaper. Jack sat in the window, and as his heat subsided, thought over the scene that had passed. He felt that it was more than a foolish outburst of violent temper; it had been a revelation to themselves and to each other of a state of feeling that it seemed to him impossible any longer to ignore. He knew that Cheriton's presence of mind had saved them from words and actions that might have parted them for ever; but what was the use of pretending to get on with Alvar after such a deadly breach? Better leave him to do the best he could in his own way, and go theirs. And Jack's thoughts turned to his own way in the future that he hoped for, success and congenial labour and sweet love to brighten it. After all, a man's early home was not everything to him. And then he looked towards Cheriton, who had dropped his newspaper, and sat looking dreamily before him, with a sad look of disappointment on his face.

'What are you going to do, Cherry?' said Jack.

'Do? Nothing. What can I do?' said Cherry. Then he added, 'We must not make too much of what passed to-day; let us all try and forget it. Alvar has been ill-treated, and we are none of us so

gentle as not to know what a little additional Spanish fire might make of us.'

'To be rough with you!' said Jack.

'Oh, that was accidental. It is the terrible resentment. There, I did not mean to speak of it. Let us get out into the air, and shake it off.'

'It is too wet and cold for you,' said Jack, looking out.

Cheriton flushed at the little check with an impatience that showed how hardly the scene had borne on him.

'Nonsense; don't be fanciful,' he said. 'It won't hurt me—what if it did?'

Jack followed him in silence, and as they walked Cherry talked resolutely of other matters, though with long pauses of silence between.

In the meantime Alvar endured an agony of self-disgust. He could not forgive himself for his loss of dignity, nor his brothers for having witnessed it. Cheriton had conquered him, and the thought rankled so as to obscure even the love he bore him; while all the bitter and vindictive feelings, never recognised as sinful, took possession of him, and held undisputed sway. He was enough of an Englishman to reject his first impulse of rushing back to Seville and calling out his cousin and fighting him. After all, the bitterness was here—and at dinner time he appeared silent, and sullen in manner. Cheriton looked ill and tired, and could hardly eat; but Alvar offered no remark on it, and the younger boys (for Bob did come back) were shy and embarrassed. Alvar answered when Cheriton addressed him with a sort of stiff politeness, and by the next morning had resumed a more ordinary demeanour; but when Bob again suggested going back to Ashrigg, Cheriton and Jack agreed that he had better do so, only charging him not to let Nettie or their grandmother guess at any quarrel.

'And, Cherry,' Jack said, 'suppose we come somewhere together for a little while? A little sea air would do you good—and you could help me with my reading. No one could think it strange, and I am sure you want rest and quiet.'

'No, Jack,' said Cherry. 'It is very good of you, my boy, but—I'll try a little longer. Alvar and I could not come together again if I went away now, and I'll not give up hoping that after all things may right themselves. But you must do as you think best yourself.'

'I shall not leave you here without me,' said Jack; 'but I don't see the use of staying.'

'Well—I shall stay,' said Cherry.

Alvar never alluded again to his letter from Spain; and the others were afraid to start the subject. He was very polite to them, and together they formed engagements, went over to Ashrigg, and led their lives in the usual manner; but there was no real approach, and

Cheriton missed, Alvar's caressing tenderness, and the tact that had always been exercised on his behalf.

He did not, with all this worry, find as much strength to face the coming winter as he had hoped for, and while he thought that going back to London would put an end to the present discomfort, he believed that he would do no good there, and would not a parting from Alvar now be a real separation?

Alvar meanwhile took a fit of attending to business. He spent much time about the place, insisted on being consulted on all subjects, and still more on being instantly obeyed. King Log had vanished, and a very peremptory King Stork appeared in his place. The gentle, courteous, indifferent Alvar seemed possessed with a captious and resentful spirit that brooked no opposition. No one had ever dared to disobey Mr. Lester's orders; but then they had been given with a due regard to possibility, and often after consultation with those by whom they were to be obeyed.

Alvar now proved himself to be equally determined; but he was often ignorant of what was reasonable and of what was not, and though the sturdy north countrymen had given in against their inclination to their superior, they thought it very hard to be driven against their judgment when they were right and 't' strange squire' was wrong, or at least innovating. Now Alvar did know something about horses, and his views of stable management differed somewhat from those prevailing at Oakby, and being based on the experience of a different climate and different conditions, were not always applicable there, and could only of course be carried, as it were, at the sword's point.

Full of this new and intense desire to feel himself master, and to prove himself so, Alvar not unnaturally concentrated his efforts on the one subject where he had something to say. He *could* not lay down the law about turnips and wheat; but he did think that he knew best how to treat the injuries the young horse had received by his own mistaken order.

Perhaps he did; but so did not think old Bill Fisher, who had been about the stables ever since he was twelve, and who, though past much active work, still considered himself an authority from which there was no appeal.

Alvar visited the horse, and desired a certain remedy to be applied to a sprained shoulder, taking some trouble to explain how it was to be made.

Old Bill listened in an evil silence, and instead of saying that so far as he knew one of the ingredients was unattainable at Oakby, or giving his master an alternative, said nothing at all in reply to Alvar's imperious—'Remember, this must be done at once;' but happening soon after to encounter Cheriton, requested him to visit the horse, and desired his opinion of the proper treatment.

Cheriton, ignorant of what had passed, naturally quoted the approved remedy at Oakby, adding—

'Why, Bill, I should have thought you would have known that for yourself.'

'Ay, no one never heard tell of no other,' muttered the old man, proceeding to apply it with some grumbling about strangers, which Cheriton afterwards bitterly rued having turned a deaf ear to.

The next morning Alvar went to see if his plans had been carried out, and discovering how his orders had been disregarded, turned round, and said sternly—

'How have you dared to disobey me?'

'Eh, sir,' said Bill, rather appalled at his master's face, 'this stuff's cured our horses these fifty year.'

'You have disobeyed me,' said Alvar, 'and I will not suffer it. I dismiss you from my service—you may go. I will not forgive you.'

Old Bill lifted up his bent figure, and stared at his master in utter amaze.

'I served your honour's grandfather—me and mine,' he said.

'You cannot obey me. What are your wages? I will pay them—you may go.'

Neither the old man himself, nor the helpers who had begun to gather round, belonged to a race of violent words, or indeed of violent deeds; but there was more hate in the faces that were turned on Alvar than would have winged many an Irish bullet. All were silent, till a little brother of Cherry's friends, the Flemings, called out, saucily enough—

''Twas Mr. Cherry's orders.'

As if stung beyond endurance Alvar turned, caught the boy by the shoulder, and raising his cane struck him once, twice, several times, with a violence of which he himself was hardly conscious.

This was the scene that met Cheriton's startled eyes as he came up to the stable to inquire for the sick horse.

He uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment and dismay, and put his hand on Alvar's shoulder.

Alvar, with a final blow, threw the lad away from him, and faced round on Cheriton, drew himself up, and folded his arms, as he said, regardless of the spectators—

'I will not have it that you interfere with me, to alter my orders, or to stop me in what I do. You shall not do it.'

'I have never interfered with you!' cried Cheriton, fiercely. 'Assuredly I never will. I—I——' He checked himself with a strong effort, and said, very low, 'We are forgetting ourselves by disputing here. If you have anything to say to me, it can be said at a better moment.'

Then without trusting himself with a word or look, he walked slowly away.

Alvar said emphatically—

'Remember, I have said what I desire,' and turned off in another direction; while those left behind held such an 'indignation meeting' as Oakby had never seen.

CHAPTER XLII.

NO USE.

'Learn that each duty makes its claim
Upon one soul, not each on all;
How if God speaks thy brother's name,
Dare thou make answer to the call?'

CHERITON had encountered greater sorrows, he had met with more startling disappointments, but never perhaps had he endured such a complication of feeling as when he turned away and left Alvar in the stable yard. Perhaps he had never been so angry, for Alvar's accusation was peculiarly galling, peculiarly hard to forgive, and impossible to forget. And then there was the bitter sense of utter failure—failure of influence, of tact, of affection, and in so far as he identified himself with the place and the people, there was yet a deeper sense of injury. Every old prejudice, every old distaste, surged up in his mind, and yet he loved Alvar well enough to sharpen the sting. He walked on faster and faster, till want of breath stopped him and brought on one of the fits of coughing to which overhaste or agitation always rendered him liable. He just managed to get back to the house and into the library, where Jack started up, as he threw himself into a chair.

'Cherry, what *is* the matter?'

Cherry could not speak for a moment; and Jack, much frightened, exclaimed—

'What *have* you been doing? Let me call Alvar.'

Cheriton caught his arm as he turned away; and, after a few moments, as he began to get his breath—

'Don't be frightened. I walked too fast up hill.'

'How could you be so foolish!'

'Jack, I suppose I must tell you; indeed, I want to find out the rights of it; and *I* can ask no questions,' he added, with a sudden hurry in his accent.

'What do you mean? What has happened?'

The instinct of not irritating Jack enabled Cheriton to control his own indignation, and he said very quietly—

'When I went up to the stable I found Alvar giving little Chris Fleming a tremendous licking. He was very much vexed with me for —I suppose for trying to interpose; but there were so many people about that we could not discuss it there. I wish you would go and

ask old Bill what Chris had been doing, then come and tell me. Don't say anything to Alvar about it.'

Jack was keen enough to see that this was not quite an adequate account of the matter. He saw that Cheriton was deeply moved in some way; but he was so unfit for discussion just then, that Jack thought the best course was to hurry off on his errand.

He came back in about half-an-hour, looking very serious—too much so to be ready to improve the occasion.

'Alvar has given old Bill warning—do you know that?'

'*No.* What was that for?' cried Cheriton, starting up.

'Bill would not speak a word to me, and Chris had gone off to his brother's; but John Symonds told me what had passed.' Here Jack repeated the story of the ointment, old Bill's disobedience, and Chris's declaration that it had been done by Cheriton's orders.

Cheriton's face cleared a little.

'Ah, I understand now. No wonder Alvar was vexed! I can explain that easily. But old Bill, it *was* very unjustifiable; but if Alvar will not overlook it I do believe it will kill him.'

'I don't see what he would have to live on,' said Jack. 'You know that bad son spent his savings. But Alvar will let him off if you ask him, I dare say.'

'I think you had better do so,' said Cheriton, quietly.

At this moment Alvar came into the room, and Cheriton addressed him at once.

'Alvar, when old Bill asked me about the ointment, I did not know that you had been giving any orders about it. I am very sorry for the mistake.'

'It is not of consequence,' said Alvar. 'Do not trouble yourself about it.'

The words were kind, but the tone was less so; and there was something in Alvar's manner which made it difficult even for Jack to say,

'I'm afraid old Bill Fisher was provoking. He should have told you that he could not get the stuff; but he is such an old servant, and so faithful. I hope you won't dismiss him for it. He seems to belong to us altogether.'

'I shall not change,' said Alvar.

'But it's an extremely harsh measure, and will make every one about the place detest you,' said Jack, still considering himself to be speaking with praiseworthy moderation.

'I will judge myself of the measure.'

Then Cherry conquered his pride, and said pleadingly—

'I wish it very much.'

'I am sorry to grieve you,' said Alvar, more gently; 'but I have determined.'

'Well,' said Jack, losing patience, 'we spoke as much for your sake

as for Bill's. Every one will consider it harsh dealing and a great shame. You'll make them hate you.'

'I will make them fear me,' said Alvar.

'Claptrap and nonsense!' said Jack, but Cheriton interposed—

'Hush, Jack, we have no right to say any more. What must be must.'

To do Alvar justice, he was not aware how deeply he was grieving Cheriton; he felt himself to be asserting his rights, and in the worst corner of his heart knew that any relenting would be ascribed to his brother's influence.

It was a very miserable day. After some hours of astonished sulking, the poor old groom put his pride in his pocket, and came humbly 'to beg t' squire's pardon,' and to entreat Cheriton to intercede for him, recapitulating his years of long service, and his recollections of the old squire's boyhood, till he nearly broke Cherry's heart; and induced him to promise to make another attempt at interceding—a promise which was not given without quite as severe a rebuke as Alvar had ever inflicted, for disrespect to his master's orders.

He was closely followed by the eldest of the Fleming brothers in great indignation.

Nowhere but at Oakby, as the young man took care to observe, would Chris have been allowed to take such a situation, in spite of his love of horses, and troublesomeness at home.

'Chris was impertinent to Mr. Lester,' said Cheriton, hardly knowing what line to take.

Young Fleming was very sorry; in that case he was better at home, and he hoped it would not be inconvenient if he took him away at once.

'I suppose it might be best,' said Cheriton, thoroughly sympathising with the grievance, and thankful to Fleming for not obliging him to hear or say much about it.

'Then sir, maybe you will tell the squire that such is our wish.'

'No, I think you had better write him a note about it.'

The two young men looked at each other, and though Cheriton turned his eyes quickly away, he knew well enough that Fleming understood the whole matter.

'As you please, sir,' he said, 'I wouldn't wish for *you* to be annoyed, Mr. Cherry, and *so* I'll keep out of the squire's way. But Westmoreland men are not black slaves, which no doubt the squire is accustomed to, and accounts for his conduct. It's plain, sir, to any one that can read the newspapers, that there's no liberty in foreign parts, where they're all slaves and papists. Education, sir, teaches us that. And folks do remark that the squire doesn't keep his church as others do, and I *have* heard that he means to establish a Popish chapel like the one at Ravenscroft.'

'Then you have heard the greatest piece of nonsense that ever was

invented. Education might cure you of such notions,' said Cherry. 'You must do as you think best for Chris. I am very sorry.'

The last words were involuntary, and Cherry hurried away before he was betrayed into any further discussion.

Some hours later, as it was growing dusk, he was lying on the window seat in the library, thinking of how he could plead old Fisher's cause without giving offence, and coming slowly to the conclusion that his presence there was doing far more harm than good, that he was risking peace with Alvar, and had better give up the struggle, when Alvar himself came into the room and came up to him.

'Are you not well?' he said, rather constrainedly.

'Only very tired.'

'What have you been doing?' said Alvar, sitting down on the end of the broad cushioned seat, and looking at him.

The words certainly gave an opening; but Cheriton, famous all his life for the most audacious coaxing, could not summon a smile or a joke.

'I have been tired all day,' he said, to gain time for reflection.

'See,' said Alvar, suddenly, 'you are unhappy about this old man, whom I have dismissed.'

'Yes. I don't defend him, far from it; but he is old and crochety, and I think you were harsh with him,' said Cherry, resolutely.

'But is I who should decide what to do with him,' said Alvar.

'Of course. Don't imagine I dispute it,' said Cheriton, thinking this assertion rather foolish.

'You tell me that I should be master; you have told me so often. Well, then, I can be harsh to my servants if I please.'

'If you please, remembering that you and they serve the same Master above.'

Alvar paused for a moment, then said—

'I do not please, at present. I have grieved you, as when I hurt Buffer. I will not be ruled by any one, but the old man shall live in his cottage, and have his wages; but he shall not come into the stables nor near my horses. Does that please you, my brother?'

Cherry had his doubts as to how old Bill might regard or fulfil the conditions, and certainly forbidding a servant to do any work was rather an odd way of punishing him; but he answered gratefully—

'Yes, thank you, you have taken a great weight off my mind.'

'You cough,' said Alvar, after a few moments; 'the weather is getting too cold for you.'

'I thought,' said Cherry, forcing himself to take advantage of the excuse, 'that I would go to the sea for a little while before the winter.'

'Yes, where shall we go?' said Alvar, in a tone of interest. 'Look,' he continued, with wonderful candour, 'here we vex each other because we do not think the same. We are angry with each other; but we

will come away and I will take care of you. Then you shall go to London, and I shall come back, and you will see, I will yet be the squire. Where shall we go, *mi caro?*'

It was almost a dismissal, and so Cheriton felt it to be; but after all it was his own decision, and the return of Alvar's old kindness was very comfortable to him.

'I had hardly thought about that,' he said.

'Well,' returned Alvar, 'we can talk about it. Now, it is cold here, in the window; come nearer to the fire and rest till dinner time.'

As Cheriton sat up and looked out at the stormy sunset he saw little Chris Fleming coming up the path that led round to the back door.

'Ah,' said Alvar cheerfully, following his eyes, 'I do not wish to punish that boy any more. He has had enough, that little rascal.'

Evidently Alvar's conscience was quite at ease, and he did not suppose that he had in any way compromised himself. Cherry began to perceive that Alvar had his own ideas as to what would make him really master of Oakby.

Just after dinner a note was brought to Alvar.

'If you please, sir, this note was found in the passage, just inside the back door.'

Alvar took the letter, lit one of the candles on the chimney-piece, and proceeded to read it.

'MOOR END FARM, *Sept. 29th.*

'HONOURED SIR,—After the events of this morning, I consider it for the best that my brother Christopher should leave your service at once. I have no objection to forfeit any wages due to him, as I do not feel able to give the usual month's notice after what has passed.

'I remain, honoured sir,

'Your obedient servant,

'EDWARD FLEMING.'

Alvar coloured deeply as he read. 'What is this?' he exclaimed. 'May I not punish even a little boy who insults me? Look!' and he threw the letter to his brother.

'It is very awkward,' said Cheriton.

'I think it is insolent,' said Alvar.

'I think there is a great effort to avoid any want of respect in the letter.'

'To take the boy away because he was punished!'

'Well, Alvar, if you or I were in Ned Fleming's place, we shouldn't have liked it.'

'Did you know that this letter was coming?'

'Yes, I did.'

'It is perhaps as you have advised Fleming?'

'No. I gave him no advice; but I knew he would not let the boy stay here.'

'Do you then approve?' said Alvar, in a curious sort of voice.

'From their point of view—yes. You are right in saying that you must make yourself felt as the master; but there is no good in enforcing your authority in a way that is not customary, to say the least of it. In England we can't lay hands on other people, and they *might* have summoned you for an assault, you know.'

'What! before a judge?'

'Before a magistrate.'

'I?' exclaimed Alvar, in a tone of such amazement that Cheriton nearly laughed. 'Who would listen to that little boy against me, who am a gentleman and his master?'

'The little boy is your equal in the eyes of the law, and might meet with more attention just because you *are* his master. Not that I mean to say it would not be regarded as very annoying to convict you,' said Cheriton, thinking of the feelings of Sir John Hubbard on such an emergency.

'I will myself be a magistrate,' said Alvar.

'That you never will,' said Cherry, losing patience, 'while these stories get about, for no one would trust you.'

'Can I not be a magistrate if I choose?'

'Not unless the Lord Lieutenant gives you a commission, of course.'

'I think there is power for every one but me!' said Alvar. 'I may not punish that little—what is your word?—vulgar, common boy. I do not like so much law. Gentlemen should do as they wish. You talk so much about my being landlord and squire. What is the use of it if I may not do as I will? Well, I will send away Fleming from his farm—that is mine at least.'

'I am afraid he has a twenty-one years lease in it,' said Cheriton, rather wickedly, and Alvar, fancying himself laughed at, suddenly put the letter in his pocket and turned away, as the gong sounded for dinner. He disappeared afterwards when they went back to the library, and Cheriton had the forbearance to abstain from giving Jack the benefit of Alvar's peculiar views on the British constitution, though they could not fail to speak of the events of the morning, and Jack said,

'Well, at least he has heard reason about old Bill, and that was of most consequence; but I should think you would be glad to be back in London and out of the way of it all.'

'I am not quite sure about London, Jack,' said Cheriton, after a moment.

What, don't you feel well enough?'

'I don't think I shall ever be good for much there; and besides—I think I should like to talk to you a little, Jack, if you'll listen.'

'Well?'

'You know how I always looked forward to settling in London, and how Uncle Cheriton wished it, and meant to help me on. In fact I never thought of anything else.'

'Yes, I know,' said Jack briefly.

'There was a time when I desired that sort of success intensely, and when things were very much changed for me, I thought it would still—be satisfactory.'

'Yes?'

'But of course, as you know, I soon perceived that the hard continuous work necessary for anything like success was quite out of the question for me—I feel sure that it always will be; and moreover I never felt well in London. I was much better here when I first came back.'

Poor Jack looked as if the disappointment were much fresher and harder to him than to the speaker himself.

'You must know,' Cheriton continued, 'that a doctor once told me at Oxford that the damp soft air there was very bad for a native of such a place as this, and I see now that the last few months there began the mischief; and London has something the same effect on me. That seems to settle the question.'

'I suppose so,' said Jack, so disconsolately that Cherry half smiled, as he resumed,

'Otherwise the pleasant idle life there might have its charms. Though, after all, Jack, I shouldn't like it as things are now. When I expected to be a London man, I expected, as you know—a good deal else. And afterwards even, while all home ties here were safe and sound, one would not get selfish and aimless. But now I couldn't be happy, I think, without a home world that really belonged to me.'

'And so home is being spoilt for you too?' said Jack.

'I see,' returned Cheriton, 'that it won't do. If Alvar is left to himself here he will fight his way now, I think, to some means of managing proper to himself.'

'Or improper,' said Jack.

'Well, to be honest, I am afraid he will make a great many mistakes and do a great deal of mischief. But if I were here—I mean if this place were still to be home to me so that I still felt—as I should feel—a personal concern in all the old interests, Alvar would quarrel with me. I might prevent individual evils; but in the long run I should do harm. He thought at first that I should guide him. Perhaps I thought so too; but it is a false and impossible relation, and it must be put a stop to.'

'But Cherry, I think father looked to you to keep things straight.'

'Yes,' said Cherry, 'but not to make them more crooked, by such disputes as we have had lately.'

Cheriton spoke resolutely, though with a quiver of the lip, and Jack could guess well enough at the pain the resolve was costing him.

'Alvar is quite changed to you!' he said savagely.

'Yes, because he himself is changing. He is different in many ways, and conscious of all sorts of difficulties.'

'But what do you mean to do?'

'Oh, nothing desperate, nothing till the winter is over. Probably I shall go to the sea with Alvar as he suggests. Then if I am pretty well, I shall go and see granny. I have a notion that I should be better here in the cold weather than in London. I want to try.'

'Had you all this in your mind when you settled to buy Uplands?' said Jack suddenly.

'Yes—in part I had.'

'But, you are not thinking of living *there!* What are you driving at, Cherry, I can't understand you?'

'Well, Jack,' said Cherry, slowly and with rising colour, 'I will tell you, but I wanted to show you the process. And you must remember that it is only an idea, known to no one, and very probably may prove impossible, perhaps undesirable.'

'Tell me,' said Jack, more gently. Any scheme for the future was a relief from listening to the laying aside of hopes which he knew had been so much a part of Cheriton's being.

'Well,' said Cherry again, "I'm afraid my motives are rather poor ones. You see, after Oakby there's no place for me like Elderthwaite. I want the feeling, as I say, of a place and neighbours of my own. I suppose I am used to playing first fiddle, and to looking after other people's concerns. Granny always said I was a gossip. Then I'm narrow-minded, perhaps I have had too much taken out of me to think of starting fresh. And you know the old parson will always put up with me, and so will Elderthwaite people. And I want an object in life—if you knew how dreary it is to be without one! If they had a strange curate he would set them all by the ears, and the parson would make a fool of himself! So if Mr. Ellesmere thinks the bishop would consent, and approves, and if I am fit for anything, I thought that I would try.'

Jack was silent for some moments. He understood Cheriton well enough to 'follow the process,' but it affected him strongly, and at last he said, gravely,

"I am afraid all the vexation here has put this into your head.'

'Partly,' said Cherry, simply, 'this actual thing. I can't say anything of other motives of course, Jack. I know that it looks like that, in fact it *is* turning to this—which ought to be the offering of all one's best—when other careers have failed me. And I know that those who sympathise the least will be the most inclined to say so. But it is not quite so. I *have* always wished to be of use, of service, here especially. I thought I saw how. I have the same wish still, and this seems to offer me a way. It is but a gathering up of the fragments, but I trust He will accept.'

Jack's view rather was that the plan was not good enough for his brother, than that his brother was not good enough for it.

'You were always good enough for anything, if that is what you

mean,' he said. 'But I do understand, Cherry, about wanting an object; only—only it's such an odd one.'

'I tell you,' said Cherry, brightly, for the disclosure was a great relief to him, 'that that's the very point. I don't think I get on amiss with any one, even with the *Sevillanos*, but down at the bottom of my heart, Jack, I'm not far removed—we none of us are—from "There's a stranger, 'eave 'alf a brick at him," and when I think of any direct dealing with people, anything like clerical work, why, except to my own kith and kin, I should have nothing to say. The self-denial of missionaries seems to me incredible. I could not do as Bob means to do, even, I think, if health and strength were to be the reward of it. It's a very unworthy weakness, I know, but I can't help it.'

'You would get on very well anywhere,' said Jack; 'that is all nonsense. I don't believe Elderthwaite would agree with you, and you could overwork yourself just as well there as anywhere else.'

'Well, as to the place agreeing with me, that remains to be proved. It's a very small church, and a small place; and I hope I might be able to do the little they are fit for—at present. But I know it may prove to be out of the question.'

Jack was silent. He could not bear to vex Cherry by opposing a scheme which seemed to offer him some pleasure in the midst of his annoyances, and if his brother had proposed to take orders with more ordinary expectations, it would have been quite in accordance with the Oakby code of what was fitting. But there was something in the consecration of what Cheriton evidently viewed as a probably short life and failing powers to an object so unselfish, and yet, as it seemed to Jack, so commonplace, it was so like Cherry, and yet showed such a conquest of himself—there was such humility in the acknowledgment that he was only just fit for the sort of imperfect work that offered itself, and yet such a complete sense that no one else could manage that particular bit of work so well—it was, as Jack said, 'so odd,' that it thrilled him through and through, and he was glad that Alvar's entrance saved him from a reply.

CHAPTER XLIII.

REVENGE.

'"Now, look you," said my brother, "you may talk,
Till, weary with the talk, I answer nay."'

ALVAR, having avoided his brothers after dinner, came back into the hall, and, sitting down by the fire, lighted a cigarette. As he sat there in the great chair by himself, the flames flickering on the oak panels, and the subdued light of the lamp failing to penetrate the dark corners of the old hall, his face took an expression of melancholy, and there was an air of loneliness about his solitary figure—a loneliness which was not merely external. He was perplexed and unhappy, and

the fact that his unhappiness had roused in his breast pride and jealousy and anger, did not make it less real. He had not come to the point of owning himself in the wrong, and yet he felt puzzled. He could not see how he had offended. It was a critical moment. Gentle and affectionate as Cheriton was, and happy as the relations had hitherto been between them, Alvar felt himself judged and condemned by his brother's higher standard, now that he had at last become aware of its existence. He had never been distressed by Virginia's way of looking at things, she was a woman, and her views could not affect his; and for a long time, as has been said, he had regarded Cheriton's ideas of duty as as much an idiosyncracy as his fair complexion, or his affection for Rolla and Buffer. Now he perceived that Cheriton himself did not so regard them, but, with whatever excuses and limitations, expected them to be binding on Alvar himself; and Alvar's whole nature kicked against the criticism. Cheriton had been clear-sighted enough to perceive this, and so judged it better to draw back; but Alvar, through clouds and darkness, had seen a glimpse of the light. He *knew* that Cheriton was right, and the knowledge irritated him. In a fitful, dark sort of way he tried to assert his independence and yet justify himself to Cheriton. It was doubtful whether he would gradually follow the light thus held out to him or decidedly turn away from it, and just now his wounded pride prompted him to the latter course. He would go his own way, and when he had settled his affairs to his mind, his brothers should own that he was right. And yet—did he not owe a debt, never to be forgotten, to the kind hand that had welcomed him, the bright face that had smiled on him, long ago, on that dreary Christmas Eve? Alvar did *not* say to himself, as he perhaps might have done with truth, that he had repaid Cheriton's early kindness to him tenfold; but he thought of the joyous, active youth, whose animal spirits, constant activity, and frequent laughter had been such a new experience to him.

As Alvar thought how great the change had been, his softer feelings revived, and with them the instinct of caring for his brother's comfort in a thousand trifling ways. He remembered that Cheriton had hardly eaten any dinner, and rose, intending to go to him and persuade him to have some of the chocolate for which he had never lost the liking gained in Spain. As he moved towards the library the butler came into the hall, and with some excitement told him that Fletcher, his farm bailiff, wanted to speak to him.

'But it is too late,' said Alvar. 'He may come to-morrow.'

'Indeed, sir, I think it is of consequence. Some ill-disposed persons, sir, have set one of your ricks on fire, as I understand,' said the butler, with the air of elevation with which the news of any misdemeanour is usually communicated.

'Tell him, then, to come in,' said Alvar, coolly; and Fletcher

appearing, deposed that a certain valuable hay-rick, in a field about a mile from the house, on a small farm called Holywell, which had always been managed, together with the home farm, by Mr. Lester himself, had been discovered by one of the men going home from work to be on fire. In spite of all their efforts a great part had been burnt, and the rest much injured by the water used to put out the fire.

'And how did the hay catch fire?' asked Alvar, with composure.

'Well, sir, that young lad Fleming was found hanging about behind a hedge, as soon as we had eyes for anything but the flames; and after this morning's work, and words that many have heard him drop, the constable thought it his duty to take him up on suspicion, and he is in the lock-up at Hazelby.'

Fletcher eyed his master as he spoke, to see how the intelligence would be received.

'Ah, then,' said Alvar, 'he will be sent to prison.'

'The magistrates meet on Thursday, sir—day after to-morrow; but arson being a criminal offence, he'll be committed for trial at quarter sessions,' said Fletcher, in an instructive manner. 'Wilfully setting fire to property we name arson, sir; the sentence is transportation for a term of years, sir.'

'It is the passion of revenge,' said Alvar, calmly. 'It does not surprise me.'

Fletcher looked as if the squire surprised him greatly; but Alvar wished him good night, and dismissed him.

'Why—the old squire would have been up at Holywell and counted the very sticks of hay that was left!' he thought to himself as he withdrew; while Alvar went and communicated the intelligence to his brothers.

Cheriton listened, dismayed, while Jack exclaimed—

'I don't believe it! No Fleming ever was such a fool.'

'But he was angry with me,' said Alvar. 'He might have stabbed me out of revenge.'

'Nonsense; we don't live in Ireland, nor in Spain either! They'll never forgive you, of course, to their dying day, but they won't put you in the right by breaking the law—we're too far north for that.'

'Fletcher doesn't belong to these parts, you know,' said Cherry; 'he might take up an idea. I do think it most unlikely that a boy brought up like Chris would commit such an act. Besides, we saw him down here. When was the fire seen?'

'I do not know,' said Alvar, 'but Fletcher said that he was there.'

'It can't be,' said Cheriton, 'I cannot believe it. But they'll never get over the boy being taken up at all. Why on earth did they never let us know what was going on! I wish I had been there.'

'Yes; a fire, and for us never to know of it!' said Jack, regretfully.

'I think that Chris is a bad boy, and that he has done it,' said Alvar. 'But I do not care about the hay. What does that matter?'

'Why, the rick was worth forty pounds,' said Cherry.

'I do not care for forty pounds. I care that I shall be obeyed,' said Alvar.

A great deal more discussion followed, chiefly between Alvar and Jack; the latter at last relieving his mind of much of the good advice which he had long been burning to bestow. He showed Alvar his errors at length, and in the clearest language. Alvar took it very coolly, and without much more interest than if it had been an essay. He was not, as they would have expected, enraged at the burnt rick; indeed Cheriton could not help fancying that he regarded it as a justification of his violence towards Chris. As usual, it was the sense of Cheriton's opposing view rather than the thing itself that annoyed him.

'Don't worry yourself, Cherry,' said Jack, as he wished him good night. 'I'll go the first thing in the morning and find out the rights of it.'

Accordingly, before either of his brothers appeared, Jack started off through wind and rain and investigated the story of the burnt rick.

He returned in high feather, and found them still at breakfast; for Alvar by no means held his father's opinion as to the merits of early rising.

'Well,' said Jack, 'it's clear that Chris had nothing to do with it. He left home at half-past four, went straight to old Bill's cottage, where Alice Fisher gave him some tea, and where no doubt they indulged in a good crack, left them at half-past five, and came straight up here with the note for Alvar, when you saw him.'

'Yes,' said Cherry, 'I looked at the clock when I came over to the fire.'

'Well, then, John Kitson saw the rick on fire exactly at half past five, he heard the church clock strike; so if you and Alvar go over to Hazelby to-morrow, and prove that Chris came here on his way from old Bill's at that time, you can set it all to rights in a moment. And if that idiot Fletcher had sent for you—for Alvar—last night, poor Chris would never have been suspected.'

'Well, Jack, you have done a good morning's work,' said Cherry, much relieved.

'Yes. Give me some coffee, I had hardly any breakfast,' said Jack, cutting himself some cold beef. 'It is such a cold morning too.'

'And who did set the rick on fire then?' said Cherry.

'Ah, that's not so clear. Fletcher and Jos Green had a shindy a day or two ago, and that lad is capable of anything; but, after all, it was most likely an accident.'

Alvar all this time had eaten his breakfast in silence. He did not disbelieve Jack's evidence, but perhaps he hardly felt its force, and the sense of having been nearly concerned in committing an injustice did not strike him as forcibly as it did the others. He felt, perhaps

not unnaturally, a sense of intense irritation against the whole Fleming family, and a wish never to hear their names again. Besides, Jack was openly triumphant, and he could not doubt that Cherry was secretly so.

The conversation dropped therefore, and Alvar, as the weather brightened, ordered his horse and went out. Jack retreated to his books; and presently came the vicar to hear the rights of the story about Chris Fleming.

Cheriton said as little as he could, declaring that the arrest had been an entire mistake which they much regretted, and that Alvar would take care that it was set right to-morrow.

'Have you heard of the outbreak of reforming zeal at Elderthwaite?' asked Mr. Ellesmere.

'Yes,' said Cheriton, colouring. 'Miss Seyton told me about it, and besides, Clements was full of it when I saw him last. You see some new blood has come into the place, and there is a violent reaction; of course only among the few.'

'Yes. Clements came to consult me about writing to the bishop. They want to have a curate; but I am afraid the old parson has set all his strength against it, and there are plenty to back him up. Besides, I don't see how the payment could be managed, as of course Miss Seyton will not act against her uncle. I told Clements to have patience; but a good deal of ill-feeling is cropping up. I wish you would go over and see if you can smooth things down a little.'

'Do you think I could?'

'Why yes; you always take Elderthwaite abuses under your protection. You would be the only curate to please the parson and his parishioners too!'

Mr. Ellesmere spoke entirely in jest, and was exceedingly surprised when Cheriton answered seriously—

'Indeed, I have thought so;' and then proceeded, at greater length than he had done with Jack, to unfold his project. He did not try to prepossess the vicar in its favour, nor touch on his home difficulties, save by saying that an idle life at Oakby would not suit him. He said plainly that he felt that only the peculiar circumstances of Elderthwaite, and his own independent means, could justify such a step in one who believed himself likely to have but little time and less strength before him. Would Mr. Ellesmere explain the whole state of the case to the bishop, and ask—other matters being satisfactory—would he ordain him if the next spring he found himself capable of doing anything.

'And would this really content you, Cherry?' said Mr. Ellesmere. 'It would be clerical work in its most unattractive form, among, I should say, very unattractive people?'

'Not to me,' said Cheriton. 'It would not be a distasteful life to me.'

'And then the climate here——'

'That the doctors shall decide next spring,' said Cherry, smiling.

'I don't see my way to it, my boy,' said Mr. Ellesmere, struck by his fragile look. 'You must not run risks, and you would take responsibilities upon you which would make each particular risk seem unavoidable.'

Cheriton evidently did not see his way to a reply. His face fell. The vivid, vigorous nature, checked at every turn, was ever striving after a fresh outlet. The instinct to be up and doing, to put his hand to everything that came to it, could not be stifled by loss and disappointment, or even by want of physical health and strength. After a pause he said, in an altered voice—

'There are things that make it seem as if that did not much matter. I mean it is my own concern, *now*. A short life and a busy one is better than a few more months, or years even, like mine.'

'I do not think your life has ever been useless yet, Cherry, even under the limitations that have been laid on it,' said Mr. Ellesmere, quietly.

Cheriton sat looking into the fire in silence, then he turned round and smiled with much of his old playful defiance, though there was a deeper undercurrent.

'You can keep a look out on me all the winter, and tell the Elderthwaite reformers that they don't know what may happen if they will only have patience. Then next spring I'll come and ask your advice again, and if you make out a very good case against me, why—*I'll give in.*'

He uttered the last words slowly, and Mr. Ellesmere fully understood all that they implied. He feared that the question might be answered for him before next spring.

Cherry himself felt that he had not taken a very favourable moment for putting forward his designs, for he was neither looking nor feeling well, and could hardly point to himself as a proof of the suitability of his native climate. Still the communication had given a certain point to look forward to, and was an individual interest apart from the confusing worry of affairs at Oakby. If, after the present crisis had subsided, Alvar still held to his intention of going to the sea with him, their old friendliness would soon supersede the present irritation. Then afterwards he would go to London, break up his arrangements there, and see the Stanforths, and would then spend Christmas with his grandmother. In the meantime he would be exceedingly prudent, and having regard both to the bad weather and to the charge of interference, would leave Alvar to go by himself to Hazelby to-morrow.

Alvar's ride had been interrupted by an encounter with Edward Fleming, full of resentment, by no means unnatural, though it was by this time somewhat unreasonable, for he could hardly help believing

that the accusation against Chris had been intentional. A very sturdy and recalcitrant north-countryman he showed himself, respectful indeed in word to the squire, but intensely conscious of his injuries, and giving the squire very plainly to understand that a full explanation before all the magistrates at Hazelby, not to say a full apology, was no more than his duty, and fully to be expected of him. It was an unfortunate meeting. An appeal to Alvar's generosity and protection would have been instantly responded to; but the one form of pride roused the other, and stirred up the fear of dictation in his mind. He looked down at the sullen, resolute face of the young farmer with an expression of intense haughtiness, a look which, on the dark foreign face, seemed utterly hateful to Fleming, and said, as he made his horse move on—

'That is as I shall please.'

'If you let my brother be wronged, sir,' said Fleming, 'mark me, you'll repent it. 'Tis not the way your father would treat an old tenant, nor your brother either. A dog had his rights at their hands.'

And in a rage, intensified by his consciousness of Alvar's scorn, he flung off with a sense of injury which would have led an Irishman to fire a shot, but which, in the English farmer, meant opposing the squire in Church and State, disobliging him on every private and parochial question, taking on every occasion the other side, and carrying on this line of conduct till his dying day.

He was young, too, and, as he had remarked to Cheriton, had education, and he might confide his grievance to the county paper. But he was both too proud and too generous to appeal again to Cheriton, and besides, he never supposed for a moment that the squire would withhold his evidence.

But Alvar's wrath was hot within him. As master against servant, as head of the family against his juniors, above all, as gentleman against peasant, he felt bound to assert himself and his authority. No one should threaten him into begging off the boy who had insulted him, and whose family had so defied him. He would not yield to any one's view of his duty. Let the insolent boy have a few weeks more of suspense; what did it matter? When the real trial came he would condescend to give evidence in his favour (*subpœnas* did not at that moment occur to his mind), and would explain to the judge why he had chosen to delay his evidence. Then every one would see with what vigour he could administer his estate, and perhaps he would, to please Cheriton, then of his own free will confer some benefit on the Flemings which would make everything smooth.

Of course Alvar was not so foolish as his intentions, but all his past negligence had resulted in an amount of present ignorance of his surroundings which made such a scheme appear possible to him. It did strike him that Cheriton might take the matter into his own

hands, and go to Hazelby himself; but so great a point had been made of his own going that he hardly knew how far this would supersede the need for it, and he did not mean to provoke a discussion.

Circumstances favoured him; Jack was going to dine and sleep at Ashrigg, he himself had another dinner engagement, and on the next day he had really promised to go early and shoot with Lord Milford. Cheriton had forgotten all about this, and, anxious not to irritate Alvar, said nothing about the magistrates' meeting during the short time they were together.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A NEW LIFE.

'His peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.'

THE next morning Cheriton slept late, and awoke to the consciousness that he had caught a slight cold, 'which,' as he said to himself, 'might happen to any one.'

'Will you ask Mr. Lester to come to me before he goes to Hazelby?' he said, not feeling quite able to satisfy himself that Alvar had all the needful evidence clear in his head.

'Mr. Lester is not going to Hazelby, sir,' said the man; 'he went to Lord Milford's early this morning in the dog-cart. He left word that he would not disturb you, sir.'

The engagement at Milford flashed across Cheriton's mind, and with dismay and indignation he perceived that Alvar had not thought it worth while to break it on Chris Fleming's account. In a moment he recognised the utter ruin that would fall on all chance of Alvar's success with his tenants, still more the disgrace that he would bring on himself in the eyes of the whole bench of magistrates, by the neglect of such an obvious duty, while on his own part he felt that it was such an unkindness as he hardly knew how to forgive. His first impulse was to let the matter alone, and to leave Alvar to bear the brunt of his own misdoings. But then the thought came of the distress to the Flemings, of the fatal injury to the boy from the weeks of undeserved detention, and, after all, the discredit would fall on them all alike. He forgot all his intention of nursing his cold, forgot its very existence, as he perceived, on looking at his watch, that he had barely time to reach Hazelby for the meeting.

'It is all the same,' he said, 'my going to Hazelby will answer every purpose. Tell them to bring Molly round at once. As Mr. Lester has the dog-cart, I will ride.'

'There is a very cold wind, and it looks like rain, sir.'

'That can't be helped,' said Cheriton, 'there is no time to lose.'

He tried to make his expedition seem a matter of course; but every one in the house believed that he went because the squire had gone off on his own pleasure, or out of what the old cook did not hesitate to call 'nasty spite,' had refused to justify little Fleming. Indeed, as Cheriton rode hurriedly away, he could hardly divest himself of the same opinion.

In the meanwhile, Alvar no sooner found himself well on the way to Milford than he began to feel pangs of compunction. The cold wind and drizzling rain beat in his face, as the conviction was borne in upon him that Cheriton would certainly go to Hazelby in his place. He had not been at Milford since the day of the great rejoicing, when Cheriton, with all his fresh honours, had met them there, had wooed, and, as he thought, won Ruth Seyton; when he himself was Virginia's acknowledged lover. He called her to mind, as she had walked by his side in smiling content, as she played with the children—felt *now*, as he never had then, the wistfulness of her eyes when they met his, and almost for the first time he recognised that the want of devotion had been on his side. He had not loved her enough. A sense of discouragement and despondence seized on him, a deep melancholy softened the resentment which he had been cherishing. As he looked back on the years of his father's neglect, on Virginia's dismissal, on his brother's views of what his position required, for once the sense of his own shortcomings overpowered his sense of the many excuses for them. His indifference to the chance of Cheriton's running a great risk touched him with a self-reproach for which his theories of life offered no palliative. He could not rest, and with a suddenness and vehemence of action most unusual with him, he turned to Lord Milford as they prepared to start on their day's sport, declared that he had suddenly recollected an important engagement, and must beg them to excuse him at once; overruled all objections on the score of his horse wanting rest by declaring that he would only drive to the station, and go by train to Hazelby.

'I am humiliated by my want of courtesy to your lordship, but it is necessary that I should go,' he said; but what with the delay of starting, and the absence of a train at the last moment, the magistrates' meeting was over long before he reached Hazelby, every one had dispersed, and the court-house was shut.

He could not bring himself to ask any questions; but ordered a conveyance and started on his way back to Oakby, hardly knowing whether to reveal his change of purpose or not. On the road he passed the three Fleming brothers, trudging home through the mud. They looked away, and omitted to touch their hats to him. Alvar said to himself that he did not care; but the sense of unpopularity can never be other than bitter. He thought to himself that after all English gentlemen did not always live on their estates, There were hundreds of his father's rank who did not hold his father's view of their duties.

He could shut Oakby up, let it, go where he would never see it again. But where? Never as the disinherited heir would he set foot in Seville, and he had no craving to hunt tigers in India, or buffaloes on the prairies. He did not wish to go yachting; did not care to travel; he hated the fogs and the colourlessness of London. He was as little ready to cut himself loose from all his moorings as Cheriton himself. Suddenly, as he drove on, he saw one of the Oakby grooms riding fast towards him. The man pulled up as he passed.

'Mr. Cheriton is ill, sir; Mrs. Lester is there, and she sent me for the doctor.'

Alvar felt as if he had been shot.

'Ride on,' he said, breathlessly; then seized the driver of the trap by the shoulder—'Drive fast; I will give you five pounds if you will drive fast. My brother is ill; he will want me.'

'Ay, sir—all right, sir,' said the lad, lashing up his horse.

Alvar felt as if a telegraph would have been slow; but he folded his arms and sat like a statue till they reached the door, when he sprang out, and at the foot of the stairs saw Jack.

'Alvar! you here!' he exclaimed.

'What is it?—where is he?—what has happened?—tell me!' cried Alvar.

'Cherry went to Hazelby, of course, to clear Chris, as you were out of the way. He was so done up when he came back, and seems so evidently in for just such a bad attack as he had before, that granny, who came back here with me, sent for Mr. Adamson. Yes, he is in bed; he was wet through.'

Jack's face was like thunder; but Alvar dashed past him up stairs, and opened the door of his brother's room.

Cheriton was sitting up in bed. He had recovered a little from the exhaustion of his hasty ride, and though suffering much pain and oppression, was spending some of the little breath he had left, in trying to explain matters to his grandmother.

'You always were a perverse lad, or you would not be using your voice now, Cherry,' she said. 'When your brother comes back, I shall give him a piece of my mind.'

'There he is,' cried Cherry. There was a look in his eyes for a moment as if he hardly knew how they were to meet; but as Alvar advanced into the room, all his vehemence subsided. He came up to the bed, and laid his hand on Cheriton's with the old tender touch.

'You are ill, *mi caro*. I think you must not talk so much just now.'

Cheriton looked up in his face, and read in it, steady as was the voice, an altogether new terror and trouble.

'*This* is my own fault,' he said. 'I was in such a hurry—that—I would not wait for the carriage. After all, there would have been time.'

'Oh, my brother—my brother!' cried Alvar, losing his self-control, 'your fault! Grandmother, it is I who have let him kill himself.'

'You are just crazy,' said Mrs. Lester, agitated and angry, as Alvar rushed up to her, and threw himself on his knees beside her chair, clasping her hands in his. 'I don't care whose fault it is. No doubt you are one as bad as the other. For the last half hour I have been trying to make Cherry hold his tongue, and now you make a worse turmoil than ever. Since my poor son went there is no one to look to.'

Mrs. Lester was shaken and terrified by the shock of sudden alarm, and agitated by Alvar's extraordinary behaviour, and thus her still fresh grief came back on her, and she burst into tears.

'Oh, granny, don't—don't!' cried Cherry, and the distress of his tone recalled Alvar to his senses.

'Oh, I am a fool!' he said, and getting up he applied himself to soothe his grandmother with all the tact of which he was master, and was so successful, that in a few minutes she went away in search of some remedy for Cheriton, who, as he was left alone with his brother, felt, spite of his increasing suffering, the old sense of repose in Alvar's care creep over him.

'As violent an attack as the last, and much less strength to meet it,' was the doctor's verdict, and the great common terror hushed for the time all disputes and differences.

Mrs. Lester remained at Oakby, Nettie had returned to London a few days previously, and both she and Bob held themselves ready for a sudden summons.

Mrs. Lester questioned Alvar on that first evening about all that had passed, in a dry, caustic fashion, while he answered, meekly enough. 'Why, ye'll have made yourself a laughing-stock to the whole place,' was her only comment on the story of the horsewhipping.

Alvar coloured to his temples, but said nothing; the reproach of Jack's silent misery was much harder to bear. He who knew how all the last weeks had been troubled by Alvar's fault, could not forgive, and felt that if Cheriton died, he could never bear the sight of Alvar again.

Alvar himself was shaken and disturbed as he had never been before. He had lost all the calm hopefulness and power of living in the present that had made him such a support in Cheriton's previous illness; and though he was still a devoted and efficient nurse to him, there were times when he was quite unable to control his distress. He was frightened, and expected the worst; and poor Jack had to try to encourage him, a process that much softened his indignation.

All this was fully apparent to Cheriton. There was no longer the daze and confusion of that first attack of illness, the boyish astonishment at the fact of being ill at all, the novelty of all the surroundings, now alas, so familiar; no longer too the sense that the exceeding

sweetness of life made death incredible; no longer the same instinctive dependence on those around. Since then Cheriton had travelled a long way on the road of life, had looked across the dark river, and grown familiar with the thought of its other shore; he was no longer frightened at his own suffering, or at its probable result, and, as his senses were generally clear, except sometimes at night, or when under the influence of the remedies, he was able to think for others—a habit in which he had gained considerable skill.

He made Alvar write to Mr. Stanforth, and beg that Gipsy might write to Jack, knowing that the surprise and joy of such a letter, and the relief of pouring out his heart in the answer, must lighten the heavy weight of the poor boy's anxiety; and so, in truth, it did, though Jack could never trust himself to thank Cherry for his kind thought. He also made the vicar go to Edward Fleming, and tell him that Alvar had only been a few minutes too late in coming to give evidence, and to entreat him to lay aside any ill-feeling for the misunderstanding, 'which,' he said, 'was partly caused by my bad management. He thought much about the state of affairs at Elderthwaite, or rather, perhaps, recalled at intervals much previous thinking. He was not equal to anything like a connected conversation, and he knew that no one would let the poor vehement old parson come near him; but he greatly astonished his grandmother by telling her that he had an especial desire to see Virginia Seyton.

'I cannot talk enough to tell you why,' he said; 'but granny, do get her to come.'

Mrs. Lester promised; for how could she refuse him? He gave a good many directions to Mr. Ellesmere, and in especial desired that a certain cup, won many years ago at some county athletic sports in a contest with his cousin Rupert, should be given to him as a remembrance.

From only one thing Cheriton's whole heart shrank, and that was from forcing Jack to listen to parting words. He had several things to say to him, but he put them off; he could not bear the sight of Jack's grief, and in this case could not trust his own self-command. It was the one parting that he could not yet face.

With Alvar it was different. In one way he had with him much less sense of self-restraint, and in another, things lay between them that must be cleared away.

This state of things lasted for several days, and all the while the hard struggle between the remedies and the disease went on, a hand-to-hand fight indeed, and Cheriton's strength ebbed away, till he knew that he dared wait no longer for what he wanted to say.

It had been raining, but the yellow, level light of an October evening was shining through the thinly-clothed boughs of the great elms, and lighting up the russet and amber of the woodlands; while

the purple hills beyond were still heavy with clouds—clouds receding more and more as the clear blue spread over the sky.

As Cheriton listened to the noise of the rooks, and looked out at the sunset, he recalled the awe and strange curiosity, the clinging to the dear home, to the dearer love which had made life so dear; the attempted submission, the dim trust that death, if it came, must be well for him, with which he had first said to himself that he must die; remembered, too, other hours, when in weakness of body and anguish of soul he had found it still harder to believe that it must be well for him that he should live. The passionate joy, the passionate sorrow had passed away, or rather had been offered at last as a willing sacrifice, and the loving kindly spirit had found sweetness in life without the first, while much anxiety, much trying disappointment, had succeeded to the second. Now there came over him a wonderful peace, as he summoned his strength for what he had in his mind to say.

With a look and sign he called Alvar over to him; and Jack, who was sitting apart in the window, watched and listened.

'Alvar,' he said, taking hold of his hand, 'I see it clearly.' And the intent, wide-open eyes seemed to Jack as if they could indeed look beyond the mists of life. 'We were wrong to wish you like ourselves. Forgive me. You—yourself—can be as good for Oakby as—I—yes—as my father. But there is only one way for us both—to love God with all our hearts and our neighbour as ourself. To take pains about it for His sake. That is the truth, Alvar—the truth as I know it!'

'Ah!' cried Alvar, 'but I do not love my neighbours! that *is* the difference. But I love you, oh! my brother—my brother! Is it religion that will make me what you wish? I will be religious; I will no longer be careless; but oh, *caro—caro mio!* if I lose you, I have no heart to change. I have grieved you. Oh! what punishment is there for me? I would do penance like Manoel. What can I do?'

Alvar flung himself on his knees, the tears started in his eyes and choked his voice. At last he was stirred to the depths, and instincts deeper than teaching or training came to the surface.

'You know Who bore our sins for us,' said Cheriton, 'because He loved us.'

How much or how little Alvar knew, after his formal teaching, and careless, unmoved youth, would be hard to say; probably Cheriton could not conceive how little; but face, voice, and manner had moved the elder brother's soul to a great conviction, however little he realised what Cheriton had meant to say.

He called on that Name which his brothers had never heard from his lips before, save in some careless foreign oath.

'I swear,' he said—'I swear that I will be a religious man, and

that I will be a good squire to Oakby. I make it a vow if my brother recovers——'

'Oh, hush—hush!' interposed Cheriton. 'If not—we shall meet again—and you *must* be good to Oakby. Let me know you will!'

'I will! I will!' cried Alvar, completely carried away. He would have thrown his arms round Cheriton, but Jack interposed—

'Alvar! Alvar! this is enough. He *must* not have this agitation.' Alvar yielded, but, too much overcome to control himself, rushed out of the room.

As he hurried blindly down the stairs he met Mr. Ellesmere, and with a sudden impulse caught hold of his hand.

'Mr. Ellesmere, you are a priest. I have sworn to him that I will change, that I will be religious. I give myself up to you. I will do whatever you wish. I swear to obey you——'

'Gently, gently!' said the astonished vicar. 'You are too much agitated to know what you say. Come with me into the study; tell me what has passed. Believe me that I desire to help you in this great sorrow.'

Alvar followed him, and as Mr. Ellesmere talked and listened to him, he began to hope that, in spite of an ignorance which he had hitherto had neither the conscientious desire, nor the intellectual curiosity, to diminish, in spite of blind impulses rashly followed, the will for good that must bring a blessing had at last been awakened, even in this strange longing for vow and penance, an instinct that seemed inherited without the faith from which it had sprung. Alvar was in the mood which might have made his Spanish ancestors vow all their worldly goods away and think to buy a blessing, and to listen to him without unduly checking his vehemence, and yet to lead his thoughts upward, was a hard task; since Alvar was left subdued and quieted, and yet with an inkling of what had been really wrong with him, it may be inferred that Mr. Ellesmere succeeded better than he had hoped to do.

Meanwhile, to poor Jack, every word of Cheriton's had thrilled with a thousand meanings. He knew that silence was imperative, and did not mean to say another word; but Cherry felt his hand tremble as he gave him some water, and looked up at him with a smile.

'You will have Gipsy soon,' he whispered, 'my own dear boy.'

Jack pressed his hand. 'To take pains for His sake.' With his whole heart Jack recognised this key-note. Nothing else would do. Even Gipsy could not by herself give his life the full joy of a sufficient purpose; but as he thought of all the currents through which he must steer, and knew too well which way they often set, he shuddered.

'If I had not you to talk everything out with!' he said, inadequately enough.

'Oh, Jack, if I can't help you still, it will be because the work is done better. I don't fancy now that everything hangs on me. I am content.'

And Jack felt that the memory of that perfect contentment could never pass away from him.

CHAPTER XLV.

MY LADY AND MY QUEEN.

'Let all be well—be well.'

'So Queenie, you see there will soon be an end of it all!'

The speaker was Miss Seyton. She stood looking down at her niece with an odd quiver in lip and voice, even while her tone was not altogether a sad one. Virginia sat in dismayed silence; she had been arranging a bunch of autumn leaves and berries to brighten up the dark old drawing-room, which bore many a trace of her presence in bits of needlework and tokens of pleasant occupation, though the house was duller and quieter than ever now that Mr. Seyton's rapidly failing health gave him the habits of an invalid, and that both the boys were absent. Miss Seyton looked more faded than ever, but she was kind and friendly with Virginia, even though she could not divest her voice of its sarcastic tone as she continued—

'You are a person of consequence, and you ought to understand the state of the case.'

'That Roland means to sell Elderthwaite?' said Virginia, slowly.

'Yes. We can't afford, Virginia, to make pretences to each other, and we know that it will come before many months. Then what are we to do?'

However much it went against Virginia to discuss the results of her father's death, she felt that there was some truth in her aunt's words, that they ought to be prepared for so great a change; and she had also learnt to practise great directness in dealing with Miss Seyton.

'I have sometimes supposed that you would live at the vicarage, Aunt Julia,' she said.

'Not if I have a penny to live on elsewhere,' replied Miss Seyton. 'James and I were never friends, and I'll not see the place in the hands of strangers. Besides, I've had a thirty years' imprisonment, and I'd like my freedom. Look here—when I was a girl I was just like the others; I loved pleasure as well as they did, and had it too. I was as daring as ever a Seyton of them all. However, I meant to marry and live in the south, and I was quite good enough, my dear, for the man I was engaged to. Then he quarrelled with James, and that began the breach. I didn't marry, as you may see, and when my father died my portion couldn't be paid off without a sale, and things

were in such a mess I had no power to claim it. So here I stayed, and, let me tell you, I've stopped up a good many holes, and been quite as great a blessing to my family as they deserved.'

Virginia laughed in spite of herself, though her answer was grave.

'Yes, I know that, now.'

'But *now*, d'ye see, Virginia, I'm tired of it. I'm only fifty, and it'll go hard if I don't get some pickings out of the sale of the estate. Do you know, we have some old cousins living in Bath, a Ruth and Virginia of another generation? I'm inclined to think I should like to go into society—to "come out," in fact, in a smart cap, and to live within reach of a circulating library and scandal. That's my view, and that's what I mean to aim at when the time comes. What do you say?'

'I should like the boys to have a home somehow,' said Virginia. 'Perhaps that would make some place into home for me.'

'I don't wish to desert you,' said Miss Seyton, 'but candidly I think we should be happier apart. We shouldn't amuse each other if we lived together. But won't James want to keep you?'

'I don't know,' said Virginia. 'I am afraid it would not be a good plan for the boys to go there for holidays—if this place is to be given up. But oh, Aunt Julia, how *can* we tell what will happen? I can't make plans; I don't feel as if it mattered; and Roland seems to want to cast us all off."

'Yes; he's a selfish fellow. But, my dear, just consider how much worse it would be if we had to *take him on*. Thank your stars that he means to stay in India. And as for the place, with its paint and its fences and its broken glass, let it go. We're better free of it. He is right there. The worst part of the story is poor old James, who must stay.'

'He can't forgive Roland.'

'No—you see, Queenie, it's wits that tell—James hasn't brains, and he has never thought of cutting himself loose. He couldn't live away from Elderthwaite, any more than he could live without his skin. But when he hasn't the family dignity to keep him up, I'm afraid he'll go down.'

'He is so wretched now about Cheriton Lester.'

'Yes. He is the only Lester worth fretting for. As for that prig Jack, I'd like to see him make a fool of himself. I'd like to see him "exceed his allowance considerably." There's a pretty way of putting it for you!'

With which parting shot Miss Seyton went away, and Virginia sat sorrowful and perplexed, and with something of the family bitterness in her heart. Life was very hard to her. Her love for each one of her relations was a triumph over difficulties, and the sweet spontaneous passion that had promised to make her happy had been in its turn

triumphed over by the uncongeniality of her lover. The softness of early youth and of her previous training had been replaced by something of the strength that expects little and makes the best of a bad business, but at a risk, the risk of the sense that evil is inevitable. Virginia was always outwardly gentle; but she had been thrown back on herself till she had gained a self-reliance that the Seyton blood in her was ready to exaggerate into scorn. For even Ruth was slow in answering her letters, and never wrote as in her girlish days.

As she sat musing a note was brought to her. It was from Mrs. Lester, containing Cheriton's imperative request that she would come and see him. Would she come at once?

Virginia's cheeks flamed as if the missive had been from Alvar himself. She got up and put the note in her pocket, dressed herself, and leaving word with one of the servants that she meant to take a walk, set forth without delay for Oakby, walking through the plantations, across the fell, and through the fir-wood, as she had scarcely ever done alone before. She remembered going as Alvar's betrothed to ask for Cheriton during his first illness, and Alvar's absorption and indifference to her presence. Now, that would be natural enough. Still she could scarcely think of Cheriton in her dread and wonder as to who might greet her, as she rang at the bell, and asked for Mrs. Lester, who came forward into the hall to receive her.

'My dear,' she said, 'I do not know what Cherry wants with you; but we can't refuse him. Will you come at once?'

Virginia was afraid to ask questions, she followed the old lady's slow progress up the dusky staircase, and into Cheriton's room.

The daylight was now fast fading, but its last rays fell on Cheriton's wide-opened eyes and flushed face.

He took hold of her hand, and said with extreme difficulty—

'Thank you—my love to the parson. Ask Jack what I meant to do—and then tell him. Tell him—I say—he must reform Elderthwaite for my sake. He must do it himself. I know he can. Don't let him *be* one of the abuses. Don't get into despair.' He paused for breath, and then with an accent and smile that through all the suffering had something of his old playful daring, 'I *mustn't* say anything else to you, but that will come right too.'

'I will tell him,' faltered Virginia, awed, bewildered, and yet with a strange sense of encouragement; she let herself be drawn away, heard Mrs. Lester say that it was too dark for her to go home alone, she should send Jack with her to get a breath of air, while Cherry was suffering less. He was so fully himself it was hard to believe in the danger, but the attacks of coughing were most exhausting, and he could hardly take anything, she was very hopeless, and 'my grandson' —this always meant Alvar—thought badly of him. 'Come in here, my dear, and I will fetch Jack.'

As Mrs. Lester put her into the library, and left her there alone in the dusk, the tears that she had hitherto restrained broke forth.

She thought that she was crying for Cheriton, but all her own sad future, all her yearnings for the lost past, mingled together, and she wept the more because, she knew not how, Cheriton had given her a sort of indefinite comfort.

She did not hear the study door open, nor see Alvar come through the room, nor did he see her in the dim light, till he heard her sobbing.

'Who is it?' he exclaimed, becoming aware of a woman's figure near the fire. She started up, and with her first movement he knew her. '*Mi doña!*' he cried in his astonishment.

'Cherry asked to see me,' she faltered. 'He is so ill—I could not help crying.'

'Ah, no!' said Alvar, 'and *I* may not comfort you!'

But he came close and stood by her side, and she saw that he too was greatly agitated. She wanted to speak about Cheriton, but she could not command her voice, nor think of a word to say.

Suddenly Alvar turned and clasped her hand.

'Ah!' he cried, with such vehemence as she had never seen in him before. 'My heart is breaking! Can you never forgive? I love you; I have always loved you. When you sent me from you, it was my pride that let me submit! In my own country I knew that for your sake I was English—English altogether. I am not worthy, but I repent. I have confessed. Help me, and I will be a good Englishman! For I have now no other country, and I cannot live without you. Give me your hand once more!'

Alvar poured forth this torrent with such burning eagerness, such abandonment of entreaty, that he did not see how weak were the defences he was attacking.

'Indeed,' she whispered, 'it was not *that*—not that I thought you were—not good—I thought you did not love me—much.'

'I did—I do love you—I love you as my life! But you?'

'I have always loved you. I could not change,' she said, with something of her old gentle dignity. 'But—I have been very unhappy all this time.'

'Ah, now you shall be happy! Yet what do I say? How can *I* make any one happy! I who have grieved and vexed my brother with my unkindness—nay, caused his illness even—I cannot make you happy!' said Alvar, in a tone of real self-blame.

'I think you can!' said Virginia softly; but the words had hardly passed her lips when she started away from him, as Jack came into the room.

"Granny says I am to walk home with you, Virginia. What, Alvar, are you here? they have been looking for you. Do go to Cherry—he is so restless now!'

'I will go,' said Alvar. 'Take care of her, Jack, for I must not come. Farewell, *mi reyna!*' He took both her hands and kissed them, then put her towards Jack, and hurried away, while poor Virginia glanced in much confusion at her escort; but he was too much absorbed in grief and anxiety to take in what had passed, or to heed it if he did. He walked on by her side without speaking; till she, trying to collect her thoughts, and actuated by a very unnecessary fear of what he would think of her silence, bethought herself to ask him what Cheriton wished her to tell her uncle.

'He said I was to ask you?'

'He wanted to take orders and be curate of Elderthwaite,' said Jack. 'You know London did not suit him, and the work was too hard, and life at home was so worrying for him. Besides, he hated being idle. He thought that he could manage to get things right at Elderthwaite, and he said that he should like it, and be happy there.'

Jack spoke in a dull, heavy voice, his use of the past tense marking how completely he regarded the possibilities of which he spoke as at an end; and something in the tone showing that the proposal had been distasteful to him.

'Would Cherry have given himself for *that?*' exclaimed Virginia.

'Yes,' said Jack. 'I didn't like it. It seemed a great sacrifice, and besides—he was not half strong enough.'

'But did he care so much? I don't mean that I can't understand his wishing to take orders—but just for *Elderthwaite!*'

'He is very fond of Elderthwaite. And he said that it was only because he fancied that he could be more useful there than any one else, and because he has money, that he was justified in proposing it—because he was ill, I mean.'

'Indeed, he could do good there! He always did!'

'You know,' said Jack, rather more freely, 'that Cherry has a notion that when a person seems specially marked out for any situation, he is likely in the long run to be the best person for it. He says you can't destroy evil without good. That people *fit* their own places, and so he believes that Elderthwaite would do better in the long run if Parson Seyton could be encouraged to make things a little more shipshape than it would with a new man if he were driven away. You see he gets fond of people. *I* don't see it; I think it's fanciful. All reformers begin with a clean sweep. Then Cherry said valuables were sometimes found in the dust; nobody would reform if you ran at them with a besom. Of course *he* could persuade people; at any rate, he always thought he could.'

'He thinks the sun is more powerful than the north wind,' said Virginia. 'I am sure Uncle James would have given in to him.'

'So he said. But he was mistaken in one case, and then he blamed himself, and I suppose — I suppose — he has conquered at last!

Any way, Virginia, you were to tell your uncle what he wished to do.'

'I will tell him. He is breaking his heart about Cherry now.'

'I suppose so. I can't come in. Good bye; we'll send over in the morning.'

Jack turned away. Cheriton's kindly theories might seem fanciful to him; but he would never have the chance of knocking them on the head any more. He was so miserable that even the thought of Gipsy only made him feel her absence, and wonder if so bright a creature could continue to care for him, when he had grown into a stern hard-hearted person, without any power of softening.

Poor Jack's hard heart was very heavy, and beat so fast as he came up to the house, that he could hardly ask if there was any change.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MY DEAR!

'But still be a woman to you.'

EARLY the next morning Virginia received a letter from Alvar, written at intervals during his night watch in Cheriton's room. Perhaps it was the first real communication she had ever received from him, and in it he made a sort of confession of his shortcomings as far as he himself understood them. He told her that he had been 'revengeful' towards his father, and that in the affair of the Flemings he had allowed 'the passion of jealousy' to overcome him. He recounted his promise to Cheriton, and with the simplicity that was at once so strange and so engaging a part of his character, assured her 'that he was no longer indifferent to religion,' but would follow the instructions of Mr. Ellesmere. 'I think,' he added, 'that this will give you pleasure.'

There was a great deal about Cheriton, Alvar declaring that he could not *now* despair of anything, but that he should have written to *her* at such a time, and about *himself*, was enough to mark the change in his former relations with Virginia.

The change in himself she was ready to take for granted. All must be right where there was such humility and power of repentance; and perhaps she did him more justice than even Cheriton could have done. For Alvar had undergone no change of intellectual conviction; that element was wanting both in his former carelessness and in his present acceptance of a new obligation, and in the excitement of feeling under which he was acting love and remorse towards his brother had the largest share. But he had recognised himself as erring, and intended to amend, and such a resolution must bring a blessing. But as his brothers would only have altered any settled line of conduct after infinite heart-searchings and perplexities, they could not have

conceived how simple the matter appeared to Alvar, when he had once made up his mind that he could possibly have been in fault.

Virginia had said nothing the night before of her changed prospects; she knew that the Lesters could have no thought to spare for her; but when her aunt suggested sending over to inquire she could not pretend ignorance, and her blush and few words of explanation were enough for Miss Seyton.

'Ah, well,' she said, 'you might have saved yourselves a great deal of trouble if you had found this out a little sooner.'

'We cannot speak of it just now, auntie.'

'No; but you say, don't you, that everything happens for good? Now this good has come out of Cherry's illness; perhaps he'll get well.'

After these characteristic congratulations Virginia took her way to the vicarage. She found her uncle in his 'study,' a room which was sufficiently well lined with ancient and orthodox divinity to merit the name, though the highly respectable volumes, descended from some unwontedly learned Seyton vicar, did not often see the light.

The parson was looking out of the window down the road.

'Ah, how d'ye do, my dear?' he said, in unwontedly quiet accents. 'I was just looking out, for I sent over to Oakby to inquire how that poor lad is to-day.'

'We have heard,' said Virginia. 'I don't think he is any worse. And uncle, I saw him yesterday; he sent for me to give me a message for you.'

'A message! Well, my lassie, what did he say?'

Virginia came and stood behind the chair in which her uncle had seated himself.

'He wished me to tell you that he had been making up his mind to take orders, and that he loved Elderthwaite so much that he meant to ask you if you would let him come and be your curate, that you and he together might set things right here. But he said that now that will never be. And he sent his love, and I was to ask you to reform Elderthwaite for his sake. He said, "Tell him I know he can, better than any one, if he will."'

Virginia paused, as her voice faltered.

'Why, bless my soul,' cried the parson, 'what does the lad mean? Why, I'm one of the old abuses myself.'

'Yes—yes—uncle. But that is what he said. You must not be one of the abuses. He said you might do it all, if you would, because you love the place more than any one can.'

There was a silence. The parson sat still.

'He is a good lad—he always was a good lad,' he said, after a pause. 'And did he think to come here, to spend his time over a parcel of scamps and drunkards? Eh! I shouldn't have believed it. He had

heard that they want me to have a curate, I suppose,' he added, quickly.

'Oh yes, uncle; but he was afraid that you would not like it.'

'Look here, my lassie, I like the old methody in his proper place; but I'll have no psalm-singers in my church. I'm a sound Churchman, and I don't approve of it.'

Virginia, finding an objection to psalm-singing in church rather difficult to reply to, was silent, and her uncle went on rapidly—

'I hate the whole tribe of your *earnest*, hard-working, "self-devoted" young fellows—find it pay, and bring them into the society of gentlemen—write letters in trumpery newspapers, and despise their elders. Newspapers have nothing to do with religion. The Prayer-book's the Prayer-book, and a paper's a paper. Give me *Bell's Life*. Bless you, my dear, do you think I keep my eyes shut?'

'You are not just, uncle,' said Virginia. 'But Cheriton would not have been like that.'

Mr. Seyton's twinkling eyes softened, and the angry resistance to a higher standard, that mingled with the half-shrewd, half-scornful malice of his words, subsided, as he said, in quite a different tone—

'I would have had Cheriton for my curate, my dear.'

He said no more, and Virginia could not press him; and when he spoke it was only to question her about Cheriton's condition.

But when she went away he took his hat and walked out through his bit of garden towards the church, and sitting down on the low stone wall, looked over the churchyard, where a fine growth of nettles half smothered the broken gravestones; and as he sat there he thought of his past life, of his dissipated, godless youth, of the sense of desperation with which, to pay his debts, he had 'gone into the church,' of the horrible evils he had never tried to check, and yet of the certain kindliness he had entertained towards his own people. How he had defied censure and resisted example till his fellow clergy looked askance at him, and though he might affect to despise them, he did not like their contempt. He thought of the family crash that was coming, and he was keen enough to know how he would be regarded by new comers—'as an old abuse.' And he thought of Cheriton's faith in him, and the project inspired as much by love for him as by the zeal for reform. He thought of the first time he had read the service, the sense of incongruity, of shame-facedness; how a sort of accustomedness had grown upon him till he had felt himself a parson after a sort, and how, on a low level, he had in a way adapted his life to the requirements of his profession.

Then he thought of the way Cheriton had proposed such a step to himself, and, without entering into any of those higher feelings which might have repelled rather than attracted him, he contrasted with his own the unselfishness of the motive that prompted Cheriton.

He made no resolutions, drew no conclusions, but unconsciously he was looking at life from a new standpoint.

Virginia did not see Alvar, nor hear directly from him all that day; and but for the letter in her possession, her interview with him would have seemed like a dream.

The next morning was sunny and still. She stood on the steps at the garden door, looking over the lawn, now glistening with thick autumn dew. The sky was clear and blue, the wild overgrown shrubberies that shut out the landscape were tinted with brown and gold, an 'autumn blackbird' sang low and sweet. All was so peaceful that it seemed as if ill news could not break in upon it; yet, as the old church clock chimed the hour, and through the still air that of Oakby sounded in the distance, Virginia started lest it should be the beginning of the knell. As the sound of the clock died away, the gate in the shrubbery clicked, a quick step sounded, and Alvar came up the path.

Virginia could wait no longer; she ran to meet him, gathering hope from his face as he approached.

'Yes, he is better. There is hope now; but all yesterday he grew weaker every moment. I thought he would die.'

Alvar's voice trembled, and he spoke with more abandonment than was usual with him; he looked very pale, and had evidently gone through much. He added details of their suspense, and of Cherry's condition, 'as if,' Virginia thought, 'he *wanted* to talk to me.'

'You are very tired,' she said. 'Come in and have some breakfast. Auntie and I always have it here.'

She took him into the drawing-room, where there was a little table near the fire, and made him sit down, while she waited on him, and poured out the tea. She did not feel a bit afraid of him now, and, spite of his punctilious gallantry, he submitted to her attentions without any of the forms and ceremonies with which he had previously made a distance between them.

'You have been up all night. I think you ought to have gone to bed, instead of coming here,' she said, sure of a contradiction.

'It is a great deal better than going to sleep to see you, my dear!' said Alvar, quaintly; and Virginia thought she liked the homely English better than the magnificent Spanish in which he had been wont to term her his lady and his queen.

'I am getting very hungry, Virginia,' said Miss Seyton, opening the door. 'May I come in to breakfast?'

'Oh, but that is shocking!' cried Alvar, springing up and advancing to meet her. 'Miss Seyton, I have brought good news of my brother. But I must go home now, he may want me. Perhaps if he is still better I can come again by and by.'

'Only think,' said Virginia, as she went with him through the

garden on her way to the vicarage to tell the good news to her uncle, 'only think, when the clock struck just before you came, I was afraid it was the beginning of the knell!'

'Ah, I trust we shall not hear that terrible sound now!' said Alvar, gravely.

And yet before that day closed the old bell of Elderthwaite church was tolling, startling every one with the sudden conviction that that morning's hope had proved delusory. It frightened Mr. Ellesmere as he came home from a distant part of his parish, though a moment's reflection showed him that his own church tower was silent. What could be the matter elsewhere?

There was a rush of people to the lodge gates at Oakby, to be met there by eager questions as to what was the matter at Elderthwaite?

'It must be old Mr. Seyton, took off on a sudden,' they said. 'Well, so long as Mr. Cherry was getting better——'

But before curiosity could take any one down the lane to verify this opinion, up came the parson's man from Elderthwaite with a letter for Mr. Lester, and the news that a telegram had been received two hours before at the Hall, to say that Mr. Roland had been killed out tiger-hunting in India.

There was more consternation than grief. Roland had not felt nor inspired affection in his own family; in the neighbourhood his character was regarded with disapproval, and his sarcastic tongue remembered with dislike. He had intensified all the worst characteristics of the family.

Virginia had scarcely ever seen him; his father and uncle had so resented his determination to sell the estate, though it had perhaps been the wisest resolve he had ever come to, that he had been to them as an enemy.

But still the chief sense in all their minds was that the definite, if distasteful, prospect to which they had been beginning to look forward, had melted away, and that all the future was chaos.

Dick, suddenly become a person of importance, and now within a month or two of coming of age, was sent for from London. He had improved in looks and manner, and seemed duly impressed with the gravity of the situation. He was told what Roland's intentions had been, and that his father's life could not be prolonged for many months; listened to Mr. Seyton's faltering and confused explanations of the state of affairs, and to his uncle's more vigorous, but not much more lucid, denunciation of it. Dick said not a word in reply, he asked a few questions, and at last went down into the drawing-room where his sister was sitting alone. He walked over to the window and stood looking out of it.

'Virginia,' he said, '*I* don't wish to sell Elderthwaite.'

'Do you think it can be helped, Dick?' she said, eagerly.

'I don't know. *I'm* not in debt like Roland—that is, anything to speak of. I don't want to wipe the family out of the county for good and all. Why couldn't the place be let for a term of years?'

'But—it is so much out of repair!'

'Yes,' said Dick, shrewdly, 'but it's an awfully gentlemanly-looking place yet. Fellows who have made a fortune in trade want to get their position settled before they *buy* an estate, or to make a little more money first. I heard Mr. Stanforth talking about some old place in the south where there were fine pictures, which had been let in that way. Well then, of course, some sacrifices must be made; something was done with the money Cheriton Lester paid for Uplands. Then there's all that part out Ashrigg way—Cuddiwell, you know, and High Ashrigg. Those two farms have always paid rent. If they were sold—they're handy either for the Lesters or the Hubbards—we might put things to rights a little in that way.'

'I am *glad* you care about Elderthwaite, Dick,' said Virginia, impetuously.

'Oh, as to that,' returned Dick, 'I don't know that I go in for any sentiment about it. Of course, I couldn't live here for years to come. I'm not quite such a fool as I was once, Virginia, thanks to you and some others I could name; and I should go on as I am for the present. But it makes a difference in a man's position to have a place like this in the background, even if it is tumbling to pieces. A girl with money might think twice whether she wouldn't be Mrs. Seyton of Elderthwaite.'

'Oh, Dick! don't marry a girl for her money,' said Virginia, half laughing; but she could never have imagined herself listening with so much respect to Dick's sentiments.

In truth, want of sense and insight had never been the cause of the Seytons' errors; but just as in some men a warm heart and tender conscience fail to make head against violent passion, so that they feel their sins while they commit them, so in the Seytons a shrewd *mental* sense of their own folly had always co-existed with the headstrong self-will which had overridden it. Dick had a less passionate nature, and was, moreover, less at the mercy of circumstances than if he had been brought up as the heir, and his friends in London were sensible people.

'Perhaps,' said his sister, 'you might ask Alvar what he thinks of it.'

'Alvar? Oh, ho! is that come to pass again? So, you've made it up. Well, it is a good thing that you have some one to take care of you,' said Dick, sententiously.

Alvar was taken into counsel, and the results of much discussion and consideration may be briefly told.

Dick's plans were hailed by his father and uncle as an escape from

a prospect which had made death doubly bitter to the one, and the rest of life distasteful to the other. And an unexpected purchaser of the two farms was found in Judge Cheriton, who had been talking for some time of buying a small property which might be a home for him when his public career was over, and a holiday retreat for the present. There was a farm-house at High Ashrigg which might be improved into a modern antique of the style at present admired. The two farms were therefore purchased at once of Mr. Seyton himself, and with his full consent and approval.

The rest of Dick's plan could not be carried out in his father's lifetime, but it was agreed to by Mr. Seyton as the best thing his heir could do.

All this time Cheriton was mending slowly, but with much uncertainty as to how far his recovery would be complete. He very soon detected the turn that Alvar's affairs had taken, much to his satisfaction; but Jack, guessing that the news of Roland's death would be a shock to him, it was not till he had begun to insist that his own state must not again delay Alvar's marriage that he heard the story of which it might have been said 'that nothing in Roland Seyton's life became him like the leaving of it;' for it proved that he had met his death by an act of considerable bravery which had saved the lives of others of the party. Perhaps Cheriton, unable to be untender to the memory of his boyish ideal, gave him a truer regret than any of his own family.

He listened with great interest to all the future arrangements, and was the first to suggest that his old acquaintance, Mr. Wilson's son, was to be married to a young lady of fortune, and might form a possible future tenant for Elderthwaite.

As for the rest, even setting her deep mourning aside, Virginia would not hear of marrying while her father grew daily weaker; nor was Cheriton at all equal to the inevitable excitement and difficulty of arranging plans for the winter which must have ensued.

It ended, as soon as he was able to bear the journey, in his going to Torquay with Alvar, to stay for the present. Mrs. Lester went back to Ashrigg, and Oakby was once more left solitary.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE YEOMANRY MEETING.

'All's right with the world.'

It was a bright morning just before Whitsuntide in the ensuing year, when the blue-bells were still adorning the Elderthwaite plantations, and the ivy on the church was fresh with young green shoots. Once more Parson Seyton sat on the churchyard wall watching his nettles,

which now, however, were falling beneath the scythe, while a space had previously been carefully cleared and trimmed round a handsome cross-marked stone of grey granite, which showed the spot where Mr. Seyton had rested, now for nearly three months. Suddenly a step came up the lane and through the gate, and the parson sprang up joyfully as Cheriton Lester came towards him.

'Well, my boy—well? So here you are, back at last. And how are you?'

'Oh, I am very well—quite well now,' said Cheriton.

And indeed, though the figure was still very slight, the hand he held eagerly out still over-white and thin, the colour too bright and variable for perfect health and strength, he looked full of life and spirits, overjoyed, as he said, to find himself at home again.

'Oh, yes, Alvar is here, of course, and we started together; but we met Virginia in the lane, and then—I thought I would come and find you. How lovely it all looks!'

'Ah, more to your taste than Mentone?'

Cherry laughed. 'My taste was always a prejudiced one,' he said; 'but Mr. Stanforth and I were very jolly at Mentone, especially when Jack joined us. How did Alvar get on up here by himself at Christmas?'

'He got on very well *here*—if by here you mean Elderthwaite. As for Oakby, he attended all the dinners and suppers and meetings and institutions like a hero. But I suspect he and his tenants still look on one another from a respectful distance.'

'Ah, they won't be able to resist him next week, he'll look so picturesque in his yeomanry uniform. We shall have a grand meeting.'

'The volunteers keep the ground, I understand,' said the parson.

'Yes, myself included. There doesn't seem to be much for them to do, and they wished me to come very much. Then, you know, we have had a grand explanation about Jack's affairs, and granny and Nettie have got Gipsy with them; so Sir John found out that the pictures wanted Mr. Stanforth, and he is coming down. Then Jack couldn't resist, and managed to get a couple of days' leave. So the only thing to wish for is fine weather. But I am not forgetting,' continued Cherry, in a different tone, 'that *here* you have all had a good deal of trouble.'

'Well,' said the parson, 'it was a great break up and turn out; and I'm bound to own your brother was a great help in getting through it. Julia, she is gone off to Bath, and writes as if she liked it; and I was very glad that Virginia should stay here with me for the present. Mr. Wilson has taken the place for his son, and it is being put in order. But all in the old style, you know, Cherry,' said the parson, with a wink, 'no vulgar modernisms.'

'Fred Wilson's a very nice fellow,' said Cherry.

He had sat down on the wall by the parson, and now, after a pause, began abruptly—

'I saw Dr. A—— again as we came through London. He says that I am much better; indeed, there is nothing absolutely the matter with me. I haven't got disease of the lungs, though of course there is a tendency to it, and I shall always be liable to bad attacks of cold. He says I should be better for some definite occupation, partly out of doors. He does not think London would suit me, but this sort of bracing air might do better than a softer one, as I was born here, except perhaps for a month or two in the winter. I *may* get much stronger, he thinks, or—— But it was a very good account to get, wasn't it?'

'Yes, my lad, I'm glad to hear it—as far as it goes,' said the parson, looking intently at him. Cheriton looked away with deepening colour, and said rather formally—

'I thought that I ought to tell you all this, sir, because I have never yet felt justified in referring to what I asked Virginia to tell you last year. But my wishes remain the same, and if you think with such doubtful health I could be of any service to you or to the place—I—I should like to try it.'

'Why if you have your health you might do better than be my curate,' said the parson.

'But I won't exemplify a certain proverb! In short,' said Cherry, looking up and speaking in a more natural manner, 'if you'll have me, parson, I'll come.'

'And suppose I say I won't have you?'

'Then I should have to ask the bishop to find me another curacy,' said Cheriton. 'I have quite made up my mind; even if I could follow the career I once looked forward to, which is impossible, I should not wish it. I've had some trouble, only *one* thing has made it bearable. I should like to help others to find that out. But I want to help my old neighbours most. I made up my mind with this place chiefly in my thoughts. I care for it, for many reasons. But nothing now would induce me to change my intention of taking orders if I have the health to carry it out.'

An odd sort of struggle was evident in the old parson's weather-beaten face.

'They'd work him to death in some fine church at a watering-place, with music and sermons, and all sorts of services,' he muttered to himself.

'Yes; I don't think that that would suit me as well as Elderthwaite.'

'Then, my lad,' said the parson, with some dignity, 'I will have you. And, Cherry, I—I *understand* you. I know that you have stood by me, ever since you dusted out the old church for the bishop.'

'That's just what I want to do now!' said Cherry. 'Thank you; you have made me very happy. There are Alvar and Queenie,' and with a hearty squeeze of the hand he started up and went to meet them. The parson remained behind, and as Cheriton moved away from him he lifted his rusty old felt hat for a moment, and said emphatically—

'I'm an old sinner!'

The morning of the Yeomanry Review dawned fair and bright, and brought crowds together to the wide stretch of moorland above Ashrigg, where the review was to take place. Whitsuntide was a time to make holiday, and half Oakby and Elderthwaite was there to see. The only drawback was that Virginia's mourning was still too deep to admit of her sharing in so large a county gathering, for which she cared the less, as Alvar, in his blue and silver, mounted on the best horse in the Oakby stables, and looking as splendid as a knight of romance, rode round by the vicarage to show himself to her.

But Parson Seyton was present in a new black coat and a very conspicuous white tie, mounted, he assured Cheriton, to do credit to his future curate.

Cheriton himself appeared in the grey and green to which he had once been enthusiastically devoted, and which was now worn for the last time before he began his preparation for the autumn ordination. In the meantime he could stay at Oakby while Uplands was being made habitable, and could begin to feel his way among the Elderthwaite people while Virginia was still there to help him, for she and Alvar meant to be married quietly in the summer.

But the happiest of all happy creatures on that bright morning was perhaps Gipsy Stanforth, as she sat with Nettie and Sir John and Lady Hubbard, while Jack was on horseback near at hand. The two young ladies excited much interest, for it was Miss Lester's first appearance on leaving school, and people had begun to say that she was a great beauty, as she sat perfectly dressed and perfectly behaved her handsome face with its pure colouring and fine outline as impassive 'as if,' thought Dick Seyton, 'she had never seen a hay-loft in her life.'

Gipsy, on the other hand, could not help sparkling and beaming at every pleasant sight and sound. This was Jack's world, and it was such a splendid one, and every one was so kind to her; for Nettie, though she secretly thought Gipsy rather too clever, knew how to behave to her brother's betrothed. Gipsy could not keep her tongue still in her happy exultation, and very amusing were her remarks and comments, till, if people came up to the carriage to look at Miss Lester, they frequently remained to talk to Miss Stanforth.

Her father was in another carriage with the rest of the Hubbard party, enjoying the brilliant scene perhaps more than any one present,

since no quaint incident and no picturesque combination escaped his keen and kindly notice.

'Nettie looks like coming out sheep-farming in Australia in that swell get-up, doesn't she?' said Bob to Jack, as they had drawn off to a little distance together.

'She doesn't look like it,' said Jack; 'but if she set her mind to that or to anything else, she would do it.'

'Oh,' said Bob, 'it's all nonsense. I sha'n't marry out there. I shouldn't like a colonial girl; but I shall come home in a few years' time and look about me. Nettie will be married before then, I hope, in a proper way. I hope you'll all be very careful about her acquaintances.'

'Well, we'll try,' said Jack, smiling. 'She will have Virginia to go about with.'

'Yes. I like Virginia. She'll do Alvar good,' said Bob, condescendingly. 'And I like Gipsy too, Jack; she's very jolly.'

'Thank you,' said Jack; 'she is.'

'I suppose you'll be a master in a school somewhere when I get back, and Cherry will be a parson. Well, he'll make a very good one.'

'Yes,' said Jack, shortly. He did not like discussions as to Cherry's future; it hung, in his eyes by too slender a thread.

'Good heavens!' cried Bob suddenly, 'look there!'

Sir John Hubbard had left his carriage and his young horses, which had been already excited by the numbers and the noise, frightened by some sudden chance movement among the crowd, no one could tell what—the bark of a dog, the sudden crossing of an old woman with a tray of ginger-beer—shied so violently that the coachman who was holding the reins loosely was thrown off the box, the horses dashed forward down the hillside, towards an abrupt descent and break in the ground, at the bottom of which ran a little stony brook.

Jack and Bob were far behind, and even as they spurred forward, they felt it would be all in vain; while Nettie, springing on to the front seat, tried to climb up and reach the reins; but they swung far beyond her reach. She looked on and saw all the danger, saw the rough descent ahead, heard the cries of horror on all sides, saw too one of the yeomanry officers gallop at headlong speed towards them, dash in between them and the bank and seize the reins. A violent jolt and jerk, as the horses were thrown back on their haunches, and she recognised Alvar, as he was flung off his own horse and down the bank by the shock and the struggle, as other hands forced the carriage back from its deadly peril, and Jack, dashing up, his face white as marble, dismounted and caught the trembling Gipsy in his arms.

Nettie heeded none of them; she sprang out and down the bank, and in a moment was kneeling by Alvar's side, who lay senseless. She had lifted his head, and unfastened his collar before her brothers were beside her.

'No, no; I'll do it,' she cried, pushing Jack's hand aside.

'Hush, Nettie, nonsense; let us lift him up. Get some water.'

There were a few moments of exceeding terror, how few they never could believe, as they carried Alvar to smooth ground, and tried to revive him, before he opened his eyes, looked round, and after a minute or two said faintly—

'What has happened? Ah—I remember,' trying to sit up. 'Are they safe?'

'Yes—yes—but you? Oh, Alvar, are you killed?' cried Nettie.

'No, no,' said Alvar, 'my arm is hurt a little. I think it is sprained—it is nothing. Do not let Cherry be frightened.'

'I never thought of him!' said Jack. 'Oh, he won't know anything of it—he is not here. You are sure your arm is not broken?'

'No. Ah, there he is! Help me up, Jack! Cherry, it is nothing.'

Cheriton, who had been considerately summoned with the news of a dreadful accident, but they hoped Mr. Lester was not killed, was speechless with mingled terror and relief. He knelt down by Alvar's side, and took his hand, hardly caring to ask a question as to how the accident had come about; but now Sir John Hubbard's voice broke in—

'I never saw such a splendid thing in my life, never—the greatest gallantry and presence of mind! A moment later and they would have been over! My dear fellow, I owe you more than I can say—Lady Hubbard, and your own sister, and Jack's pretty little Gipsy—my horses starting off in that way. I can never thank you—never. I couldn't have believed it. And I thought it was all over with you!'

'I am not seriously hurt, sir,' said Alvar, sitting up, 'and there was nothing else to be done; it is not worth your thanks.'

'Is not it?' cried Mr. Stanforth, unable to restrain himself. 'More thanks than can be spoken.'

'I'll accept them all for him,' said Cheriton, looking up, his face full of triumph; while Nettie, hitherto steady, broke down, to her own disgust, into sobs.

'I'm not frightened—no!' she said, as Gipsy tried to soothe her. 'But I thought he wasn't worth anything—and *he is!*'

'Come,' said Sir John, 'we must not have any more heroics, and the hero must go home and rest—to Ashrigg, I mean. And you too, Cherry, go and look after him—here's your grandmother's carriage—while I see if my horses are fit to be trusted with the ladies.'

Alvar was still dizzy and shaken, though he said that the hurt to his arm was a trifle, and now stood up and inquired after his horse, which had been caught by a bystander, and was unhurt. Sir John's coachman had also escaped with some severe bruises; and there was a general move. Jack, seeing Gipsy with her father, followed his

brothers, anxious about them both, and overflowing with gratitude towards Alvar for his darling's safety.

But as they turned to drive away they were obliged to cross the ground, and there rose from all sides such a thundering shout as threatened a repetition of the former danger; yeomanry, volunteers, and spectators all joining in such an outburst of enthusiasm as had never echoed over Ashrigg Moors before. Their driver pulled up in the centre of the field with the obvious information—

'They're cheering, sir; it's for you.'

Alvar stood up, with his hand on Jack's shoulder, and bowed with a grace and self-possession from which his pale face and hastily extemporised sling did not detract, and which his brothers—agitated, and ashamed of their agitation, were far from rivalling, as Jack desired the driver to 'get on quick,' and Cheriton bent down his head, quivering in every nerve under the wonderful influence of that unanimous shout.

Some hours later, as Alvar lay on a sofa at Ashrigg, resting in preparation for the public dinner at Hazelby, for which every one had declared he *must* be well enough, the doctor included, he looked at Cherry, who sat near him, and said, with a smile—

'Cherito *mio*, I think they would all have grieved for me—the twins and all—if I had been killed. They would have been sorry for me—now.'

'Don't—don't talk of it. Of course they would!' said Cherry, with a shudder.

'Ah! I fear you will dream of it, as you used of the mountain at Ronda. It will hurt you more than it has hurt me.'

'No,' said Cherry; 'but if we had lost you! We can hardly believe yet that we have you safe.'

'But,' said Alvar, with unusual persistency, 'then *you* would have been the squire, after all. Ah! I am cruel to hurt you; but, Cheriton, *once* they would not have grieved.'

Cheriton could not command an answer, and Alvar quitted the subject; but the unmistakable affection shown to him at last by his brothers and sister healed the old wounds as nothing else could have done.

No one would own that the fright and agitation demanded a quiet evening, and the ladies all repaired to Hazelby, to sit in the gallery at the Town-hall to hear the speeches, Mrs. Lester, who had happily not been present in the morning, accompanying them; and Jack, going to fetch Virginia, and after overwhelming her with the story of the alarm, assured her that she *must* come and hear Alvar's health drunk; Sir John Hubbard intended it should be done.

And so, when the usual toasts were over, old Sir John rose, and, full of compunction for past prejudices, and of gratitude for what

Alvar had done for him, said that this was really the first public occasion they had had of welcoming Mr. Lester among them; spoke of his father's merits, of the difficulty a stranger might have in accommodating himself to their north-country fashions; touched lightly and gracefully on the reason of Alvar's recent absence, and their pleasure in welcoming back again, 'one long known and loved,' and how much was owing to the elder brother's care; hinted how Alvar had won 'one of the best of their county prizes;' and then, out of the fulness of his heart, thanked him for his heroic behaviour in saving the life of Lady Hubbard, and himself from an irreparable loss, and moreover a frightful sense of responsibility.

Then Alvar's health was drunk with all the honours, and it was long before the enthusiasm subsided sufficiently to allow him to reply.

He stood up, in his unusual height and dignity, and said, slowly and simply: 'I thank you *much*, gentlemen. Sir John Hubbard need not thank me for rescuing my sister and the betrothed of my brother. I was at hand, and of the danger I did not think.' ('No, no; of course not,' cried a voice.) 'I have been a stranger, but I have no other country but England now, and it is my wish to be your friend and your neighbour, as my father was. I will endeavour to fill his place to my tenants; but I am ignorant, and have little skill. I think it is not perhaps permitted to me to name the one who will most help me in future, one of whom I am all unworthy. But there is another, who has always given me love, whom I love most dearly, as I think you do also. My brother Cheriton has taught me how to be an English squire.'

And among all those who cheered Alvar's speech, the voice that was raised the loudest was Edward Fleming's.

The next morning Cheriton went alone along the path from Oakby to Elderthwaite. His great wish was granted; his father's place would be worthily filled. Alvar would never be a nobody in the county again, would never seem again out of place as their head. All old sores were healing, all was turning out well—how much better than he could ever have hoped!

Even for hopeless Elderthwaite things looked hopeful; and Cheriton's quick and kindly thoughts turned to his share in the work of mending them. 'If I may,' he thought, 'but if not, I think I shall never fear for any one or any place again.'

Too much, perhaps, for the impetuous spirit to promise for itself; but come what might, those who loved Cheriton Lester had little cause to fear for the real welfare of one who loved them so well and looked upward so steadily.

EPILOGUE.

'Mr. Ellesmere! I saw your name in the visitors' book. So you are taking a holiday in Switzerland?'

'Mr. Stanforth! Very glad to meet you. You will put us up to all we ought to see and admire. Are you alone?'

'Yes; you know I have lost my travelling companion. My next girl is still in the schoolroom, and I think will never be so adventurous as Gipsy.'

'You have good accounts, I hope, of Mrs. Jack, as we irreverently call her.'

'Excellent; she adores the boys, and the boys adore her; her letters are very educational and æsthetic. She has picked up more "art" as a schoolmaster's wife than ever she learnt as an artist's daughter, and could doubtless set me right on tones and colours.'

'Cherry told me that Jack had taken to the new culture.'

'Yes, he was much amused at the development produced by house-furnishing. But double firsts have a right to vagaries. But tell me something of the Oakby world. It is a very long time since I have been there, and one does not see much of people at a wedding, though I thought Cheriton looking very well.'

'Yes, he is fairly well, *very* useful, and, I think, quite content. Alvar has settled into his position, and fills it well. He is indignant if he is supposed to be ignorant of anything English; and his sweet graceful wife guides him as much as "Fanny" did his father thirty years ago. His one trouble is that little Gerald is as dark as all his Spanish ancestors, and even Frances is like the Seytons; but that he can forgive.'

'Does she promise to rival her aunt? What a beautiful creature Miss Lester is!'

'Splendid! and still Miss Lester, which is rather a trouble to her grandmother. Whether she will ever be Lady Milford—or whether—Any way, Nettie can keep her own counsel.'

'And now, tell me about Elderthwaite. Has Cheriton justified his experiment?'

'Yes, I think I may say that he has. He has done a great deal. No one else could have done so much good, and certainly no one would have done so little harm.'

'And the old parson is resigned to improvements?'

'Yes, but there have been fewer external changes than you would expect, or than Cherry would wish if he were his own master, or even if he could depend on himself. But of course his health has weighted him heavily, and he cannot promise perfect regularity in services or arrangements.'

'I wonder he can manage at all.'

'Well, I think on the whole his health *has* improved, and he is well enough off to contrive things—has a horse and waggonette for bad weather; and his house is near the church, and he has built on a great room to it, and fitted it up with books and games, and he makes a sort of club of it for the boys and young men. His sitting-room opens into it, and he has classes and talks, and gets them to come and see him one by one. If he cannot do one thing he does another. And they have evening services in the summer, and early ones when it is possible. I think the sort of resolute way in which Cheriton has recognised the need of special care of himself if he is to be useful, and carries it out, is one of the most remarkable things about him. Many young men might have killed themselves with hard work, and many would forget the danger when well and in good spirits, but he has recognised the limitations set to him, and bows to them.'

'Yes, and he does not offend his vicar.'

'Rarely; he has never failed to recognise his right to respect—never allowed the Wilsons, who are ardent and enthusiastic, to force anything on him. And there's a great change. I don't mean that the old fellow is cut after any modern pattern yet; but he is considerably more decorous, and sometimes there's a sort of humility about him in admitting his shortcomings that is very touching. Cherry is the very light of his eyes.'

'And how does Cherry hit it off with the modern element?'

'Well, there I think his position has been a great advantage to him; they are a little afraid of him. But he gets on admirably with them, and you know they have improved the church immensely this last year, and what is more to the point, perhaps, it is filled with good congregations.'

'Is Cheriton a fine preacher?'

'Well, his people like him. I have rarely heard him; he is very difficult to get. Yes, I like his sermons; but he has not much voice, you see, and his manner is very quiet. He has not the sort of vehement eloquence you might have expected. I made some comment once to him, and he looked at me and said, "I daren't get eager and tire myself." I saw then how little strength he had to work with.'

'Poor fellow! But this life—does it satisfy him? Is he happy in it?'

'He is just as merry and full of fun as ever. He has a wonderful capacity for taking an interest in every one and everything; and though Alvar does not depend on him in the old exclusive way, he is most tender and careful of him, and Cherry delights in the children. I *think* Jack's marriage *was* rather a wrench; those two do cling together so closely, and Jack was a great deal with him; but still there are grand plans for the holidays, and he is very fond of your daughter.'

'I don't think that marriage will loosen the tie.'

'No, and he is much too unselfish really to regret it. Then all his village boys bring him pets; he says everything makes a link, from a horse to a hedgehog. And my curates and the Ashrigg ones run after him, and think it a privilege to take a service for him, and he has done one rather feather-pated fellow, I know, a world of good.'

'That I can believe.'

'Yes; for, after all, Mr. Stanforth, it is not his being a Lester of Oakby, nor a man of means, nor his wonderful tact, nor even his great charm of manner in itself, that counterbalances his weak health and frequent absences, or makes a life spent among rather uncongenial elements sufficient to him. It is that he has the root of the matter in him as very few have. What he does and says may be less in quantity, but it is infinitely above in quality the ordinary work of his profession. He looks deep and he looks high, and men feel it. He has come through much tribulation, and—well, Mr. Stanforth, the dragon-slayers have their reward.'

'Yes, one must touch a high note in thinking of him.'

'So high, that one fears "to mar by earthly praise" one who I verily believe is as true a saint, as full of love and zeal.—Well, being so, as I truly think, he has what some holy souls have lacked, the gift of a gracious manner and a most sympathetic nature; and if a few more years and a little more experience could be granted to him, I believe he will have a great spiritual influence, if not wide, deep. Any way he will leave in one place the memory of a pure and holy life, and will lead others to follow the Master he loves so well.'

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATELIER DU LYS,' 'FAIR ELSE,' ETC.

VII.—VICTOR HUGO (*continued*).

NOVELS AND DRAMAS.

It is impossible in so limited a space to do more than mention a few of the works of Victor Hugo, and it is difficult to treat in these papers either of his novels or dramas, so constantly beside passages full of power and pathos do we find others full of diseased and evil passion. It is true that immoral passions may be fit subjects for art if nobly treated, otherwise the Greek drama and the *Phèdre* of Racine would be deeply immoral, but in the novels and plays of Victor Hugo they are looked on merely as a study, and some one less base action, some instinct for good, is held to redeem a whole vile past. Feeling is systematically exalted above duty, passion above self-control, and it seems totally forgotten that a dissecting-room is not a fit place for an idle public to lounge in. No poet ever conceived his mission more nobly than Victor Hugo, when he said, '*Le poëte a charge d'âmes*,' and he piques himself on the 'moral idea' in his dramas, hidden, indeed, he says, 'under three or four concentric rings of bark,' and so effectually that it is apt to be undiscoverable, but he carries out his mission strangely. We cannot agree with some of his admirers, that his love of horrors and monstrosities is a proof of his all-embracing genius. Rather it seems a proof of his want of the sense of the ridiculous, which makes all he writes seem inspired to him, and makes him flaunt his self-assertion into our faces, as when, with an unmistakable allusion to himself, he writes—

> 'On s'arrête aux brouillards dont ton âme est voilée,
> Mais moi, juge et témoin,
> Je sais qu'on trouverait une voûte étoilée,
> Si l'on allait plus loin !'

It is this self-satisfaction and assertion which make us keenly alive to those errors in fact and fiction which in any other poet with equal power and glow of colouring we should scarcely feel. When he says, 'in *Ruy Blas*, as in all the former works of the author, every erudite detail is scrupulously studied,' we remember how Gilliatt, in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, played 'the melancholy air' of *Bonnie Dundee* as a serenade on the bug-pipes, and other *détails d'érudition* of the same kind. It is a graver fault when Victor Hugo, who piques himself on his *couleur locale*, i.e. historic truth, puts, as he constantly does, into the mouths of his characters views and theories undreamed of in their

day. They are too apt to be Victor Hugo himself thinly disguised. It is Hugo, not Charles V. whom we meet in *Hernani*. Playfulness he has, and masterly irony, but no gaiety, no humour in the English sense, though some scenes in the Convent of Le Petit Picpus come very near it. It is very interesting to compare his dramas with those of the classic school, or with Casimir Delavigne's. If Delavigne soldered every part of his plays together with anxious and visible care, Hugo sins in a contrary direction, by scorning a careful plot, and tyrannising over probability. His *dramatis personæ* act and speak, not as their characters would suggest, but as fits his convenience. The catastrophe is brought about by a series of coincidences altogether improbable; long interludes come in at exciting points, just when the action should hurry on; and we feel as if, when the sword were swaying all but loose over Damocles' head, we were delayed to hear a description of the garland of roses which he wore. This is a fault more general in English than French authors; with us descriptions and interludes are apt to be so frequent that the picture is forgotten, and we find ourselves admiring only the frame. It should never be forgotten that the human interest is the life of poem, novel, and drama; all else should be subordinate, under pain of making the work mere *genre* painting.

Victor Hugo's first drama, *Cromwell*, was received with vast indignation as a monstrous product of the '*flamboyante*' school, by all who belonged to 'the *grisâtre*' ranks. These two epithets at one time were used to distinguish the classic and romantic schools, which hated each other with virulence hardly now conceivable. Moreover, in the preface to *Cromwell*, Victor Hugo gave high praise to Shakespeare, and a critic wrote, 'This is assuredly the first time that it has occurred to any one to place the author of a few witty and licentious plays on a level with Molière and Corinne.' Political feeling had much to do with the aversion to the English dramatist. When Garrick visited Paris he was received with enthusiasm, but when, shortly after Waterloo, a company of English actors appeared, they were hissed off the stage. There was an almost equally strong feeling manifested when Kean and his company acted in Paris in 1828, but the romantic school, with its young enthusiastic writers, hailed them with amazed delight. The individuality of Shakespeare's women was especially remarked, and Ophelia, as played by 'the adorable Miss Smithson,' turned their heads. Delacroix indeed wrote to Victor Hugo, 'Hamlet raises his hideous head . . . It is even possible that Lear will tear out his eyes before a French audience. The Academy would do well to declare the importation of such rubbish hurtful to public morality. Good taste has evidently seen its last day!' He met with small sympathy from Hugo, and one would like to know what he thought of his friend's play of *Marion de Lorme*, which the censorship forbade to be acted.

Victor Hugo usually prefixed a preface to his plays and poems, a sort of challenge to all adversaries, and a manifesto of his own opinions. To the classic school he appeared an arch heretic, scorning all the old rules of composition and style, disbelieving in alexandrines, neglecting cæsuras, and introducing audacious *enjambements*. It may be necessary to explain this expression. It implies that the sense of a line is carried on incomplete into the next, as in the *Critic* :—

> 'No scandal against Queen
> Elizabeth, I hope!'

or, to give a French example :—

> 'Ce que vous avez pris sans doute pour des mots
> Mélodieux.'

It has always a disagreeable effect, and is carefully avoided by Corneille and Racine. *Cromwell* did not appear on the stage, for which it was in no way adapted. It was wittily said of its slow movement, *'Ce drama ne marche pas, il se promène!'* But the thoughts of Victor Hugo had been strongly turned towards the stage by the influence of the great actor, Talma, who said to him, 'I have never had a real part . . . I should have liked a character with all the variety, with all the movement of human life, not cast in one rigid mould. . . . But what can I do? I ask for Shakespeare, and they give me Ducis!' How much he made even of Ducis' Shakespeare we see by the interesting account in *De l'Allemagne*. He did not live to see *Hernani* acted. The storm caused by it was tremendous; an Eastern mob of fanatics could scarcely have been more violent than the audience who came to applaud or hiss. Every *rôle* in it was hissed at one time or other, and when an actress, whose whole part consisted in a line and a half, observed that at least hers had escaped, Victor Hugo laughingly said it would have its turn, and it was hissed that same night! 'Out, out!' shouted the poet's admirers another evening, when a Classic had hissed. 'No!' cried another, starting up, 'kill him; he is an Academician!' and it was said in earnest. *Hernani* is full of glaring faults; we cannot believe in this romantic outlaw, of whose antecedents we know nothing, but who appears as the rival of Charles V. for the love of Doña Sol; we refuse to credit that the old Spanish noble, so chivalrous in the early part of the play, should ruthlessly summon Hernani to keep his word and die on his wedding-day, and turn a deaf ear to his bride's entreaties. Doña Sol herself is perfectly uninteresting except in one fine scene; everybody is always offering to die if some one else desires it; the length of the soliloquies are almost too much even for French actors, who, better than any, know how to stand still with grace and dignity, and utter dozens of rhymed lines with appropriate expression. But for all this, and much more, *Hernani* has genius in it; the storms which it raised are almost forgotten, its partisans have cooled down, but the unprejudiced public

flock still to see it represented. The scene where Charles V. summons Don Ruy Gomez to deliver up his enemy, and the enemy of Don Ruy Gomez—but who has taken refuge in the house of the latter—is magnificent. Don Ruy answers by pointing to the portrait of one ancestor after another, all spotless knights; their descendant *cannot*, even at his king's bidding, do this thing. When we read this scene, and then think reluctantly of others which Victor Hugo has written, we are as much astonished as if an eagle, soaring heavenward with his eye on the sun, should stoop earthwards and seek for carrion like a vulture. Of *Lucrèce Borgia* and *Le Roi s'amuse*, it is needless to speak; an excellent study on both will be found in the *Littérature Française au* 19^me^ *Siècle*, by M. Vinet. That hatred of monarchy breaks out in the latter which characterises all M. Hugo's later works, and which descends to absolute abuse in his speeches and pamphlets. Neither he nor Lamartine were happily inspired when they laid down the lyre for politics. It is an ungrateful task to blame such a writer as Victor Hugo; if we do so, it is for the same reason that Beatrice blamed Dante, 'knowing what this man might have been.' We can but sorrowfully agree with Monseigneur Dupanloup when he speaks of him as '*un puissant esprit dévoyé qui a dépensé en prodigalités folles les dons les plus merveilleux du ciel.*'

BEOWULF.

CERTAINLY times are changed since Troya, the old Italian historian, could write a history of his country, whose first book comes to an *end* at the date of the siege of Troy. Even Virgil, as we know, is content that the antiquity of the Romans should begin with the wanderings of Æneas; so the more modern Italian must have had sources of information which were out of the reach of Virgil. What these private sources were I cannot guess; but it is a melancholy fact that they are closed to us nowadays. We have to accept a very slender allowance of certainty concerning past times. We might be content if we were allowed to glean some crumbs of history from the pages of Homer; but of late a school of critics has arisen which threatens to despoil us even of these. They are for translating the solid-seeming stories of wars and sieges into the airy language of mythology. And as it has fared with the epics which represent the earliest self-knowledge—fancied self-knowledge or real—of the Greek people, so it has gone with those tales which, as far as we now know, were the oldest in the memory of the German races, a certain heroic cycle of poems, whose traces we find in old Norse and German, and in Early English. These are the nearest representative which can be found of a German *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. They, too, have been passed before the bar of historical criticism, and have been rejected. The epics we mean are the *Volsung Saga* of the Norsemen, the—though it exists now only in a more modern form—*Nibelungen Lied* of the Germans, and our own English poem of *Beowulf*. It must be confessed that it is not difficult for criticism to make short work of many features in these stories; and that when its bull's-eye lantern is turned sharply upon the characters they contain, these characters are soon seen to be very vague and indistinct. But in rejecting the direct claim upon our interest made by fragments like these from the past, let us not overlook all their indirect titles to veneration. Historical in the strictest sense they are not; but they have a something of the historical about them. They charm our fancy, and still breathe the air of very early days, whereof, were they taken away, we should have no memory at all. A great portion of the epic—this is about the truth of the matter, whether we are speaking of Greek or German poetic lore—has for many years, hundreds, perhaps, lived on in fragments, the common property of the nation, repeated carelessly from mouth to mouth. On a sudden comes some time of unusual stir and danger; then all the old traditions are crystallised—as a solution will crystallise when it is shaken—and gather round the newer histories of the newer times; then all together old myths and true stories are rolled into one, and, still rolling, gather weight and bulk till a

complete epic or cycle of heroic poems is created. In this way Homer's poems arose, after some war between European Greece and the opposite coast of Asia Minor; and as for the German epics, they no doubt drew their inspiration during that dark, but momentous, time when the German races were continually dashing themselves against the bulwark of the empire, until they dashed it down and flowed in. A memory of great historical characters, of Theodoric the Goth, of Attila, and others of that age, still lingers in them.

Each nation brought to its new home separate versions of the common stock of tradition, and so it often happens that the epic of one race may tell the warlike deeds of another. This is the case with *Beowulf*. Though it is a Saxon poem, it has no connection with the English race; it tells the deeds of a hero of Gothland in South Sweden, and of a king of Denmark. Doubtless it is only one of many similar poems which were sung by the Saxon bards. Others would tell stories of Hengist and Horsa, and such more national heroes. But in either case it is like enough that the kind of adventure would be the same. It is not as a record of the particular prince Beowulf that his epic is interesting to us, but as a picture of what the Saxons deemed to be a heroic life, and of their notion of the world in which they dwelt, of the natural world, and the supernatural world in which the former lay inclosed.

The story of Beowulf—after some genealogical stuff such as these bards, but not we, delight in—opens with a certain king Hrothgar, king of the Danes, who has built him a house—so famous a palace that the report of it has gone into all lands. It is called Heort, which is Hart. We hear of gold plates adorning it. These were days when the plunder to be got from the Romans of civilised lands was almost unlimited, and we have proof that the barbarians converted the wealth which they acquired to the coarsest uses, so the story of a house adorned with gold plates may not be altogether fabulous. Hrothgar had prepared Heort for himself and his thanes; and at night in the 'beer hall' they held high revel, and listened to the gleeman's song, which told the stories of the gods' doings in ancient days, and 'how the All-powerful had framed the earth-plain in its beauty, which the water girds round, and set in pride of victory the sun and moon as beacons to light the dwellers on land.' But far away from all this joy and revelry, deep in the stagnant pools, or among the windy moors, dwells a terrible and supernatural being, named Grendel. He brooked not to hear what was going on in the house of Hrothgar, for he was the foe of men:—

'Grueful and grim was this stranger called Grendel,
A haunter of marshes, a holder of moors.
In the Fifel-race dwelling the fen and the fastness
The wretched one guarded his home for a while,
Since by the Creator his sentence was spoken.

* * * *

Thence he departed at coming of night-fall
To visit the house-place and see how the Ring-Danes
After their beer-bout had ordered it.
On the floor found he of ethelings a throng
Full-feasted and sleeping: care heed they never,
No darkness of soul nor sorrow of men.
Grim now and greedy the fiend was soon ready,
Savage and fierce from sleep up he snatched then
Of those thanes thirty, and thence eft departed.'

From that time Grendel waged 'wicked war' against Hrothgar and all his house. It is the old war of darkness against light—the darkness of misty moors against the civilisation of those who dwelled in houses; of heathens—only that this word got afterwards a special significance—against town men. Or it is the war of the gods of German mythology against the dwellers in that savage far-off land across the ocean, Jötunheim. Here the race of monsters, the Fifelbrood, seems like to gain the victory. Hrothgar himself indeed, as the Lord's anointed, Grendel cannot touch; but the king and his men are driven out of Heort, which, in place of its song and feasting, is given up to darkness and Grendel. Nor will this one accept any truce with the Danes: but still like a death-shadow he roams over the fens, and plots against the lives of warriors and youths.

But at last the report of this was brought to Beowulf, the brother of Higelac, king of the Geatas, or Goths. The heroes of these stories are rarely at the outset kings themselves, for it was the recognised duty of kings to stay at home among their own people; but the hero, true precursor of the knight-errant, must first wander abroad in search of adventures; and very often he wins a kingdom by his sword. This was both the theory and practice of the Norsemen and more warlike Germans. They could not all, it is true, find monsters and dragons to slay, but as a substitute they contented themselves with *vikingja*, viking-going: that is to say, they went upon a pirate voyage. Another opening for younger sons, in times a little later, was to take a commission in the famous guard of northern warriors—*Varingas*, *Warings*—which the Byzantine emperor maintained round his throne. Beowulf, who had the fortune to live in quite pre-historic days, when 'eotans, orkens, elves, and such giants' (as Grendel) were to be had almost for the getting up, needed only to sail from Gothland to Denmark. So he made ready a good ship, and set out upon the 'swan's path'—the sea—to seek the good king Hrothgar. There is a poetical picture of how the Scyldings' (Hrothgar's) warder, who kept the cliff, saw from the wall the gleam of arms upon the vessel's bulwarks, how he rode down to the sea to meet the warriors ere they landed, brandishing his spear in his hand. 'What armour-bearing men are ye, in byrnies clad, who thus come with your foaming keel over the water-ways, over the sea-deeps hither? Here at Land's End have I held seaward that no foes might come with ship array to do us hurt,' he cries. And he is answered, 'We are of race Goths, Higelac's hearth-friends.

We have come in friendship to seek thy lord and to defend him. For soothly we have heard said that among the Scyldings some wretch, I know not who, in the dark, soweth with terror unknown malice and harm and havoc. And I may, in the depth of my mind, give Hrothgar counsel how he may in his wisdom overcome the foe.' Then Beowulf is allowed to proceed. How he rides into the town—how the men wonder at his kingly bearing and the greatness of his followers—how Hrothgar sends to ask why he comes, whether in peace or war, we guess without the reading. Great joy prevails in Hrothgar's house when Beowulf discloses his intention of himself meeting the foe face to face, and once more the sound of feasting is heard in the deserted palace; the Queen Waltheow bears round the drinking cup to the hero, and pledges him. At last, night falls:—

'After that darkening night over all
Men's shadow-covering advancing came,'

and Hrothgar knows the signal for retiring from the place which is left to the Goths and their leader. As for Beowulf, he has determined that he will trust only to his own strength of arm, not to byrnie or falchion—indeed Grendel is impervious to weapons; and he prepares for the death-struggle in a speech just in the character of all the poetry of this epoch. 'I ween that he intends, should he prevail, to devour in safety the people of the Goths as he has often done the Danes. Thou wilt have no need to bury me, for if I get my death he will have eaten me all dashed with blood, he will bear away my gory corpse, he will taste me; the night-stalker will devour me without mercy: he will place my burial mound upon the heath: thou wilt have no thought of burning my body. Send to Higelac, if I fall, that best of mail-shirts which guards my breast, the choicest of doublets; 'tis Hrædla's bequest and Weland's work.'

The finest passages, those wherein the poet seems touched by the strongest inspiration, are they which paint the gloom and horror resting over Grendel and all his actions: we see that the darkness and mystery of the world about them laid a special hold of the imagination among these northern seers. They never tire of presenting and representing the image of this shadowy being and of the places wherein he dwells. Here, then, so soon as night has come, the note of revelry is changed to one of grim expectation or horror:—

'Then from the moor came, the misty hills under
Grendel stalking, God's anger he bare.
Meant the dread enemy some one of man's kin
Here to entangle within the high hall.
He went 'neath the welkin along, till the guest-house,
Man's golden seat, he recognised well;
With the plates that adorned it. Not now for the first time
Sought the destroyer Hrothgar's homestead,
Yet never in life save now, after nor earlier
Hardier men among hall-thanes be found.
To the house door then the monster came prowling,

The house reft of joys ; soon flew the door wide
And wrought iron burst 'neath the strength of his hand.

* * * *

Sleeping together full many a warrior,
Peacefully sleeping upon the hall floor,
Beheld he the kinsmen : his heart laughed within him,
For the foul fiend was minded before break of day
The soul from the body of each one to sever,
And hope of full feasting on his spirit there fell.
Then straightway asleep he seized one of the warriors,
He bit deep in his body and drank of his blood,
And the flesh tore and swallowed in endless small morsels,
Until all was devoured to the feet and the hands.
Then stepping up nearer he took at his resting
The mighty-souled warrior, Beowulf, there :
But *he* stretching forward, on his elbow half rising,
Seized all on a sudden the ill-minded foe.
Full soon then discovered this keeper of crimes.
He never had met in the mid-earth's wide regions
Among strangers a hero so strong in his hand-gripe.
And now he is minded to flee to his cavern
To seek out the devil's crew there. . . . .
. . . . But Higelac's kinsman
Remembered his evening speech : up he stood]
And tightened his terrible clutch.' . . . .

The hall echoed with the shrieks of the wretch. So fiercely they strove that it was a wonder the house did not fall, though it was held firm with iron bands. Over the North-Danes crept a ghastly horror when they heard the cries of this hell's-captive, and many of Beowulf's earls drew their swords, but no steel had power over Grendel's charmed life. And still the Goth held his enemy by the hand tearing his arm : at last the sinews started in his shoulder, which opened a gaping wound, the flesh burst.

'To Beowulf now was the fight's glory given,
Death-sick flies Grendel beneath the fen-banks
Seeking his joyless home ; well must he know
That of his days now the tale is o'ertold.'

What were the rejoicings among the Ring-Danes, and in the house of Hrothgar, we may partly picture. 'I have been told,' says the bard, 'that on the morrow many a warrior came from far and near to that gift hall. The clan-heads came over wide ways to see that wonder—the traces which the enemy had left behind. Grendel's death seemed not doubtful to any who saw the track of the miserable one, and how heavy-hearted, conquered, death-doomed, banished, he bare his death-traces to the Nicker's mere. There the water bubbled with blood, the waves surged and mingled with the hot clotted gore—after the outcast had rendered up his life, his heathen soul, in the fenny haunt. Joyfully and proudly old and young turned back from the pool and rode home. They sang the praises of Beowulf and of their good king Hrothgar. At times the young men ran races on their well-trained steeds ; at another time some old bard would sing

either in Beowulf's honour, or of deeds of prowess done long ago, of Sigmund the Wælsing, and how the ring-hoard was guarded by the wondrous worm.

Hrothgar went into the hall, and, standing on the daïs, surveyed the vaulted roof adorned with gold where hung Grendel's hand. Then he spake: 'For this sight, to the Almighty thanks be given: ever can God, the shield of honour, work wonder after wonder. Not long ago I never guessed that though my best of houses stood stained with gore any revenge would be mine. Now this hero hath, through God's grace, done a deed which with all our wisdom we could not contrive. Henceforward Beowulf, best of men, I will cherish thee in my heart like a son. Nor shalt thou have any desire which it is in my power to satisfy. For to deeds of less prowess I have given great rewards and honour at my hearth.' Then was Heort cleansed and adorned once more by human hands, and many men and women set to work upon the guest hall. For the bright place was shaken in the wall and door, only the roof had remained uninjured. Now wonders of gold-varied webs shone along the walls. And the son of Healfdene gave to Beowulf a golden banner as a sign of victory, and a sword of great price was borne to the hero . . . a helmet, and eight steeds, on one of which stood a saddle of cunning work. And beside, the lord of warriors (Hrothgar) gave a token to each of those who had travelled the sea-road with Beowulf.

All, however, was not ended with Grendel's race. It was soon seen that an avenger had survived the foe—Grendel's mother. She came as her son had been wont to come, when the thanes lay asleep after their beer-drinking. Wrathful and ravenous she burst into Heort where the Ring-Danes lay asleep. There was soon a terror among them, but less than before. They seized their armour and sharp swords, but she being discovered hastened to get back. She hurried back to her pool one of the nobles, the best beloved of Hrothgar's warriors. Beowulf was not there, for another dwelling had been assigned to him. The witch took the well-known hand of Grendel, all bloody as it was. Hrothgar was in a fierce mood when he heard that his chief thane was slain, and quickly was Beowulf sent for. Beowulf greeted the aged king, who spoke: 'Ask not of my welfare. Sorrow is renewed for the Danes people. Æschere is dead, who knew my secrets, my councillor, my close comrade when we guarded our heads in battle, in the crush of hosts. A wandering fiend has been his undoer here in Heort. I know not whether the ghoul has returned again. She has avenged the quarrel in which thou slewest Grendel the other night.' And then he describes the two fiends and the place where they dwelt:

> 'A father they know not, or if among ghosts
> Any spirit before was created. And secret
> The land they inhabit, dark wolf-haunted ways

Of the windy hill-side by the treacherous tarn,
Or where covered up in its mist the hill-stream
Downward flows.'

To this pool Beowulf now goes, and the king and many warriors with him. The track of the destroyer is soon found; through forest glades and across the gloomy moor they follow it, into deep gorges, by steep headlands, leads on the strait and lonely road by the homes of the nickers. Then Hrothgar went forward, accompanied by a few, until they came to a joyless wood where trees leaned over the hoar rock, and beneath stood water troubled and bloody. Great was their grief when near it they found the head of Æschere. The well bubbled red: their horns sounded a funeral strain. Along this tank's edge they saw many creatures of the worm kind, sea-dragons creeping along the deep, and nickers lying in the ness. And Beowulf did on him his warrior's weeds, a twisted mail-shirt, and helmet begirt with many rings, and his biting sword which was named Hrunting. Then he plunged in and the whelming waters passed over his head. It was some time ere he could discern what lay at the bottom, but soon the old hag, who for fifty years had had her home there, discovered that some one from the world above was exploring the strange abode. She grappled with Beowulf, seizing him in her devilish grip, but she did not hurt him by that, for the mail-shirt protected his body against her hateful fingers; next she dragged the ring-prince into her den, yet could he not, despite his rage, wield his sword. At last he perceived he was in a hall, where the water could not harm him nor the fatal embrace of the witch, and by the light of a distant fire he saw the old were-wolf. He struck a ringing blow upon her head, but the steel would not hurt her. Then the warrior, the Goths' lord, threw away his weapon and seized Grendel's mother, and shook her so that she sank down. But she, paying him back, griped his hand, and he, over-reaching himself, likewise fell down. Grendel's mother leaped upon him and drew a knife, seeking to find a way under his corselet, but that held firm or he would have perished.

At last Beowulf saw among the rubbish a victorious blade, an old sword of giant days, with keenest edge. The Scyldings' champion seized the hilt, and desparing of life he drew the blade and struck fiercely at her neck. It broke the bone-joints and passed through her body. She sank upon the floor. And he, rejoicing in his deed, sprang up; a light stole down into the water as when the lamp of heaven mildly shines, and he saw throughout the house. Then he perceived Grendel's hated body lying there, and swinging his sword around Beowulf cut off his head. When the wise men who were with Hrothgar were watching the pool from above saw the water all dabbled and stained with blood, they made no doubt but that the old she-wolf had destroyed the noble earl. Then came on noon-day, and the Scyldings grew sick of heart, the king of men turned to go home-

ward, but still they gazed upon the lake longing for their lord to appear. And down below, behold! in the hot blood of the giant all the sword had melted away, like ice when the Father (He who hath power over times and seasons—the true God), looseneth the bond of frost and unwindeth the ropes which bind the waves. Then Beowulf dived up through the water: soon he was at the surface. And when Grendel died, the turbid waves, the vast and gloomy tracks grew calm and bright.

Thus ended Beowulf's second adventure. It skills not to tell of all the rejoicing over the second victory greater than over the first, of what speeches were interchanged between Hrothgar and his guest; of how many rode to the pool, once turbid, now grown clear, to see and talk of what had been accomplished. When the feasting and revelry were over Beowulf announced his intention of returning to his own land, and to Higelac his brother. Many of the retainers of Hrothgar rode with the Goths down to their ships, and the sea-warden came to meet them as when they had landed, but not now with hostile words.

It is not till many years after this that Beowulf is called to his third great achievement, and that is his last. This we may tell somewhat briefly.

Beowulf has been now many years the king of the Goths. Higelac, his uncle, who was reigning when he went to Denmark, has been killed in battle; and after Higelac, his son has reigned, and also died. After the hero came to the throne, the Goths for many years had peace: even now it is not against a mortal foe that Beowulf has to arm. Common human battles are not thought of sufficient account by the author of this ballad; each adventure that it records at length is against some monster. In this case it is a dragon, who, just like the dragon killed by the great Völsung, has long been guardian over a heap of treasure, of 'heathen gold.' One would fancy that our ancestors believed that any great hoard of unknown wealth had a power of generating a dragon, who became its guardian; and it is a fact that in more than one such buried heap, unearthed in our day, has been found the *representation* of a dragon, as though the very drawing of the monster might be a sort of guard over the store. It is just the same with the dragon in the Völsung tale: he has not formed the treasure, but he is there guarding a treasure which has been formed long ago.

Some one has stolen a golden cup out of this treasure-cave, and the fiery serpent in revenge goes over the whole land, burning it as he goes. At last report of this is made to Beowulf, and tidings brought that one of his own houses is aflame. Then Beowulf goes out to seek the enemy. 'It was a cavern 'neath the earth, nigh to the billowy sea, to the seething waves. The horrid guardian, though old, a bold and eager fighter, kept his treasure in the ground; not easily might one win access there.' Then the 'old war-hardened' king sat upon

the hill-side, dismissing all his companions; for, as it was in the battle with Grendel, while he was yet a young man, he will fight this fight alone, all the danger and the glory will fall to him alone. And 'he will win at the odds,' but still, like Hamlet, he has a 'gaingiving,' which forewarns him that his doom is near.

> 'Sad was his heart,
> Fey and foreboding. For the death-fate was near
> Which the old warrior eft-soon should assail,
> Which should seek his soul's treasure, asunder should rive
> His soul and his body. The spirit shall be
> Within his flesh mantle little longer embound.'

But before his men leave him, Beowulf goes through all the history of his life, and of the deeds which he has wrought: the impulse to do this comes often upon those that are fey—that is to say, death-doomed. And at the end he 'speaks proud words for the last time.' 'I have essayed many fights in my youth; now again will I, the folks' wise ward, do deeds of fame, if the great destroyer comes to seek me from his early home.' His men withdraw and look on from another hill. Anon Beowulf perceived an arch in the hill, wherefrom issued a boiling stream and hot vapour. He went near to the cave, and called aloud. Then, for he had heard the cry, first came the breath of the monster from the rock, and afterwards he himself appeared; and the two combatants stood watching each other. The king held his shield over his face to protect it from the hot blast; but the dragon, who was coiled round, suddenly rushed upon him. The lord of the Goths raised his hand, and with his sword smote the many-coloured serpent's scales. But the edge turned, and gave way, so that it only made a wound. Then was the guardian of the mount in savage mood.

The companions of the king were watching the combat from afar, crouched in a wood, thinking of their lives. But one of them, Wiglaf, thought of all the favours he had received from Beowulf. He grasped his wooden shield and his sword: he called to his comrades to come with him to the aid of their liege lord, and himself rushed through the fearful reek. Then the serpent came on again, fierce in mood, with fiery waves many coloured. Wiglaf's shield was burnt up, but he went under Beowulf's (which was of iron). Again, Beowulf raised his sword, and again it was shivered to pieces against the scales on the serpent's head; and the dragon, rushing forward, clasped him in its horrid coils, until his blood burst out in streams. But Wiglaf kept on beating the worm's head with his sword until the fire began somewhat to abate, and Beowulf recovered a little his senses. Then this hero drew the knife, 'bitter and very sharp,' which he wore in his shirt of mail; with it he slashed the serpent down the middle. 'The foe fell, their valour together had expelled his life; such should a thane be at need.'

But as for Beowulf, the wound which he had got from the earth-dragon anon began to burn and swell. Then the prince went full of

thought, and sat upon the wall, and noticed how the giants had framed this imperishable earth-house, and arched the stones within; and Wiglaf tenderly refreshed his prince who was bathed in blood, and undid his helmet. And Beowulf spake; he knew well that he had done with the earthly joys of his appointed days, that their tale was finished, and death unspeakably near. 'Now I would leave to my son my body had there been any heir left to guard it after me. I have governed this people for fifty years; no king among surrounding nations dared greet me with terror. At home I awaited events, holding my own, seeking no quarrels. Of all this, may I, being now death-sick, have joy; because when my own life has departed my body, the Ruler of men shall have no need to blame me for the slaughter of kinsmen. Now go, dear Wiglaf, seek out the hoard beneath the hoar rock. Hasten then that when I have examined all the ancient wealth, the golden store, I may more calmly quit my life and the country which I have governed long.' And when Wiglaf had brought all the treasure, and placed it before Beowulf, the old man looked sorrowfully upon the gold, and spake his last word—

> 'And for these treasures which I now gaze upon
> Unto the Lord of all, King of renown,
> God the Eternal, I pay here my thanks
> That I for my people such booty might win
> Before my death-day.'

Enough has been written to let the reader judge of the character of this epic, and enough, I hope, to show him that there are genuine touches of poetry in it, even though a great part is very childish and unformed. No one would claim for these heirlooms of our race the majestic flow of Homeric poetry. The supernatural beings who appear here are, it must be confessed, rather commonplace in our eyes, they are not as impressive as the cyclops or the hydras of Greek mythology; this is partly because the images are not supported by language so impressive as that of the *Odyssey* or of Hesiod, but partly also because by a direct transition the marvels of old Norse or Teutonic mythology have come down to be the bogies of our nursery tales. It is impossible that what was once very real to our remote ancestors, can be equally real to us. Still we may sympathise with what is the prevailing note of the poem before us—the strong sense for what is weird, strange, uncanny, and dark. That very word weird is of Teutonic birth, and seems to express some ideas which especially belong to the northern nations of Europe, an instinct of the supernatural and the unknown which haunts dark mountain pools, deep clefts, and shadowy glades.

But even in the real and historical world *Beowulf* has many points which touch us and rouse our interest. We have said that he belongs to that cycle of epic which probably sprang into life during the stir and adventure of the Teutonic conquests. The language in which it is written seems to be that of the latter years of the heptarchy. It

may have been sung at the brilliant court of Offa, or even 'stirred the sad heart' of Eadwine the Northumbrian king, himself a hero rather of the Beowulf type. It gives us the ideal picture of humanity in those days, the forerunner of the knight of chivalry. And all the main features are the same in this eighth-century warrior and the knight-errant of six hundred years later. For instance—and we see this not in *Beowulf* only—it seems to have been required that the hero should not himself be the chief person of the country. During the earlier and adventurous years of his life he must be at best only a prince of the blood with a liege lord to whom he owes his service. In this there is an absolute reasonableness. It was recognised perfectly well in those days, as it would be now, that the supreme head of the nation has not the right to roam about performing exploits in foreign lands, and needlessly risking his life; and as the ballad-hero must do this, propriety makes him the king's *man*. The sense of social order which then prevailed is shown by the fact that while in deeds of prowess the king is far inferior to his warrior, his right to the place he holds is never disputed, he does not even fall in the affections of his people by being outshone. The warrior submits himself in every way which the law requires, and thankfully receives his gifts from the king or restores them to him. The same relationship, be it noticed, is kept up between Achilles and Agamemnon, or ought to have been maintained. Achilles is the brilliant young warrior, exactly corresponding to Beowulf or Sigurd or Siegfred; Agamemnon may stand for Hrothgar or Higelac; and Homer never means us to think that the 'shepherd of the people' did not hold an acknowledged pre-eminence among the Achæans, or that Pelides was in any way justified in his revolt.* There are many other features in Beowulf's nature which meet us again when we peruse the knightly tales, a curious inactivity and almost contempt which, as is hinted, had hung round his earliest days before he went to Denmark, an utter indifference to any more solid rewards than fame, and even a strange sort of sadness which closes up his career, glorious as it was, dying without heir or near kinsman to inherit his name—all these seem parts of the ideal picture of chivalry.

There are a hundred beauties of phrase and imagery which could scarcely be reproduced by translation; and if they could be reproduced would lose their effect when ranged together as in a catalogue. Nor do we desire to give to the reader a foretaste of the pleasure he will gain by reading the poem in the words in which it was written.

* In the difference between the relations of Beowulf and Hrothgar, and those of Achilles and Agamemnon, seems to be foreshadowed all the differences in the political histories of the Greek and German peoples.

A TANGLED TALE.

ANSWERS TO KNOT III.

In the House of Commons a *personal explanation* always takes precedence of all other matters of debate. Following that lofty precedent, I beg to express to FIFEE and to M. A. H. my sincere regret that I misunderstood their replies to Knot II., and so marked them wrongly. They enumerated the 19 starting-times of the trains met by the fast train (supposed to start at 4), and as they included in the list, 4.0, I supposed they were counting a meeting *at the terminus*. I see now that they were counting its *second* meeting with the fast train, which *I* was putting to the credit of the train starting at 1.0. Their method is quite right, and better than mine. M. A. H. ought to have been included among the 'half-right' answers, while FIFEE's proper place was along with the 'classic Nine,' thus making them the *un*classical (but, let us hope, the all-the-more mathematical) Ten. Let us now turn to Knot III.

Problem.—'There are 5 sacks, of which Nos. 1, 2, weigh 12 lbs.; Nos. 2, 3, 13½lbs.; Nos. 3, 4, 11½ lbs.; Nos. 4, 5, 8 lbs.; Nos. 1, 3, 5, 16 lbs. Required the weight of each sack.'

Answer.—'5½, 6½, 7, 4½, 3½.'

The sum of all the weighings, 61 lbs., includes sack No. 3 *thrice* and each other *twice*. Deducting twice the sum of the 1st and 4th weighings, we get 21 lbs. for *thrice* No. 3, *i.e.* 7 lbs. for No. 3. Hence, the 2nd and 3rd weighings give 6½ lbs, 4½ lbs. for Nos. 2, 4; and hence again, the 1st and 4th weighings give 5½ lbs., 3½lbs., for Nos. 1, 5.

Ninety-seven answers have been received. Of these, 15 are beyond the reach of discussion, as they give no working. I can but enumerate their names, and I take this opportunity of saying that this is the last time I shall put on record the names of competitors who give no sort of clue to the process by which their answers were obtained. In guessing a conundrum, or in catching a flea, we do not expect the breathless victor to give us afterwards, in cold blood, a history of the mental or muscular efforts by which he achieved success; but a mathematical calculation is another thing. The names of this 'mute inglorious' band are COMMON SENSE, D. E. R., DOUGLAS, E. L., ELLEN, I. M. T., J. M. C., JOSEPH, KNOT I, LUCY, MEEK, M. F. C., PYRAMUS, SHAH, VERITAS.

Of the eighty-two answers with which the working, or some approach to it, is supplied, one is wrong: seventeen have given

solutions which are (from one cause or another) practically valueless: the remaining sixty-four I shall try to arrange in a Class-list, according to the varying degress of shortness and neatness to which they seem to have attained.

The solitary wrong answer is from NELL. To be thus 'alone in the crowd' is a distinction—a painful one, no doubt, but still a distinction. I am sorry for you, my dear young lady, and I seem to hear your tearful exclamation, when you read these lines, 'Ah! This is the knell of all my hopes!' Why, oh why, did you assume that the 4th and 5th bags weighed 4 lbs. each? And why did you not test your answers? However, please try again: and please don't change your *nom-de-plume*: let us have NELL in the First Class next time!

The seventeen, whose solutions are practically valueless, are ARDMORE, A READY RECKONER, ARTHUR, BOG-LARK, BOG-OAK, BRIDGET, FIRST ATTEMPT, J. L. C., M. E. T., ROSE, ROWENA, SEA-BREEZE, SYLVIA, THISTLEDOWN, THREE-FIFTHS ASLEEP, VENDREDI, and WINIFRED. BOG-LARK tries it by a sort of 'rule of false,' assuming experimentally that Nos. 1, 2, weigh 6 lbs. each, and having thus produced $17\frac{1}{2}$, instead of 16, as the weight of 1, 3, and 5, she removes 'the superfluous pound and a half,' but does not explain how she knows from which to take it. THREE-FIFTHS ASLEEP says that (when in that peculiar state) 'it seemed perfectly clear' to her that, '3 out of the 5 sacks being weighed twice over, $\frac{3}{5}$ of 45 = 27, must be the total weight of the 5 sacks.' As to which I can only say, with the Captain, 'it beats me entirely!' WINIFRED, on the plea that 'one must have a starting-point,' assumes (what I fear is a mere guess) that No. 1 weighed $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The rest all do it, wholly or partly, by guess-work.

We now come to the sixty-four who deserve (more or less) 'honourable mention,' and, as Class-lists are now the order of the day, we may as well go back to Knots I. and II., and make the thing complete In assigning classes for Knot III., I can only *hope* that I have done justice all round; but the enormous number of solutions sent in has been such as to exhaust all possible methods of solving the question and the brains of the unfortunate reviewer.

The problem in Knot III. is of course (as any Algebraist sees at once) a case of 'simultaneous simple equations.' It is, however, easily soluble by Arithmetic only; and, when this is the case, I hold that it is bad workmanship to use the more complex method. I have not, this time, given more credit to arithmetical solutions; but in future problems I shall (other things being equal) give the highest marks to those who use the simplest machinery. I have put into Class I. those whose answers seemed specially short and neat, and into Class III. those that seemed specially long or clumsy. Of this last set, A. C. M., FURZE-BUSH, JAMES, PARTRIDGE, R. W., and WAITING FOR THE TRAIN, have sent long wandering solutions, the substitutions having no definite

method, but seeming to have been made to see what would come of it. CHILPOME and DUBLIN BOY omit some of the working. ARVON MARLBOROUGH BOY only finds the weight of *one* sack.

[*N.B.—The names in each Class are arranged in alphabetical order.*]

CLASS LIST FOR KNOT I.

"EXCELSIOR."

I.

A MARLBOROUGH BOY.
PUTNEY WALKER.

II.

BLITHE.
E. W.
L. B.
O. V. L.
ROSE.
SEA BREEZE.
SIMPLE SUSAN,
MONEY-SPINNER.

CLASS LIST FOR KNOT II.

"MAD MATHESIS."

I.

AIX-LE-BAINS.
ALGERNON BRAY.
BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE.
FIFEE.
H. L. R.
OMEGA.
S. S. G.
WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

II.

ARVON.
J. L. O.

III.

F. LEE.
G. S. C.
X. A. B.

CLASS LIST FOR KNOT III.

"THE DEAD RECKONING."

I.

B. E. D.
C. H.
CONSTANCE JOHNSON.
GREYSTEAD.
GUY.
HOOPOE.
J. F. A.
M. A. H.
NUMBER FIVE.
PEDRO.
R. E. X.
SEVEN OLD MEN.
VIS INERTIÆ.
WILLY B.
YAHOO.

II.

AMERICAN SUBSCRIBER.
AN APPRECIATIVE SCHOOLMA'AM.
AYR.
BRADSHAW OF THE FUTURE.
CHEAM.
C. M. G.
J. B. B.
KGOVJNI.
LAND LUBBER.
L. D.
MAGPIE.
MARY.

Dinah Mite.	Mihruxi.
Duckwing.	Minnie.
E. C. M.	Money-Spinner.
E. N. Lowry.	Nairam.
Era.	Old Cat.
Euroclydon.	Polichinelle.
F. H. W.	Simple Susan.
Fifee.	S. S. G.
G. E. B.	Thisbe.
Harlequin.	Verena.
Hawthorn.	Wamba.
Hough Green.	Wolfe.
J. A. B.	Wykehamicus.
Jack Tar.	Y. M. A. H.

III.

A. C. M.	James.
Arvon Marlborough Boy.	Partridge.
Chilpome.	R. W.
Dublin Boy.	Waiting for the Train.
Furze-Bush.	

A remonstrance has reached me from Algernon Bray on the subject of Knot III., which he complains of as too easy and commonplace, and he kindly offers me a problem on numbers, where the difficulty consists in finding the digits. As to the first point, the great increase in the number and variety of solutions shows, I think, that Knot III. is better adapted than either of its predecessors to the class of readers for whom 'A Tangled Tale' is intended. As to the problem suggested, the writer is no doubt aware that in *Algebra* such a question is very common and easy; without Algebra I doubt if it could be done at all. But what I am seeking to supply for the fair readers of the *Monthly Packet* is practice in *hard Arithmetic* rather than in *easy Algebra*.

The Editor kindly allows me a little additional space, this month, in order to ask a favour of the diligent band of Knot-untiers, and of any others of her readers who take an interest in such trifles as Puzzles and Games.

I have been about two years inventing (or trying to invent) a new game, constantly altering the rules as experience suggested, until it has scarcely one of its original features left. It seems now to work fairly well, but my ambition is to make it a thoroughly good game, and I shall be deeply obliged to any readers of the *Monthly Packet* who will try it, and will send suggestions of improvements to be introduced into the game or the wording of the rules. The original idea of it was taken from the child's game of 'Musical Chairs.'

I append the Rules of

LANRICK.

A GAME FOR TWO PLAYERS.

'The muster-place be Lanrick mead.'

1. The game is played on a chess-board, each Player having five men.

2. To begin the game, one Player sets all the men on border-squares.

3. The other then selects a square set of nine squares, called a 'rendezvous,' which must not include any of his own men, and lays a mark on its centre square.

4. Both then try to get their men into this rendezvous. Each may move as many squares as he has men, or any less number, either with one man or dividing the move among several men: each man may be moved in any direction, but must, during any one turn, keep to one line of squares, whether it be straight or slanting.

5. He who did not select the rendezvous plays first. He may, instead of moving his own men, move the rendezvous-mark one square, in any direction, thus changing the position of the whole rendezvous, provided he does not move it to a border-square or so as to make the rendezvous include any of his own men: and this he may do every turn so long as he has not moved any of his own men. When the mark is thus moved one square, any men who have got into the rendezvous must also be moved one square, so as to take the same places in the new rendezvous as they had in the one they are leaving. But whenever this would bring two men upon the same square, the mark must not be moved in that direction. This privilege, of moving the rendezvous-mark, is not allowed to the Player who laid it down.

6. When a Player has all his men in the rendezvous, he takes off the board one of those who are not in, called 'wanderers,' and moves to border-squares, in any direction, keeping each such man to one line of squares, all wanderers not already on border-squares. All other men, on both sides, keep their places, and are played from them for the next rendezvous. The other Player then selects a new rendezvous, as in Rule 3, and the game proceeds as before, until one Player has no men left.

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE ALLELUIA BATTLE.[1]

By an Ancient British river,
On the eve of Easter-day,
Knelt the new-baptisèd soldiers
In their spotless white array.

Stood among them good Saint Germain,
From his home in distant Gaul;
He had come, the lost and erring
To a purer faith to call.

Scarce the holy rite is ended,
When a cry rings o'er the lea—
'Close at hand are Pict and Saxon;
Up! the foe hath crossed the Dee.'

With what weapons can they meet them?
As of old, in Israel's land,
Through the British host they find not
Sword or spear in any hand.

Then stood forth the holy Bishop,
Bidding them be of good cheer;
For the Lord's arm is not shortened,
And their prayer can reach His ear.

High above the Flintshire valley,
Next he posts them far and wide,
Hid by broken ground and bushes
All along the mountain-side.

Then he sets a mighty watchword
For the Christian host that night,
Bids them shout it as a war-cry,
In the dawning Easter light.

All that night the heathen army
Moves those old Welsh hills among—
Savage Pict and fair-haired Saxon
In the moonlight wind along.

Silence, stillness, all around them,
Not a foeman seems in sight;
Sudden, every hill-top crowning,
Flashes forth a watch-fire's light.

Hark! a cry of joy and triumph
Never heard by pagan ears;
Everywhere that cry is ringing,
Thrilling them with strange new fears.

'Alleluia! Alleluia!'
What are these in white array?
'Alleluia! Alleluia!
Jesus Christ is risen to-day.'

'Alleluia! Alleluia!'
Lo! that cry rings out again;
'Alleluia! Alleluia!'
Are they giants, gods, or men?

Rocks seem hurled from highest heaven,
White-robed hosts descend the hills;
All the Pict and Saxon army,
Lo! a sudden panic fills.

Flying from that wondrous war-cry
Till the night of fear is done,
Till the Easter sun uprises,
And the victory is won.

Spider Subjects.

We give the preference to X. X. E. for giving the point effectively, and to A Little Spider for liveliness. Karshish is deep, but too much weighted. Grizel good, but involved. Spinning Jenny good, but going aside from the mark. M. C. P., good. The Muffin Man, L. S. R., Thyra, Schattenlos, Smut, all very fairly thought out.

HELPFULNESS AND OFFICIOUSNESS.

THESE two qualities have a slight external resemblance. They both imply that we make other people's business our own with a view to forward it. They have nothing else in common, though just at first sight this may seem much.

The words themselves may help us to their distinctive meaning. Helpfulness is the service which is full of help, which is given by one with imagination quickened by goodwill. It is to stand outside our own selves, and thus to realise what is wanted, and what is not wanted, by one in another situation.

Officiousness is the service offered by one who feels it his office, in virtue of general superiority, to know better than another what the other ought to do. It is never tentative, never feels its way, but self-assured, and with a narrow range of sight.

A helpful person is modest, realising from many failures how difficult it is to know the best course, and how the difficulties of each one's life must in some ways be always most clear to himself, while an officious person thinks all easy, and perceives no entanglement from various calls of duty or interest.

And yet officiousness often means very well. It raises in our bosom a vexation out of all proportion to its guilt. It is the good nature in it that makes it vexatious. The strokes of an enemy we may support, but our patience is tried to the utmost when our woes, or even our little perplexities, are approached by the cheerfulness of perfect ignorance. Officiousness is in part due to ignorance of the fact that help can only be given within certain limits. There are things which can properly be done only by one person. We may here give help by smoothing the conditions of action, but when we go farther and assume that we can do for another what he feels it is proper he should do for himself, we put ourselves in the wrong place, and become intruders.

X. X. E.

HELPFULNESS is a neat, deft little maiden, always punctual and unobtrusive, who knows where things ought to be, and puts them there; who does not wait to offer assistance till too late for it to be of use; who does not rush forward roughly, and knock the thing down of which she is trying to relieve you; who does not pry into

secret matters, or try to transact private business; who does not linger to listen to family conversation with the view of 'being of use.' The one thought of her heart is to be of service to her employers, or to any one who may need her help. She has been my faithful servant for many years, but once she fell ill for a few days, and I engaged, as a temporary supply, her sister, Officiousness. Though only half-sisters, there is a strong family likeness at first sight; but whereas Helpfulness is small and quiet, Officiousness is big and rough. Her dress is conspicuous though not neat, and her manner is forward and pushing. She offers to do what is already arranged to be done; she is in haste to lay dinner (John's work), instead of washing up the breakfast things; the drawing-room is left undusted, while she is engaged in Fanny's task of gathering flowers; instead of dressing quickly, to take an important letter to the post, she lingers to know if she cannot be of some use to my three nieces in Calcutta, who have just been left fatherless, as a newly-received letter informs me; she has an earnest desire to take charge of the keys of the wine-cellar, and my jewel-case, while she forgets to lock the back door at night. And yet she wishes to do well, and often says how she longs to be like her sister. The great difference between them is that Helpfulness thinks only of others, while Officiousness desires, by helping others, to bring herself into notice, and so only succeeds in making herself obtrusive and disagreeable.

A LITTLE SPIDER.

English Metres.—Tacita is the most complete within our limits. Nightingale is too long, though excellent. Cape Jessamine very good and clear. Prince Rupert made Surrey translate the *Iliad*. Mara is very good as far as she goes. Ada, very learned. A Dunce is good. Firefly does not explain. Three, good.

THE DIFFERENT METRES OF ENGLISH VERSE.

English verse is divided into nine different metres, viz., blank verse, heroic couplets, common octosyllabics, triplets, ballad metre, elegiac verse, Spenserian verse, English hexameters, and the inverted quatrain.

Blank verse consists of ten-syllabled lines, not rhyming. When the lines comprise less than ten syllables, they form only a variety of blank verse. The Earl of Surrey, in the sixteenth century, was the first to write a poem in blank verse in England. Milton is a great master of this metre, and his poem, *Paradise Lost*, reads like stately prose.

Shakspeare, Tennyson, and many of our great poets, deal largely in blank verse.

'Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.'

Richard II.—SHAKESPEARE.

Heroic couplets consist of ten-syllabled lines rhyming in pairs. Many poems were written in this metre in the eighteenth century. Pope was a great master of it.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.'

Essay on Criticism.—POPE.

Common octosyllabics consist of eight-syllabled lines, rhyming in pairs.

The *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Sir Walter Scott, is written in this metre.

'The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old.'
Lay of the Last Minstrel.—SIR W. SCOTT.

Triplets consist of three lines rhyming together, and sometimes another line is added.

***Bannockburn*, by Burns, is written in this metre.**

'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!'
Bannockburn.—BURNS.

Ballad metre is an alternate arrangement of eight and six syllables in four lines; the first and third, and second and fourth, rhyming.

Ex.*—*Lord Ullin's Daughter.

'A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!'
Lord Ullin's Daughter.—T. CAMPBELL.

Elegiac verse consists of ten-syllabled lines; the first and third, and the second and fourth, rhyming.

Ex.*—Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

'But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.'
Elegy in a Country Churchyard.—GRAY.

Spenserian verse consists of nine lines; the first eight consisting of ten syllables, and the ninth of twelve. The first and third lines rhyme together, the fourth, fifth, and seventh rhyme, and the sixth, eighth, and ninth.

Ex.*—Byron's *Childe Harold.

'The Sabbath comes, a day of blessèd rest;
What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:
Hark! heard you not the forest monarch's roar?
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn;
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects to mourn.'
Childe Harold.—BYRON.

English hexameters are an imitation of the Latin hexameters. The poem is not divided into verses. Each line contains six feet; the first four may be just what the poet wishes, but the fifth must be a dactyl,* and the sixth a spondee.

Ex.*—Longfellow's *Evangeline.

'Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.'
The Children of the Lord's Supper.—LONGFELLOW.

* It should be a dactyl, but is often a spondee, as in the second line of the specimen.

The inverted quatrain consists of four lines of which the first and fourth rhyme together, and the second and third.

Ex.—Tennyson's *In Memoriam.*

'That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.'

In Memoriam.—TENNYSON.

Certain arrangements of accented and unaccented syllables are called feet. The principal feet in English verse are the iambic, the trochaic, the anapæstic, and the dactylic. The iambic foot consists of two syllables, the second of which is accented as 'ăcrōss;" the trochaic of two syllables, the first of which is accented as 'fāltĕr;' the anapaestic of three syllables, the third of which is accented as 'ŭndĕrstānd;' and the dactylic of three syllables, the first of which is accented as 'chēērfŭlly.'

TACITA.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Explain the structure of the eye?
The best servant mentioned in history?

HANDWRITING SOCIETY.

The first verse of the 'Charge of the Light Brigade.'

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Subject for September—*Polygonum.* Thirty-one exercises, for the most part creditable to the several contributors, have been sent in. Five or six members have apologised for not contributing; while two, having mistaken the October subject for that assigned to September, have sent specimens of *Picris*, which will be held over, and sent on with the next parcel. For the Lycopodia and Ferns larger paper, viz., that known as 'Commercial Note,' may be employed; but care must be taken not to use more paper than is absolutely necessary.

The list of genera for 1881, will appear in our next number. There are still no vacancies in the list of members.

Notices to Correspondents.

ERRATA.

1. Error in 'Cameo,' p. 425.—Robert, Count of Clermont, sixth son of Louis IX., and not Peter of Bourbon, was the ancestor through whom Henry IV. was heir to the French crown. Peter I., Duke of Bourbon, was *grandson* of Robert de Clermont, and though in the direct line, was not *source* of the claim.

2. S. Justin does use the exact phrase 'Sunday,' and that twice within a few lines, when speaking of the Christian day of assembly: '*τῇ τοῦ Ἡλίου ἡμέρα*,' &c.—*R. F. L.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

'A little bird I am
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there.'

Also—

'The distant battle flash and ring.'

'Among the tents we passed and sung.'

M. L. B.

'Were every man's internal care
But written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who share our envy now.'

B. A. W.

The author of a little poem called 'My Darling's Shoes,' beginning—

'God bless the little feet that now can never go astray.'

Meaning and author of

'None that know her, ever shall from toil be free, but in her hand dominion hangs—and sorrows that have won great battles, wait upon her stern commands.'

H. R. C.

'The little nautilus with purple pride.'

Also—

'He saw a hand they could not see
Which beckoned him away;
He heard a voice they could not hear
Which would not let him stay.'

J. U. F.

This last is in a poem entitled 'Lucy and Colin,' by Thomas Tickell. It is misquoted, for it should be—

'I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear
Which says I must not stay.'

'The lover too shuns business and alarms,
Tender idolater of absent charms.
Saints offer nothing in their warmest prayers.
That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs.

'As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,
Rough elm or smooth-grained ash or glossy beech.

'So love, that clings around the noblest minds,
Forbids the advancement of the soul he binds.'

Maimouna.

Elizabeth would be glad if any reader of the *Monthly Packet* can tell her the writer of the following lines, and where they can be found. They are painted round the walls of a room in a house in Sea View.

'Earth buildeth on the earth,
Palaces and towers;
Earth singeth to the earth,
All shall be ours.
Earth walketh on the earth,
Glistening like gold.
Earth goeth to the earth,
Sooner than it wold.'

Where is the poem to be found, beginning—

'Come hither, little Christian
And hearken unto me;
I'll tell thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be'?

F. L. M.

(It was printed on a sheet called 'The Daily Life of a Christian Child,' and probably may still be procured from Masters.)

Name of a book containing a short piece on the events of each day in Holy Week, suitable for lending to poor people.—*C. F.*

ANSWERS.

J. E. T.—The form of the weathercock is said to be in memory of S. Peter's repentance.

M. A. H.—We much regret that the author of *Odds and Ends of Folk Lore* was prevented from completing them.

E. L.—Declined with thanks, being too late.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

S. Alphege Mission.—Walter Gate, Esq., 2*l.*; C. and M., 2*l.*; A Mite, 2*l.*; Mr. Stanton, 2*l.* 10*s.*; A Reader, 10*s.*; A. B., 10*s.*; F. S., 7*s.*; C. N. L., 5*s.*; Colorado, 5*s.*; E. A., 5*s.*; E. C. C., 5*s.*; Widow's Mite, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Sympathiser, 6*s.*; a parcel of clothes, Mrs. Morrell; ditto, Mrs. Chilvers.—*Chas. Irons.*

QUESTIONS.

Will any one kindly lend me *Harold*, by Bulwer Lytton, for a few weeks? I shall be glad to lend any of my books in exchange.—*Miss Goulder, Cressingham Priory, Thetford, Norfolk.*

Will any one lend the *Monthly Packet* for April, 1870, containing

an article entitled 'Devotion in Art,' by the Rev. G. C. Harris, Prebendary of Exeter, to *Miss Keighley, Sproatly Rectory, Hull?*

Can any one tell me of a Home where a cripple boy, age 12, can be taught a trade or educated, for a small payment only? Address—*Miss F. Saunders, Whimple Rectory, Exeter.*

We wish to recommend an excellent Italian class, instructed by a native. Apply for information to *Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay.*

We would also make known the *Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants*, especially those freshly out of workhouses, and likewise those who cannot be in connection with the G.F.S. Any one needing information can obtain it by application to the *Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Lloyd, Combe Lodge, Lavender Hill, S.W.*

HOME AT LITTLE HAMPTON, SUSSEX.

DEAR MONTHLY PACKET.—*S. James's Home for Ladies, Little Hampton*, is a house of rest for church-workers of the middle class, and also a cottage hospital for poor people; the hospital being, however, dedicated to S. Mary, although incorporated with S. James's.

All three branches are under the management of one lady, at whose sole expense the Home, not yet self-supporting, is kept up.

The graduated charges are designed for weak purses, just as much as the house is meant for the reception of the weak in body, and it is desired that the Home shall be one in reality, not in name only. To provide both freedom from restraint, and also a safeguard for personal comfort, there is a distinct line of separation between class and class, only to be crossed over by the voluntary act of the residents themselves. As to rules, they are such as persons used to household regularity naturally expect and conform to as a matter of course, and will therefore prove good training without being irksome to others unaccustomed to orderliness. The ladies' portion of the house is set apart for gentlewomen needing rest and sea air, to whom private lodgings too often offer the unpleasant alternative of personal discomfort and isolation from congenial society, or of too great expensiveness. It is pervaded by a home-like refinement very comfortable to the senses, and the little oratory, always open, is a retreat much to be valued.

The House of Rest is for those hearty church-workers in town parishes whose labour involves real sacrifice, filling as it does the leisure time of girls who have to work for their daily bread. No one can be better acquainted with the nature of their voluntary work than the lady who wishes to provide a temporary home for them.

The design of the Home is too noble for me to explain it properly, neither can I ask for space to mention the places of interest in the neighbourhood, or enlarge upon the purity of the air, &c. Details respecting the house itself, conditions of admittance, charges, &c., must be obtained from the Lady-Superintendent, S. James's.

If, however, anybody, who has not hitherto heard of this good work set on foot at Little Hampton, will be stirred to learn more about it by these remarks, great pleasure will be felt by your faithful

SPINNING-JENNY.

Little Hampton, Sussex, May, 1879.

1916